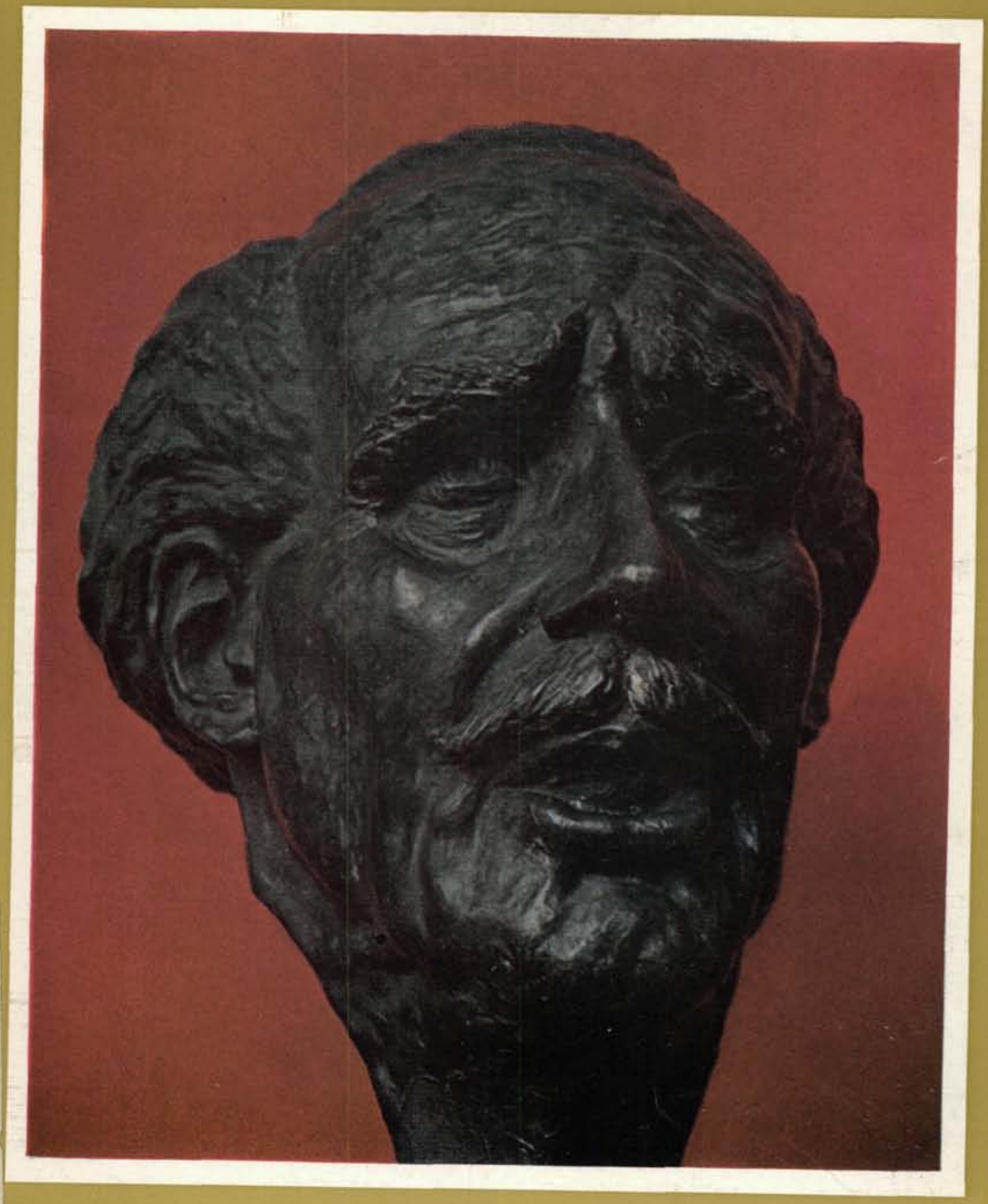
Saturday Review

CORDINGS

March 25, 1967 35¢



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THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS OF

Arturo Toscanini

Articles and Comments by GEORGE SZELL MILTON KATIMS ROBERT C. MARSH JOHN W. FREEMAN IRVING KOLODIN

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(Advertisement)

Doubleday has just published a children's book—that is not for children—by the "greatest literary figure in the Soviet Union."* It is a beautiful volume, *Fierce and Gentle Warriors*, of three stories by Mikhail Sholokhov, author of *The Quiet Don* and a Nobel Prize laureate.

In one story, "The Colt," writes the *Virginia Kirkus* reviewer, "robust humor and tangential insights interact: a soldier's mare has foaled . . . The capering, unsteady colt reminds the men of home, weakens their resolve to fight, and eventually causes the death of a soldier. . . His squadron commander comments: 'Here we are, at the height of the Civil War, and suddenly there is this kind of going on.'"

It is precisely this kind of going on that interests Sholokhov, of course. Ernest J. Simmons, author of *Introduction to Russian Realism*, says in a long and unusual critique in the *New York Times Book Review*,* that Sholokhov's qualities are in full maturity in the third story, "The Fate of a Man." "Though it is an adult tale of the searing adventures of Andrei Sokolov in World War II, based probably on the real experiences of a Russian soldier, it achieves a universality of appeal in the final episode where Andrei takes the place of [a] little waif's father—both have lost their entire families during the fighting. Sholokhov has never portrayed a child with such tender perception. And nowhere else has he described the relations of man and child so understandingly and feelingly."

This book, published through the Books for Young Readers department of Doubleday, is not a children's book. As Simmons writes, "These tales are written for adults but . . . would appeal to boys of about 12 or older if their parents [and, one might add, their librarians and teachers] did not object to the gutsy realism that is a feature of Sholokhov's art." *Fierce and Gentle Warriors*, strongly illustrated by Milton Glaser and translated by Miriam Morton, is *not* for children except as we are all children.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Fierce and Gentle Warriors ($3.95), by Mikhail Sholokhov, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 218 North Park Center, Dallas, Texas 75225.

Saturday Review

Cover design by Pageant Studio; sculpture by Herman Heilborn; photograph by Morris Warman

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Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Harry T. Morris; Director of Advertising Services, Robert A. Burghardt; Director of Promotion and Research, Stephen E. Silver; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations, Vol. No. 12. March 25, 1967, Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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BRANCH ADVERTISING OFFICES: Chicago, Richard K. Sullivan, 401 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611; Detroit, Bruce E. Miller, New Center Building, Detroit, Michigan 48202; West Coast Offices: San Francisco, Fletcher S. Udall & L. H. Sanford Heckinger, 417 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California 94104; Los Angeles, Fred Beck, 3850 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 90005; Southeast Office: Ray Rickles & Co., 3783 Pine Tree Drive, Miami Beach, Florida 33140.
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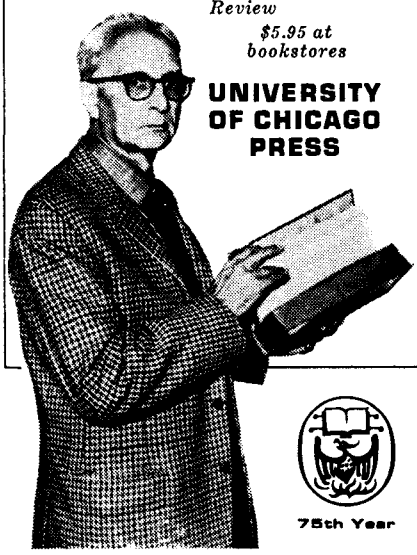

75th Year

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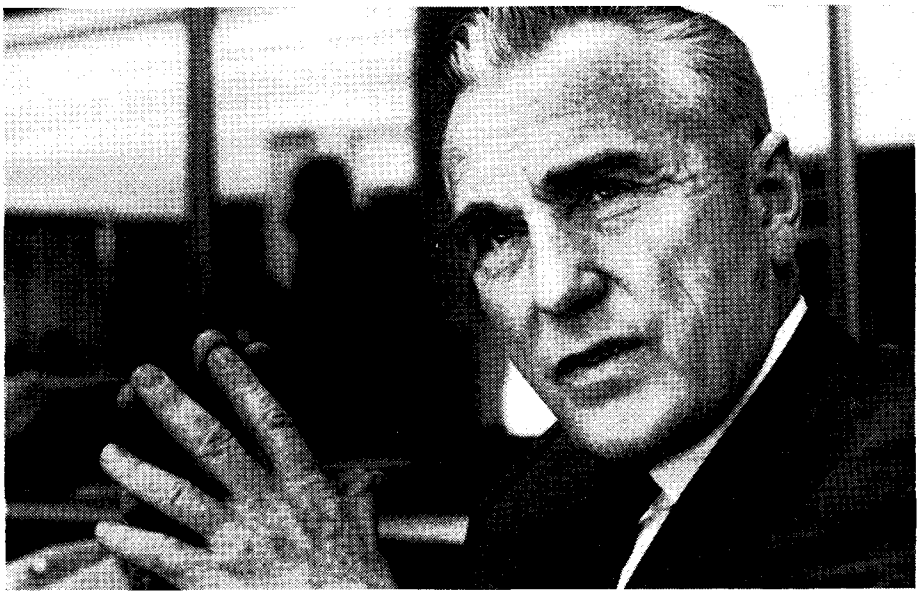
"I'm a stock broker. Here's one thing I find that smart investors have in common."

"They start out with a specific goal in mind, usually one of these three: growth, income or safety."



Isn't it just a matter of making money?

"That's the idea, of course—to improve yourself financially. But the smart people in the market try to invest to help meet certain objectives they've set for themselves and their families."

But everybody must want growth?

"Of course. The country is growing and they want to grow with it. When we talk about growth as a goal, we mean growth in the value of the stock over a period of time. The investor is willing to leave his money in a stock, to ride over the normal ups and downs of the market, with the idea that his money will grow to help him in later years."

For retirement, for instance?

"Yes. Or to help pay for his children's college. Or take a special kind of vacation. Investing is one way to plan for these things that give you a fuller life."

How can I pick a growth stock?

"If you take the stocks on the New York Stock Exchange as a whole, the record shows that their value has grown with the country over a period of years. Listed stocks are generally the biggest companies, with proven records. But there's no guarantee that any one stock will grow in any given period. The thing to do is ask your broker for facts and advice, then use your good common sense in estimating a company's prospects."

What if I needed more income to help me over some hurdles now?

"Then your primary goal would be to get a good dividend return, though you would still hope that the value of your stock would grow. More than 500 stocks listed on the Exchange have paid quarterly dividends for 20 years or more without a miss. Preferred stocks or bonds might be other ways to fill your need for a second income."

Where does safety fit in as a goal?

"There's some risk in any investment, securities or anything else. Your circumstances and temperament may suggest a conservative approach. Then you'd look into the relative safety of principal with good yield that high-grade preferred stocks or bonds might offer."

If a goal is all that important, would you say that's the first thing an investor and broker should talk about?

"The very first. And don't feel the slightest bit shy about asking his opinion, if you're not completely sure what your goal should be. He's there to help, and if you and he have a good idea of what you want your investment to do—well, how could you make a better start?"

4 steps to wise investing:

1. **Get facts and advice.** *Go to a member firm of the New York Stock Exchange.*
2. **Consider investing** *only funds you don't expect to need for living expenses and emergencies.*
3. **Invest with a view** *to meeting a specific goal—a second income from dividends, or growth of your money for use later, or the relative safety bonds might offer.*
4. **Keep your eyes open** *to the risk in any investment. Ask your broker for facts, then ask yourself for your best judgment.*

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Smokey the Horse

Hollywood Story Conference, 1967

"SOMETHING on your mind, Roy?"

"Why, yes . . . we've got this Turkish agent firing two shots in the warehouse. As I see it, that's the lot. But when he's attacked in the arboretum later the same afternoon, he can't fire because the chamber's empty. What happened to the other bullets?"

"What should have happened to them?"

"Well—they're unaccounted for."

"How long have you been in pictures, Roy?"

"Since William S."

"That's what I figured. Well, we don't worry about those things anymore. Forget the bullets. Steve?"

"Yes, I've got something. How does the girl with the red scarf get from Trieste to San Francisco? When she leaves Igor on the Via Carducci she's strapped. So who gives her money? She needs it for the flight and she needs more when she stakes Roberto to that apartment on Geary Street. I mean the guy who was trussed up. That's Roberto, isn't it?"

"Sure."

"Well, how could it be done? Trieste to San Fran on a credit card?"

"What does it matter how it could be done?"

"Because the audience is apt to start asking questions."

"Let them ask questions. Let them ask hundreds of questions. A questioning audience is what we want. A guy says he's mystified, one of his friends sees the show so *he* can come away saying he wasn't mystified. He's so much smarter, see?"

"Yes, but a thing like that—it needs a bit of explaining. And another thing—what happens to the old man? The one who makes pincushions?"

"Collects pincushions."

"Okay, *collects* them. Where does he wind up? After all, he was walking around with a lot of evidence in his pocket. Couldn't he have gone to the police?"

"For all I know, Steve, he could have gone surfing. What does it *matter*? Anyone else got problems? You, Grant?"

"The thing that bugs me is what happened to the plans."

"They were tossed out of the car in an English country lane. Wainwright had to get rid of them—he had to get rid of them fast."

"Sure he had to. But what happened to them after that? Are they still lying in a ditch?"

"M'm . . . D'you know, Grant, I think you've got something there. I'd overlooked that point. You're right — they're still lying in that ditch. Okay, so Rosenstadt can retrieve them."

"But Rosenstadt was shot in East Berlin."

"All right, all right. He *wasn't* killed. He recovered and climbed over the Wall. Now, is everybody satisfied? Okay, then let's grab a sandwich and forget about it" —FRANK LITTLER.

Smokes Deluxe and Outdoor Fire

THE LIMITED EXPERIENCE and come-lately pretensions of those who recently have reported on boyhood smokes and smoking are enough to make authorities snort.

Corn-silk cigarettes, indeed! Or milkweed! Or sections of buggy whip! Or one and all of those mentioned makeshifts that our reporters appear to believe complete the catalogue!

Did those pretenders never smoke Cubebs, those medicinal cigarettes, those marks of sophistication and means which the heeled boy could buy at 15 cents for the pack? For drugstore justification he did not need a runny nose, which the curative Cubebs would give him regardless. All he needed was a dime and a nickel.

And what of pipes and their fillers? We authorities filled them with coffee, or cocoa, or alfalfa leaves, or cinnamon bark crumbled by hand. A favorite and cheaper and more abundant fuel in the West, and one just as smooth, just as refreshing, and just as low in lethal tars was hand-pulverized horse manure — which, as any reader will surmise, had to be dry to be useful. It could be smoked in newsprint cigarettes, for that matter and indeed often was—which will interest the inhabitants of Marlboro country — but it belonged in a pipe. Tamped into the bowl of a Baby Wellington, which gave it the enhancement of distance, it burned long and drew easy. Ninety-nine of 100 old-time physicians—the oddball was dying of nicotine poisoning—have testified that none of us users contracted tetanus, anthrax, or lung cancer.

A further fault to be found in the fragmentary material published so far i

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Chili and a salad bowl are just two of the dishes you can reserve with us if you aren't an enthusiast of our steak, lobster or whatever.

You can even reserve a salt-free diet if you wish. It all goes down on our computer, a machine of which we've made much lately.

We put this computer in to make sure we get everything right, and we make sure of *that* because we run this airline with the professional traveller in mind—the man who spends a lot of time on planes and a lot of money on tickets.

But you don't have to do a lot of flying yourself to see how we take care of people who do.

Because we have no way of telling a professional traveller from anybody else.

So as far as we're concerned, that's what you are when your Travel Agent books you with us.

American built an airline for professional travellers.

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American Airlines

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its want of mention of matches. In days before lighters and paper matches, lighting up often posed the problem of having nothing to light with. Stick matches were useful, of course, but too bulky to be carried in sufficient supply if one was long away from the kitchen, say, on a hunting or fishing trip and, say, anywhere smoking cinnamon bark, which didn't want to burn.

The problem disappeared largely for my friends and me when my father let me go afield in his Model T. When without fire, we screwed out a sparkplug, reconnected its wire, and laid it on the engine block. Cranked up again, Lizzie stuttered along on three cylinders or maybe just two, depending on our expertise with the coil box, and the disengaged plug sparked away. Then, if we had not done so before, we twirled off the gas cap, picked a stalk of dead grass—timothy was best—dipped an end in the tank, and ran around to the front and the plug. Worked every time.

In time and in cooperation with its threaded socket, the plug we habitually used got almost to the point of jumping up from its seat at the wave of a horse tail. —A. B. Guthrie, Jr.

Science Note

ITEM: ". . . Jet Propulsion Laboratory astrophysicist Lewis Kaplan disclosed that spectrograms of the Martian atmosphere . . . suggest that Mars has a concentration of hydrogen compounds. . . . These compounds probably include methane derivatives and possibly methane itself."—*Time*.

Item: Webster's unabridged, with a sparsity of commas that leaves the reader breathless, defines methane as "a colorless odorless flammable gaseous saturated hydrocarbon CH_4 that is lighter than air and forms explosive mixtures with air or oxygen, that occurs naturally as a product of decomposition of organic matter in marshes and mines and especially in natural gas and is formed also in the carbonization of coal, and that is used chiefly as a fuel and as a raw material in the manufacture of carbon black and chemical synthesis—see firedamp; compare marsh gas."

Item: Some Air Force investigators of UFOs continually insist the sightings are marsh gas.

Juxtaposed, these bits of information should set off an exultant snake dance and torchlight parade in the saucer spotters' camp, since they lead us to the following deduction:

UFOs come from Mars.
They are propelled by methane.
And that hovering maneuver means only that they're refueling!

—E. V. Girand.

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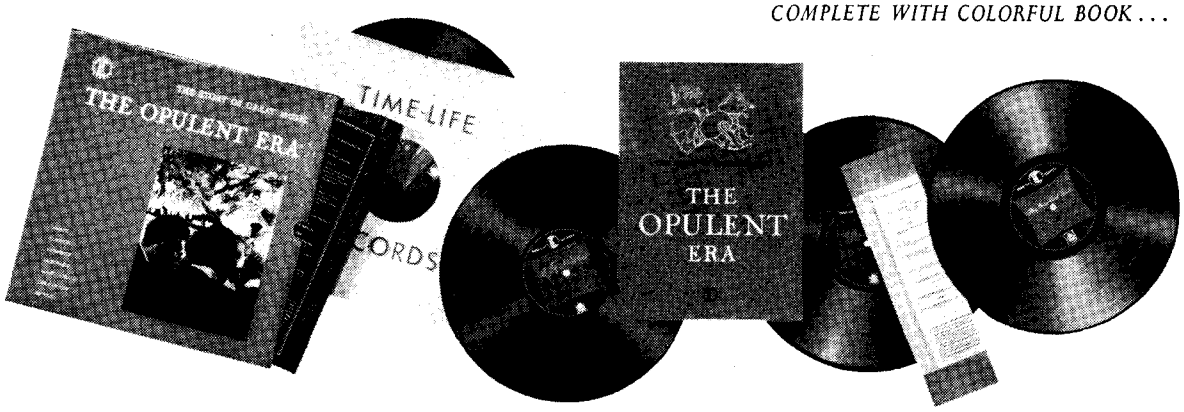

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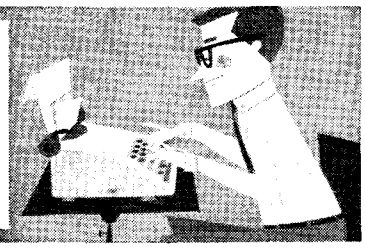
Top of My Head



Not a Cup of Sugar

WHEN in the course of inhuman events it becomes self-evident that if all the peoples of the world cannot all stand together under one umbrella of antimissile missiles, it necessarily follows that we shall eventually be lying prone and dead. Or, at the most optimistic, drowsy and nauseous and with no doctors around to make house calls. If indeed there will be any houses around.

In a time when World War III is unthinkable, except in pentagons and pagodas, we are told by those of our statesmen who are cautious and peaceable that the only way to save the planet from destruction is through friendly alliances and friendly cultural exchanges with our neighbors.

Our neighbors to the West and Far East are snoopy. They have zoomed their glasses in on us. They have spotted millions of milk bottles and overstuffed grocery sacks delivered to our doorstep every morning. They have also noted that, though our house spans two oceans, we sport thousands upon thousands of private swimming pools.

Our ever-spiraling standard of living can only lead our neighbors to a hatred deeper than our freezes; to poison-pen notes and saber rattling. Or, at the very least, to slashing the tires on our cars. A plague on all our houses—and there goes the whole neighborhood!

This is not the folk yarn of the Hatfields and the McCoys. This is the age-old story of the Haves and the Wants. What is needed here is not an occasional cup of sugar across a neighborly lawn—especially if our neighbors don't have the coffee to stir it in. What is indicated is a show of enduring friendliness: To live side by side in spite of the many differences in our ideologies, our dogmas, our abortion laws.

A move toward friendship was inaugurated as long ago as 1955 when President Eisenhower invited Nikita Khrushchev to visit Disneyland. When he arrived here the theory began to work. At the United Nations Mr. K. even took off his shoes and made himself at home.

A peace-loving Communist in a warmongering democracy, he held out a hand of friendship; if it came to the worst, he said, in a sudden burst of magnanimity, he would see to it that we got a decent burial.

Now we are told to turn the other cheek and, thanks to our religious teaching, we are ready. But Communism has undergone drastic changes since that long-departed gentleman's visit. To whom are we to be friendly? What is obviously needed here is a Baedeker.

For instance, Cuba is a Communist country. But Cuba is friendly to China. China is not friendly to Russia. Any friend of Russia is a friend of ours. So Cuba is out. Sorry about that, Fidel.

North Vietnam is getting help from friendly China. But China is unfriendly to Russia. North Vietnam is out.

On the positive side, we should be friendly to Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania. The rule of thumb would be, it seems, any country ending in *ia*. But how about Australia?

And how about Poland? Are we to be friendly to a country which denies Richard Nixon a visa? Our State Department said only: "We regret the denial of a visa to a distinguished American." Is that yes or no?

Even Mr. Nixon issued a tempered statement:

"I look forward to the day," he said, "when additional bridges of peaceful commerce and contact are constructed that will serve the genuine interest of the peoples of the East and West."

Not too unfriendly a statement from a statesman who is on what he calls a "global, fact-finding mission," and is now finding the fact that if he runs for President in 1968 he may lose the American Polish vote.

This friendship business is fraught with perplexing questions. Is it all right for Russia to be unfriendly with West Germany, which is friendly to us? And how about France? It is difficult to know what France is. Besides *La Belle*. Its President is friendly with Russia, but unfriendly to our President.

Will our people be able to contain and restrain this vast and disparate array of neighbors? It will take some doing. We are not even friendly to Con Ed, for heaven's sake.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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A message from Brother Timothy, Cellarmaster of The Christian Brothers Winery, Napa, California.

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A man in Brownsville, Texas
et Hertz put him in the dentist's seat.

A guy arrived at the Hertz coun- in Brownsville, Texas to pick up his . And he was accompanied by a howl- toothache.

So we not only rented him the ver's seat; we slapped him into the ıtist's seat as well.

Our man in Brownsville set up an emergency appointment with his dentist, got into his own car, and led the way.

No, our business isn't first-aid. It's renting cars. But if first-aid will help satisfy a customer, we'll do that, too.

When you're number one in rent a cars and have a competitor who's out to make you number two, you don't think about where to draw the line.

You think about how to go beyond it.

It's the underdog that's keeping the top dog on top.

Hertz rents Fords and other good cars.

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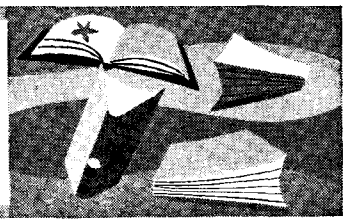
Trade Winds



Typographical errors are known as "typos" in our business, and book, magazine, and newspaper editors are plagued by them. They are the funny and sometimes embarrassing little misprints that are often more memorable than if they were printed correctly.

Perhaps the first big typo came when Charles I was ruler of England. In a routine publication of the Bible, the word *not* was omitted by mistake in the Commandment referring to adultery. The edition is known as "The Wicked Bible."

In modern times Bret Harte got involved in an unforgettable typo. He was editor of a small newspaper out West, and wrote an obituary about one of the town's most respectable women. He closed it: " . . . Above all the ladies of this town, she was distinguished for her charity." The galley proof came back from the pressroom as "distinguished for her chastity." Harte, being in a hurry, didn't correct it, but put a question mark in the margin of the proof. The typesetter was in a hurry, too, and the final, printed version of the obituary concluded with:

"Mrs. McGilligan, above all the ladies of this town, was distinguished for her chastity (?)."

All this is by way of mentioning a hilarious little paperback called *Press Boners*, which Pocket Books is offering for the bargain rate of 50 cents. It is the result of years of diligent work by Earle Tempel of Van Buren, Arkansas, who has somehow managed to collect hundreds of absolutely nutty typos from newspapers all over the land, e. g.:

"Before viewing the premiere of the film, the journalists will be quarted at a downtown hotel." (Chicago *Tribune.*)

"After leaving the club he collapsed on the sidewalk and died without medical assistance." *(The New York Times.)*

At Stanford University in Palo Alto, California, Vice President Hubert Humphrey started a speech and 250 students walked out in protest. The Veep commented, "The first sign of immaturity, dogma and doctrine and intellectual tyranny is a person's unwillingness to stay and listen."

Two days later: "Moscow, Feb. 20 (UPI)—United States Embassy military attachés walked out of a news conference today when a Soviet general accused the United States. . . ."

The catchy names of the rock 'n' roll and music groups led R. Gordon Hershey, Michigan State '67, and some classmates to dream up some names for literary groups, as follows:

► The Dharma Bums.

► Dr. Caligari and His Cabinet.

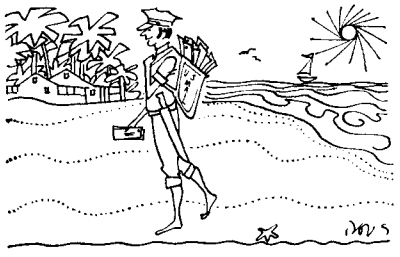
► The Midsummer Knight and His Dreams (Psychedelic rock 'n' roll).

► Webster and His Third Internationale (New England Communist group).

► The Outcasts (of Poker Flat).

In the early Thirties Theodore Pratt decided to leave New York City and continue his writing career in Florida. In 1933 the first of his thirty-four books was published; in 1943 the most famous, *The Barefoot Mailman*, came out. That book (which, characteristically, was rejected by his regular publisher) has sold countless copies and is now in its fourteenth printing.

The novel was based on the real adventures of the mailmen who, in the 1880s, walked along the beach (there



was no road) to deliver the mail between Miami and Jupiter, ninety miles north of there. They had to walk at the water's edge, where the sand was packed hard, so they went shoeless.

Ted Pratt's book, which was made into a movie, threw light on this forgotten chapter in Florida history, and there are now Barefoot Mailman postcards, gift shops, bars, a motel, a yacht, wallpaper, towels, and other manifestations of it. Pratt wears a shirt with the barefoot symbol. He wistfully yearns for more recognition of the other books and stories he has written, but he has to set-

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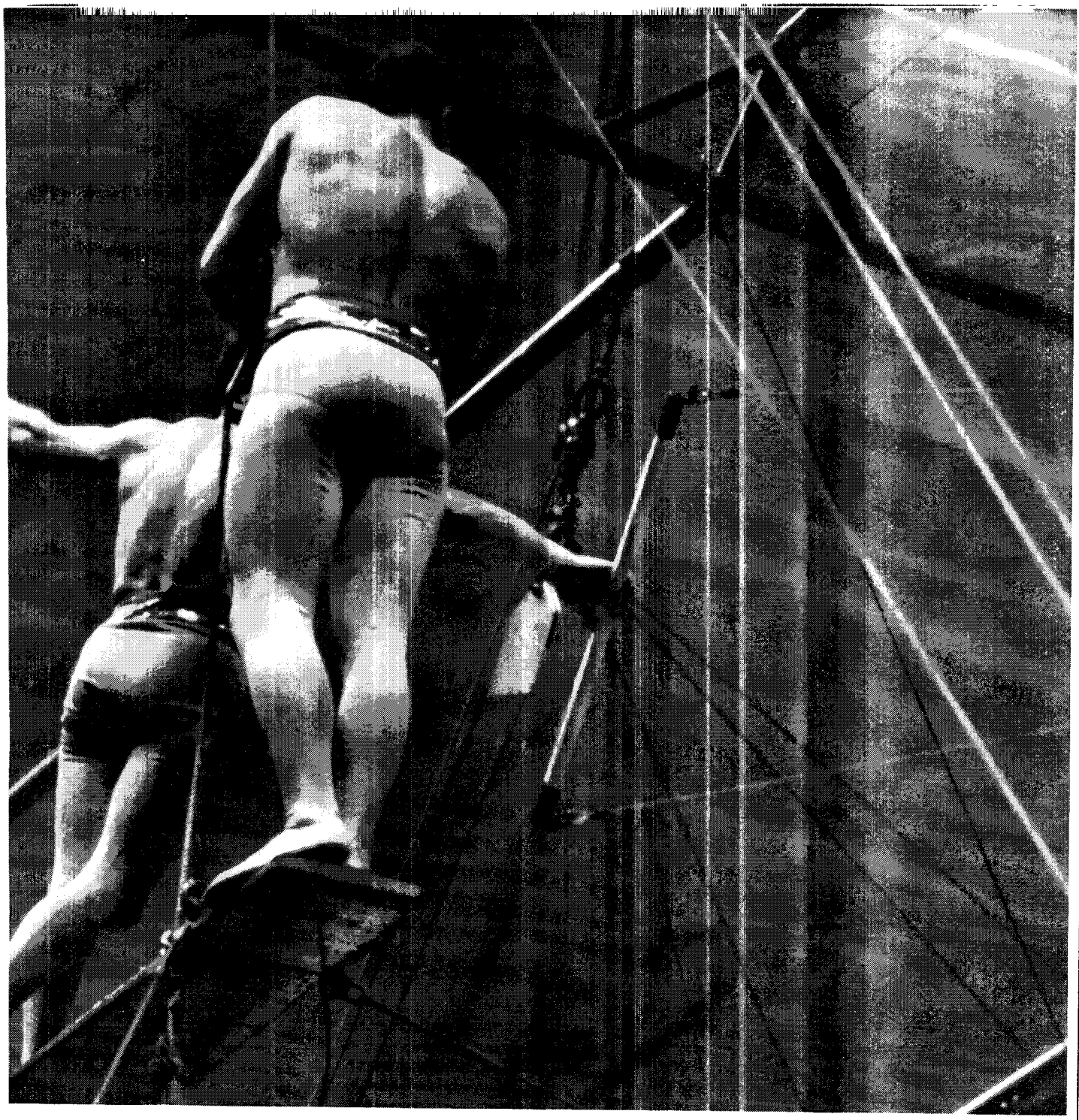

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This is the new Nikkormat FT
35mm single-lens reflex with thru-the-lens meter system

Developed by Nikon, built by Nikon, and designed by Nikon for use with Nikon lenses.
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Need better references? See your Nikon dealer, or write.
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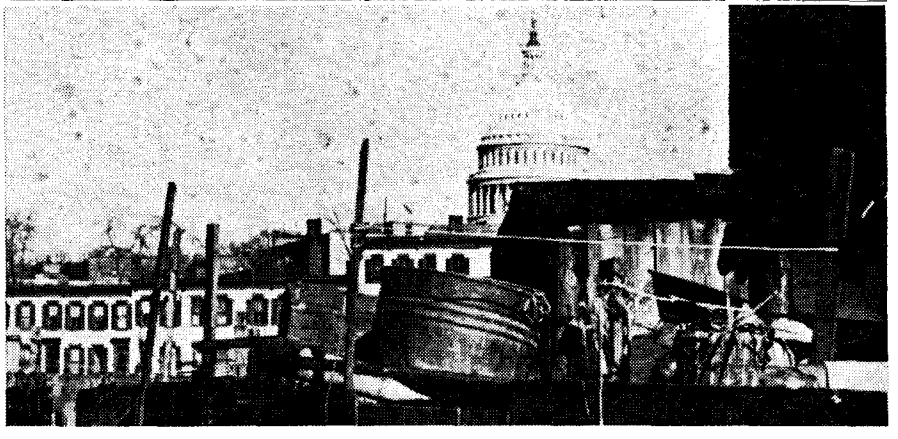

Black and White in Washington

THE SECRET CITY

A History of Race Relations in the Nation's Capital by the Pulitzer Prize winning author of **Washington, Village and Capital,** *Constance McLaughlin Green.*

Now, a full study of what Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., called "the most original part of Mrs. Green's work" —the history of the relationship between Washington's two communities: its dominant white population and its sizable—and secret—Negro community. The efforts of the white and Negro communities to understand each other and to work together make a fascinating but often frustrating history.

Also by Constance McLaughlin Green

Washington: Village and Capital, 1800-1878 $8.50
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At all bookstores, $8.50

Princeton University Press
PRINCETON, N. J.

tle for this popular and catchy tag. He cannot count the times that he has been greeted by the remark, "Well, I see you've got your shoes on today. Haw, haw!"

The latest honor accorded him is the establishment of a Theodore Pratt Room at Florida Atlantic University in Boca Raton, next door to Pratt's home town of Delray Beach. The author has donated his original manuscripts, notes, and many other literary memorabilia to form a collection which, he hopes, will help young writers learn how to do research for factually oriented novels. Pratt will also conduct writing classes there.

There is a lesson in the Pratt collection for professional writers, who usually wince when someone says, "Oh, you're a writer? I have a marvelous idea for a book." The fact is that Ted Pratt was at a party when a stranger suggested to him the then-obscure story of the barefoot mailmen. "I was lucky enough to pay attention," Pratt now recalls. "That was thirty years ago. I still listen to people at parties, but I've had to think up all my own ideas since."

Sharps and Flats: A January headline to give one pause: PHYSICIST DOUBTS EINSTEIN THEORY.

► New York's subways run twenty-four hours a day and they say that at 3 o'clock on a Sunday morning it is so crowded on the BMT line sometimes that you can't get a seat.

► In Tokyo the Matsushita Electric Industrial Company has perfected and is marketing a lavatory seat with a built-in heater.

► Grosset and Dunlap received an order for one of its books from *Stretch* magazine, published by the inmates of Kansas State Penitentiary. They asked for *The New Grosset Road Atlas* to the United States, Canada, and Mexico. Planning a trip, somebody?

► A. Ramirez says: Show me Muhammed Ali's safe deposit box and I'll show you Cassius's Cash Can.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1719)

LILLIAN SMITH:
THE JOURNEY

I believe future generations will think of our age as the joyful one when the walls began to fall; when man learned to accept his need of God and the law that he cannot use Him, to accept his need of his fellow men and the law that he cannot use them either.

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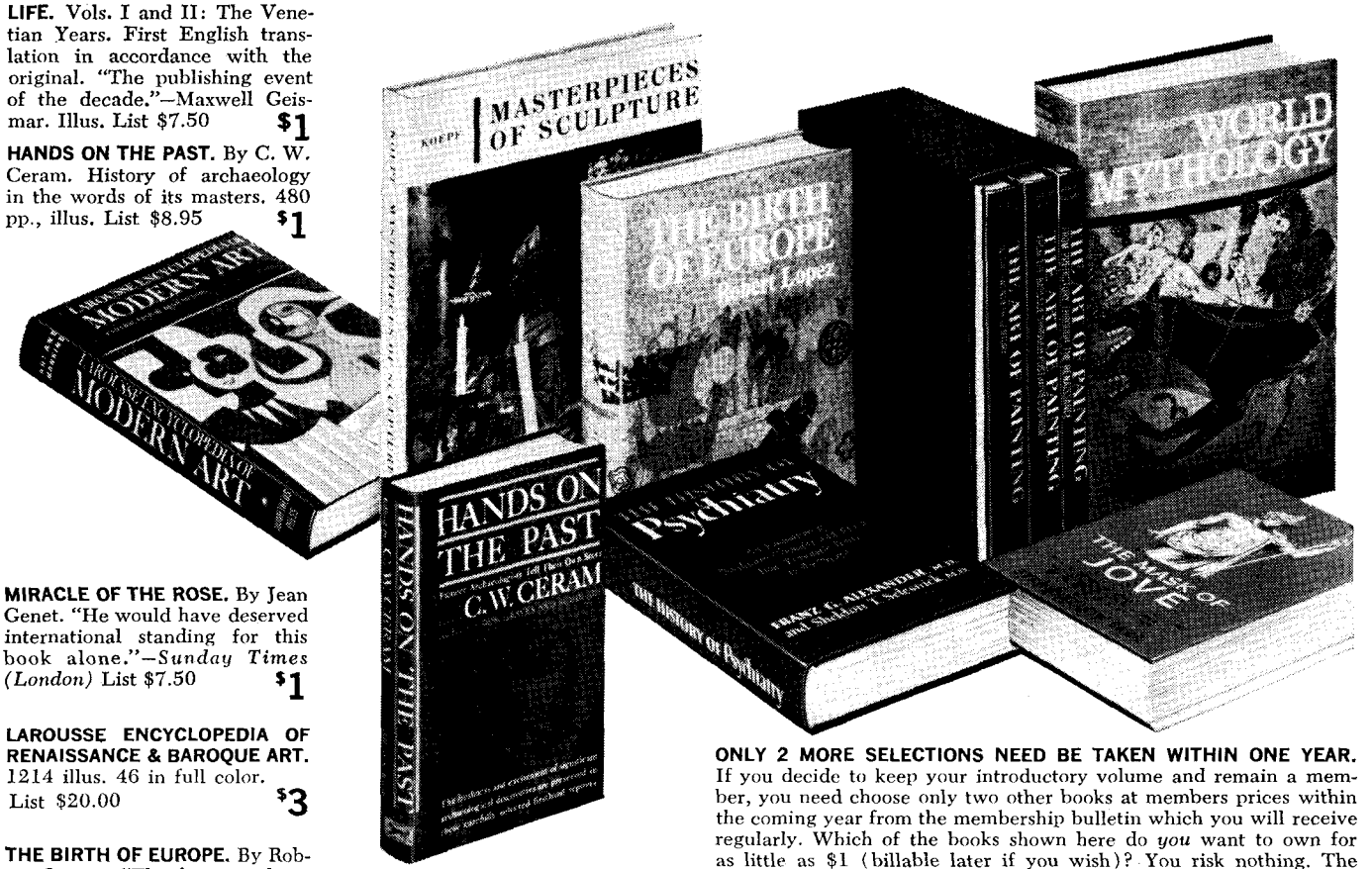

MIRACLE OF THE ROSE. By Jean Genet. "He would have deserved international standing for this book alone."—*Sunday Times (London)* List $7.50 **$1**

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Collections

AN AMERICAN OMNIBUS: *Belle, The Brothers Rico, The Hitchhiker, The Watchmaker of Everton.* By Georges Simenon. Harcourt, Brace & World. $6.75.

CHAPEL HILL CAROUSEL. Edited by Jessie Rehder. Univ. of North Carolina Press. $5.

COLLECTION: Papers by Bernard Lonergan, S.J. Edited by F. E. Crowe, S.J. Herder & Herder. $8.50.

SPECTRUM 5: A *Science Fiction* Anthology. Edited by Kingsley Amis and Robert Conquest. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.50.

Crime, Suspense

THE DEADLY SUNSHADE. By Phoebe Atwood Taylor. Norton. $3.95.

FOLLOW THE TOFF. By John Creasey. Walker. $3.95.

THE HOLLOW CHEST. By Alice Tilton. Norton. $3.95.

SNOW ON HIGH GROUND. By Raymond Sawkins. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.50.

THE TOUR. By David Ely. Delacorte. $5.95.

WINTERWOOD. By Dorothy Eden. Coward-McCann. $4.95.

Current Affairs

ANTI-POLITICS IN AMERICA: Reflections on the Anti-Political Temper and Its Distortions of the Democratic Process. By John H. Bunzel. Knopf. $6.95.

Essays

IN DEFENSE OF HISTORICAL LITERATURE: Essays on American History, Autobiography, Drama, and Fiction. By David Levin. Hill & Wang. $3.95.

LANGUAGE AND SILENCE: Essays on Language, Literature, and the Inhuman. By George Steiner. Atheneum. $10.

Fiction

I CAN SEE YOU BUT YOU CAN'T SEE ME. By Eugene George. Lippincott. $4.95.

GHOSTS. By Ursula Perrin. Knopf. $4.95.

JOHN AND MARY. By Mervyn Jones. Atheneum. $4.50.

MORE LIVES THAN ONE. By Charles Bracelen Flood. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

NIGHTMARE OF THE DARK. By Edwin Silberstang. Knopf. $5.95.

THE OUTCASTS. By Stephen Becker. Atheneum. $4.95.

POOR GEORGE. By Paula Fox. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.50.

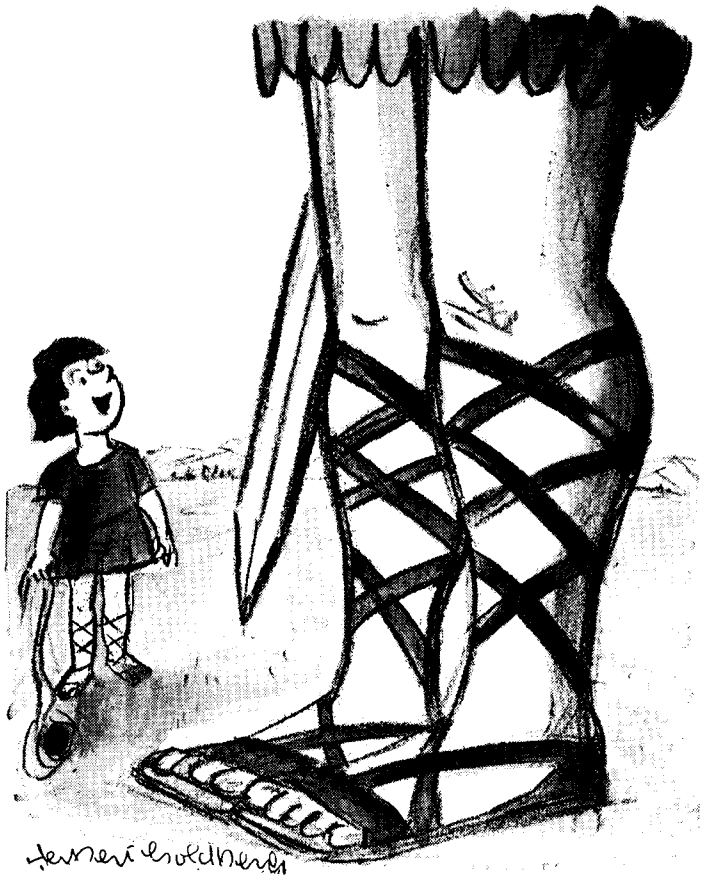
REUNION OF THE 108TH. By Donald Taggart. Doubleday. $4.95.

SHORT SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY AND OTHER STORIES. By Italo Svevo. Univ. of California Press. $6.

STONECLIFF. By Robert Nathan. Knopf. $4.50.

THE TRUMPETS OF NOVEMBER. By Wesley S. Thurston. Bernard Geis. $5.95.

UNDER THE EYE OF THE STORM. By John Hersey. Knopf. $4.95.



"Before we get too deep in this thing, do you think we ought to submit to arbitration?"

History

DEMOCRATIC POLITICS AND SECTIONALISM: The Wilmot Proviso Controversy. By Chaplain W. Morrison. Univ. of North Carolina Press. $6.

ENGLAND AND THE FRONDE: The Impact of the English Civil War and Revolution on France. By Philip A. Knachel. Cornell Univ. Press. $7.

International Affairs

THE HARD AND BITTER PEACE: World Politics Since 1945. By G. F. Hudson. Praeger. $6.95.

POLITICS AMONG NATIONS: The Struggle for Power and Peace. By Hans J. Morgenthau. Knopf. $11.25.

Literary History, Criticism

THE ART OF THE ODYSSEY. By Howard W. Clarke. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.45.

ITALO SVEVO: The Man and the Writer. By P. N. Furbank. Univ. of California Press. $6.

THE MODERN CONFESSIONAL NOVEL. By Peter M. Axthelm. Yale Univ. Press. $5.75.

THE REMAINS OF THOMAS HEARNE: Reliquiae Hearnianae. Edited by John Buchanan-Brown. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $17.50.

RESTIF'S NOVELS: Or an Autobiography in Search of an Author. By Charles A. Porter. Yale Univ. Press. $10.

Miscellany

THE BLACK ARTS. By Richard Cavendish. Putnam. $6.95.

CENTRAL PARK: A History and a Guide. By Henry Hope Reed and Sophia Duckworth. Clarkson Potter. $5.

THE GLASS HARMONICA. By Barbara Byfield. Macmillan. $7.95.

PATTERNS OF LANGUAGE: Papers in General, Descriptive and Applied Linguistics. By Angus McIntosh and M. A. K. Halliday. Indiana Univ. Press. $6.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF BIRDS: An Interpretation of Bird Behavior. By Harold E. Burtt, Ph.D. Macmillan. $5.95.

Personal History

MRS. SATAN: The Incredible Saga of Victoria C. Woodhull. By Johanna Johnston. Putnam. $5.95.

RICHARD STRAUSS: The Life of a Non-Hero. By George Marek. Simon Schuster. $7.95.

Poetry

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SOME VERSIONS OF SILENCE. By Robert Dana. Norton. Hardbound, $4.50. Paperback, $1.95.

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Religion, Philosophy

CAPITULATION: The Lesson of German

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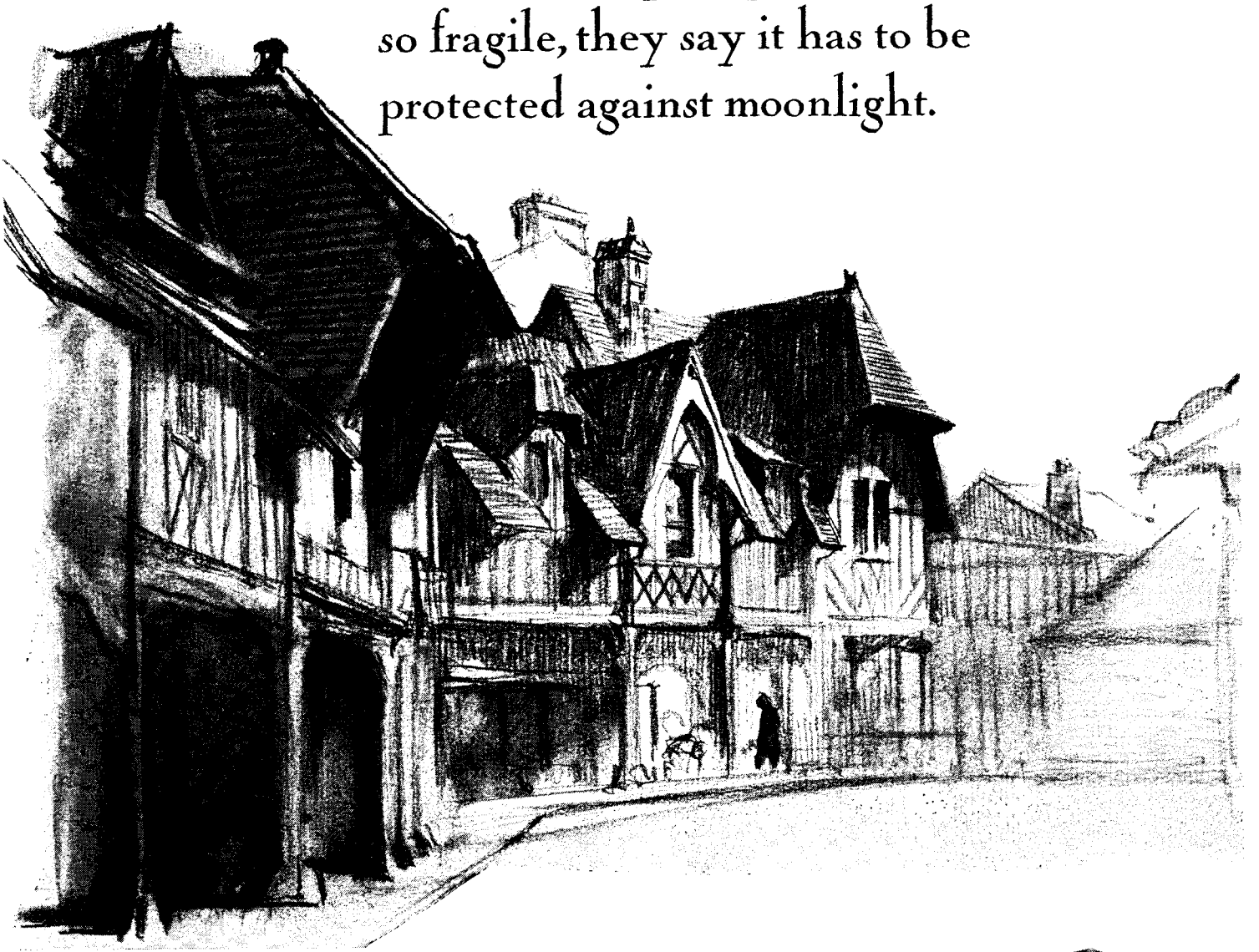
In Normandy they make a lace so fragile, they say it has to be protected against moonlight.



If this sounds like a Chamber of Commerce fancy, we suggest you look for yourself—in Alençon.

In Normandy you may also see a somewhat more durable lace. The famed Abbey of Mont St. Michel—described by de Maupassant as "a gigantic granite jewel...light in its effect as a bit of lace."

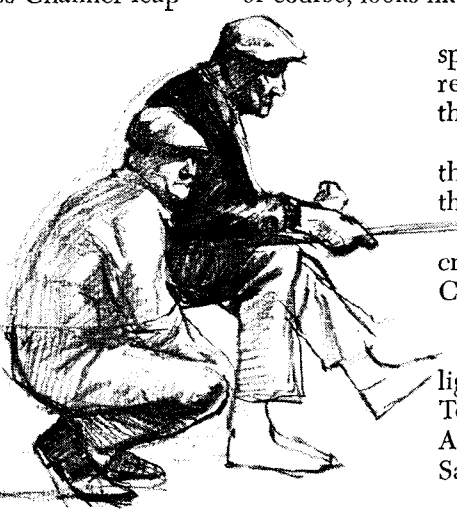
About the time work began on the Abbey, William (not yet the Conqueror) took his cross-Channel leap into history. In 1944, the invasion came the *other* way, bringing fame to such fine old Norman names as Utah Beach and Omaha Beach.

A few miles east and you're in Deauville, where the invasion is strictly social and undeniably chic.

In this Paris-by-the-Sea, you'll suntan next to that ex-teen-aged girl writer who is now a staunch member of the literary establishment. Or gamble in the Casino next to that young couturier who raised skirts so high men began to take an interest in fashion.

Do the beautiful people bore you?

Barely 30 minutes from Deauville is the old fishing village of Honfleur. Boudin painted here. Corot, Millet and Monet also. You'll know why when you see the harbor ringed by slate-covered houses. And the 15th century wooden church built by ships' carpenters. (The dome, of course, looks like an inverted boat.)



Now that we're running out of space, it occurs to us we haven't even reported such Norman virtues as thrift, both native and tourist.

Such Norman sights as timbered thatch-roofed cottages sleeping in the shade of flowering apple trees. Such Norman delights as *thick* cream. And *fragrant* cheese. And Calvados. And we're out of space.

(For more on the sights and delights of Normandy, write French Tourist Office, Dept. R4, 610 5th Ave., N.Y. 10020. Also: Beverly Hills, San Francisco, Chicago, Montreal.)

FRANCE

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Two lively studies by W. M. Frohock on how novelists and poets achieve the "Magic" of their art

STYLE AND TEMPER

Studies in French Fiction, 1925-1960

These critical papers on a group of modern French novelists show that the major achievements of Montherlant, Saint-Exupéry, Bernanos, Malraux, Giono, Camus, Sartre, and others lie in their solutions – by ingenious devices of syntax, vocabulary, and imagery – to the problems encountered in turning the novel form into a vehicle for direct expression of personal insight. $3.95

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Image and Theme in the Major Poems

Through a close and sensitive reading of Rimbaud's lines, Mr. Frohock shows us the poet at work solving a poet's problems. "An invaluable contribution to the esthetic study of modern French poetry." – *Virginia Quarterly Review* $5.00

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Catholicism. By Carl Amery. Herder & Herder. $4.95.

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THE FABRIC OF PAUL TILLICH'S THEOLOGY. By David H. Kelsey. Yale Univ. Press. $6.

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PHILOSOPHY IS FOR EVERYMAN: A Short Course in Philosophical Thinking. By Karl Jaspers. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.50.

THE QUOTABLE FULTON J. SHEEN. Edited by Frederick Gushurst and the staff of *Quote*. Grosset & Dunlap. $4.95.

RESURRECTION THEN AND NOW. By James McLeman. Lippincott. $3.95.

SINAI. By Heinz Skrobucha. Oxford Univ. Press. $17.50.

A SPECIMEN OF HUMAN LIFE. By Uriel Acosta. Bergman. $4.

TRUE DECEIVERS. By Lotte and Werner Pelz. Westminster. $3.95.

Travel, Adventure

DIRETTISSIMA: The Eiger Assault. By Peter Gillman and Dougal Haston. Harper & Row. $5.95.

THE PEOPLE OF THE SEA: A Journey in Search of the Seal Legend. By David Thomson. World. $4.95.

SEA QUEST: Global Blue-Water Adventuring in Small Craft. By Charles A. Borden. Macrae Smith. $7.95.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1233

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1233 will be found in the next issue.

LRW HOPV DHHT XHNCWF YMW

LRHFW LRYL MWKWYP ZRYL CF

FCPPV CO LRW UYT HMCDC-

OYPF.

—PY MHXRWSHEXYEPT.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1232

The reason so few good books are written is that so few people who can write know anything.

—WALTER BAGEHOT.

"I tell you, I'm Mr. Barton's grandson and he's expecting me for lunch."

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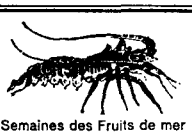

Semaines des Fruits de mer

Austern, Hummer
BOUILLABAISSE
Gratin de Fruits de mer

Bisque, Moules, Scampi
Hummer, Langoustine, Sole
Coquille St-Jacques

ST. PETER ZÜRICH

Zunfthaus zur Zimmerleuten

QUADRIGA QUADRIGA QUADRIGA

E CHLINI REIS AN ROMERHOF
LOHNT SICH

ANTIQUITÄTEN KUNSTHANDWERK

Alfred Rasser
«Zuviel courage»

GERRY HAYES
mit SUSY und
THE WALLASTONS
HAZYLAND

SCHAUSPIELHAUS

HEUTE 17 h und 20.30 h	Silvesterpremiere	Regie: Leopold Lindtberg Bühnenbild und Kostüme: Toni Businger Musik: Rolf Langnese
15–17.50 h und 20–22.50 h	**Was ihr wollt** Komödie von William Shakespeare	
15 h und 20 h	**Der Unbesonnene** Der Unbesonnene Gesch. Vorst. f. d. Schauspielunion	
20 h Mi.-Ab. & und freier Verkauf	**Der Unbesonnene**	
20 h Fr.-Ab. & und freier Verkauf	**Der Unbesonnene**	

OPERNHAUS ZÜRICH

HEUTE 19–22 h	Silvestervorstellung **Die lustige Witwe** Operette von Franz Lehar	
Erh. Preise: Fr. 5.–/30.–	Leitung: Jordan, Liebeneiner, Röthlisberger, Erismann, Beriozoff	
Es sind nur noch wenige Karten erhältlich	Fanger, Dressel, Schwenneke, Eilmann, Smaikal; Douglas, van Dalen, Schwanbeck, Zeithammer, Peter, Vroman, Ernst, Telasko, Strasser	
14.30 h bis 17 h	In italienischer Sprache **La Traviata** Oper von Giuseppe Verdi	Egermann, Duggelin, Zimmermann, Erismann Sgourda, Kunz, Gassmann, Peterson, Hemsley, van Vrooman, Ernst, Telasko, Rohr, Barbasini, Mann
20–22.30 h	**Romeo und Julia** Ballett nach William Shakespeare Musik von Serge Prokofieff	Jordan, Beriozoff, Businger Fulton, Keller, Hemolainen, Muri, Cerf, Le Comte, Reid, Bary, Doering, Dyal, Führer, Leclerc, Tobias, Kelly, Mondino, Popescu, Sakai, Schuller, de Ribaupierre, von Koschek, Natiez, Serrano, Frey und das Corps de Ballet
20.00 h	Sondervorstellung für das linke Ufer-Sargans, Einsiedeln: In italienischer Sprache **Don Carlos** Oper von Giuseppe Verdi	
20.00 h	**Don Giovanni** Oper von Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart	

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Saturday Review
March 25, 1967

—*Photographs by Author.*

Seven-year-old Bao Minh with brother—"[She] served as mother while her own mother, father, older brother, and sister recovered from wounds."

DIARY OF AN AMERICAN MEDICAL INTERN IN VIETNAM

By DAVID McLANAHAN

BY 8:15 a.m., most of the American personnel had arrived at the hospital, changed into work clothes, and begun the initial task of surveying the new casualties which had been brought in during the early morning hours. The latest truckload of casualties had not yet arrived. There had been much fighting in the Tam Ky area in the past few days, and we had been receiving a heavy load.

Already on stretchers in the emergency room were two peasants who had been injured four days previously. The man had a penetrating wound of the thigh into which water buffalo dung had been stuffed to stop the bleeding. By now the leg was dusky, greatly swollen, and foul-smelling. It would have to be removed. The other patient was a woman whose arm had been blown off just below the elbow. Fragments of the two arm bones protruded from the stump of gray flesh. Both of these were scheduled for first priority surgery. Once again the young man with a bladder stone would have to be postponed—hopefully until later in the day, but realistically, indefinitely.

The emergency room at full strength was staffed by Dr. Harry Wise of the U.S. Public Health Service, four medical students (one from Saigon, two from Hue, and myself), three or four nurses, two janitors or orderlies, and two interpreters. There were two tables for patients, two sets of sawhorses for stretchers, and enough floor space for another stretcher; so it was extremely crowded if more than five prone patients were in the room with everyone else.

Then the military truck-ambulance arrived. The first casualty to be carried in was a lovely twenty-eight-year-old peasant woman with a wound of the upper back. She was nursing a baby, even though she had been wounded in the spine and was paralyzed without sensation below the nipple line. She and her baby were placed on the left table. Behind them came a boy with a shrapnel wound of the abdomen. Another was a woman with a severe injury of the shoulder—a piece of shrapnel which tore through the soft tissue, breaking bones and carrying away part of the arm. The fourth and last of this load was a ten-year-old-girl who had a wound of entry through the right side of her mouth. The left eye protruded and was without vision.

I took the first woman. There was a one-by-two-inch wound in the upper back. The spinal cord had been severed by a piece of shrapnel. Through an interpreter I asked the husband, who now held their infant, what had happened. The evening before, she had been sitting in her hut when the hamlet was hit by artillery. I asked Dr. Owens to look at the wound. He said it should be cleaned,

David McLanahan recently served as a staff intern at the Danang Civilian Surgical Hospital, as part of an Agency for International Development (AID) pilot project. The hospital is operated by the U.S. Public Health Service for AID. The author will complete his studies in June at the Temple University School of Medicine.

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but there wasn't much else we could do for her. She was moved out to the hall to make room for other emergencies and eventually—at 3:30—she was taken to the ward.

The boy with the shrapnel wound of the abdomen was given highest priority and was the first case operated on. The other patients received dressings, intravenous fluids, and were placed in the hall to await operation. The X-ray of the girl with the eye injury showed that a bullet had lodged in the left orbit behind the eye. It was decided to delay action until the head and neck surgeon from the Navy could see her. She was sent to the ward.

A woman presented her son for treatment of an eye infection. His mouth was drawn down onto his chest. The fingers of both hands were scarred together as a result of having tried to brush away napalm several months before. Even though it was becoming difficult for the boy to eat, the mother was reluctant to consider an operation to release the jaw. She said she would think about it. The two departed.

WE again started to work on some of the other problems. A military jeep had struck two boys on a Lambretta motorbike. One of them had received a blow to the head, lacerating the scalp and knocking him unconscious. He had awakened before arriving. An X-ray showed no fracture so the laceration was sutured. The other boy complained of pain in the pelvis, but the X-ray showed no pelvic injury.

A stocky peasant woman hobbled in with a shirt wrapped around her thigh. A bomb fragment had imbedded itself several days before and was now infected. It was located by X-ray and removed. An American jeep brought in a mute whose leg had been injured by grenade fragments the night before while he had been fighting in defense of an important local district chief who is a friend of General Walt and General Ky. A peasant boy was carried in by his father. He was extremely pale and weak. Several days before, a bullet from military activity near his village had passed through his arm, grazing an artery. The bleeding had stopped initially so he had not been taken to a hospital. However, the blood clot had broken down the day before and he had lost much blood—so much that irreversible shock had occurred. Before we could do anything he died of exsanguination.

Shortly thereafter, an excited mother brought in a baby that was obviously dead from a missile wound of the head. She presented the child to a Vietnamese student, who placed it on a table and put a sheet over it. The mother stared at it quietly for several minutes, then let out a shriek and went limp. Relatives picked up the baby and mother, then left.

The emergency room was a strangely silent place. The people were heroic. Very few of the injured gave more than facial reaction to pain. Patients with protruding compound fractures and traumatic amputations would just wrinkle their faces. No moaning or crying out. Even most of the children were quiet. Women with severe injuries would nurse their infants while lying on the bare floor, in hallways, or in crowded wards. Every patient had at least one relative who helped to take care of him. The severely injured would be fanned by their relatives all day and all night, and even after death.

Toward the end of the morning the food pushcart from the kitchen at the Medical Hospital arrived. It carried several large kettles which contained steamed rice; a vat of rice soup; and a tin of dried fish. The nurses had distributed cards to each patient designating the food he was allowed to receive. Those who could walk crowded around the cart and presented their cards as it moved down the hall of each ward. The usual meal was a pint of rice with a few pieces of dried fish or shredded beef spooned over it. Some patients could eat only rice soup; the very thin would receive extra spoonfuls of meat.

The disappearance of the nurses and interpreters signaled the beginning of the siesta period—12 to 3. Usually the surgeons left during this period, but today one stayed to keep an operating room functioning because of the five or six patients waiting in the hall. From 12 to 3 is the hottest part of the day, always above 100°, with rarely a breeze. The patients with minor problems who had been waiting all morning for treatment disappeared. Most of the local hospital personnel bicycled home. The hospital patients and relatives and hangers-on stretched out wherever there might be some shade. The characteristic movements of the hospital ceased, the stillness broken occasionally only by someone moving across the hospital yard to the adjacent field to relieve himself. The streets were deserted. Rarely were new patients brought to the hospital during this time.

Peter Montgomery, U.S. Public Health Service surgeon, treats injured children—"The people were heroic. Even most of the children were quiet."

The Americans had varied ways of using the siesta. After lunch at the MACV Officers' Mess or the house at 9 Pasteur, some would make the trip to the Danang beach for a half hour's swim; others would take a truck to the PX; some would rest or write letters. The house at 9 Pasteur was the main gathering place for the physicians of the surgical team. Three lived there along with a friendly monkey which loved to leap onto passersby from a tree in the back yard.

About 2:30 the characteristic movements of the hospital began anew. Chil-

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dren moved through the hallways collecting bottles and tubes and anything else for which they might imagine a use. The Americans returned in Scouts and station wagons, the Vietnamese on bicycles and on foot. A few of the hospital yard fires were relit and new pots of tea put on. An old woman amputee, aided by a tin can and stick, passed slowly across the yard in a crab-like fashion.

The extraordinary seven-year-old Bao Minh fanned her sleeping one-year-old brother. He could sleep anywhere—on his sister's hip, on concrete, with the sun in his eyes. The pair were inseparable. Bao Minh, like many others, served as mother while her own mother, father, older brother, and sister recovered from bomb-fragment wounds. The family was at the hospital all summer. The simple, concerned beauty of Bao Minh's child face was always a startling revelation. She seemed to be everywhere—peering into the emergency room, sitting on the back porch watching the comings and goings, trailing some of the physicians—infant on hip, playing in the sand. Amid the horror and suffering the children of the hospital provided the greatest source of inspiration and satisfaction. Their resiliency is amazing, their beauty unmatched. I once saw a crutches-race across the hospital yard among three boys who each had had a leg amputated.

During this sweltering siesta a jet from the Danang airbase went out of control after takeoff and crashed into a village, killing more than thirty persons and injuring fifty. When the Americans returned from lunch they found the emergency room crowded with women and children who had been badly burned. Some children were washed with soap and water as well as could be done, and the least severely burned (thought to have a chance to survive) were smeared with antibiotic cream from our one small jar. One nine-year-old boy was so badly burned that his arms were seared completely dry and could have been snapped like sticks. His face was unrecognizable but still he managed to breath. Someone started a bottle of intravenous fluids, but this was soon removed. Luckily, he remained unconscious.

In midafternoon, an American intelligence officer arrived at the hospital, accompanied by an American soldier, a Vietnamese interpreter, and an ARVN officer. They were looking for four persons injured the day before. Many of our patients were said to be from Vietcong families. Some were thought to be more active supporters. The Vietnamese chief of the hospital got lists with names, ages, and the home villages of suspected Vietcong. We were often visited by intelligence officers looking for persons who had been injured during a certain action and were thought to have been brought to this hospital.

The only suspect that could be found this afternoon was a thirty-two-year-old woman who was supposed to be a "Vietcong nurse." She lay in the recovery room, having had an operation to remove a bullet which had penetrated her abdomen, piercing loops of the small bowel. The intelligence officer said that she had been found to be guilty of carrying medical supplies in a Vietcong area. Two men with her had been killed. I asked him what would happen to her if she recovered. He said that this depended on how much information the Vietnamese could get from her, but that most likely she would be killed and buried in a mound of earth behind the Vietnamese Army Interrogation Center.

Later, I helped Dr. Robert Nielson, a volunteer member of an American Medical Association project, with an operation on a twelve-year-old boy who had several shrapnel wounds of the abdomen. We scrubbed our hands for a few minutes. In the United States, surgeons usually scrub for ten minutes; in Vietnam it doesn't make much difference—the water is unfit for drinking. This boy had several perforations of the small bowel and one of the stomach. The abdominal cavity contained many pieces of the boy's last meal. It was difficult to sew the holes, as the small bowel was distended with worms which came poking through the holes, interfering with the stitching. The room was not air-conditioned and it was exceedingly difficult to keep the forehead from dripping sweat onto the patient. Frequently, flies had to be chased off. Eventually surgery was completed and the boy sent to the recovery room with heavy doses of antibiotics.

During some part of the day the surgeons try to find time to visit the wards—if only to see the most critical patients. The wards of the hospital are divided into orthopedic (bone and muscle) cases, burn cases, and head, chest, and abdominal problems.

"Ninety per cent of our patients had directly war-related traumatic injuries."

THE two burn wards are of wooden lattice construction, set apart from the main hospital complex. One is likely to see ducks waddling through. In the United States, immediate burn treatment requires strict cleanliness and delicate fluid balance. Long-term care includes many operations for skin grafting and reconstruction. There wasn't much we could do for our patients; the wards were run by nurses and seldom were visited by physicians.

Surely, Dr. Charles Barnes is the busiest orthopedic surgeon in the world. Day after day and week after week Dr. Barnes, who is affiliated with the Agency for International Development, must make choices as to which limb can be saved and which cannot, how to apportion his time to provide the maximum function from one operation on as many of the day's casualties as he and his anesthetist can manage—for, most likely, he will not have a chance to operate again. The orthopedics ward is a sea of beds, casts, makeshift arrangements of boards, bricks, pulleys, and ropes which are used for traction. Two patients are crammed in each of the already narrow beds. Some patients remain for several months, some may die from infection, some hobble away on crude crutches or sticks or cans on strings held beneath stumps. Many of the hospital's most pathetic cases are

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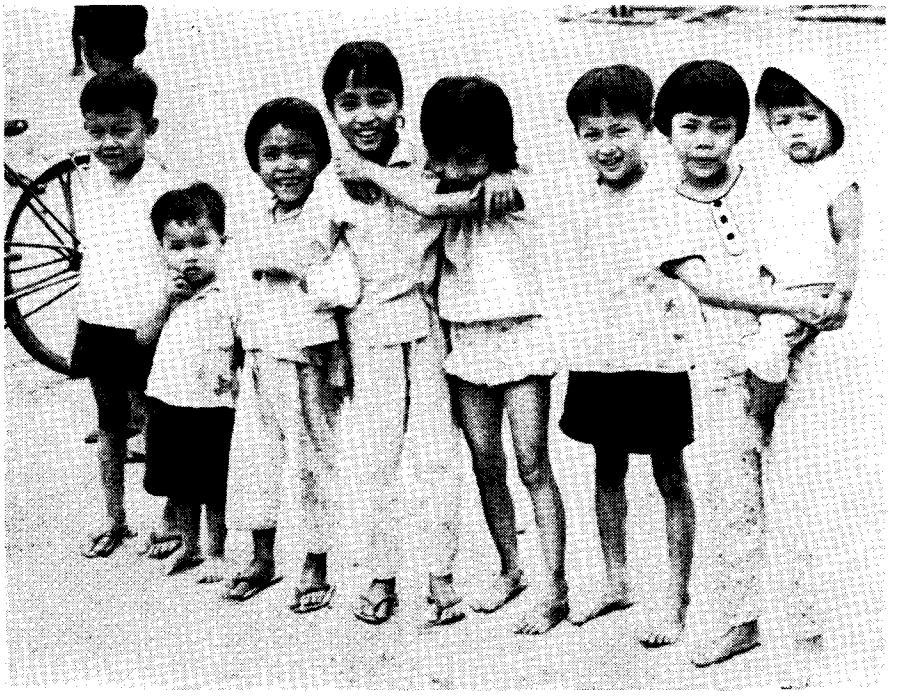
found in this ward. In one corner on a bare metal bed is an old woman who has been moaning and disoriented for several weeks, naked except for flies. The ward's head nurse is a very kindly, young, and lovely Vietnamese Catholic sister.

The head, chest, and abdomen ward contains several rooms. There is a large room for men and one for women, but separation is not always possible. For young children there is a small room containing four beds and about fifteen children. The pre-operative room contains nonemergency patients who are worked into the schedule whenever possible. Most must wait several weeks. Two of the rooms have pockmarks from bullets where government planes strafed while trying to hit the nearby radio station during last spring's government-Buddhist crisis. The hall usually has several patients on stretchers awaiting bed space. This afternoon the hall was overflowing, so that one patient with a bed had to be discharged prematurely and two others transferred to outlying hospitals. Some of the patients sharing beds at this time were an old man who had a head and hand injury—hemiplegic and incommunicable for several weeks; a boy with a kidney perforation; a man with a chest infection; a boy who had been gored by a buffalo; a child with an infected head wound which his mother could not refrain from dabbing with a piece of shirt; a five months' pregnant woman with a bullet inside the uterine cavity (both mother and fetus were doing well a week after injury).

Bao Minh's sister was here. Her case was poignant and disturbing. The original injury involved the stomach. A postoperative fistula developed, causing everything that she swallowed to come through it. The incision broke down, and because her tissues were so friable subsequent attempts to close were without success. Eventually, the whole front of her abdomen was necrotic. All we could do was cover her wound. She lay quietly with a sad, far-away expression, not complaining, but getting thinner. Today, like every day, when we came to her bed several other children pressed close, pointing to her and making grimaces and universal gestures of empathy and pleas to help.

By 7:30 the emergency cases were finished; the patients with minor problems had gone; the nurses and interpreters, who finished at 6, had gone. Everyone had gone—only with great difficulty could an operating room be kept going after 6. The American trucks carried their passengers to supper. There would be an 8 o'clock cocktail gathering among some of the staff at the home of one of the American nurses. A few might go to the movie at the MACV Officers' Mess, a few stay home. Now the hospital was in the hands of the Vietnamese student taking his turn this night. The American surgeons could be called if the Vietnamese doctor assigned to be on call couldn't be reached—as usually was the case.

This night I ate with some of the Vietnamese students. Food was provided free for them if they ate at the hospital. One of the Hue students had gone home for a few days, so I ate his meal. The food came in pans stacked five high. The pans contained rice, a gray potato soup, sour fried-chicken bits, a piece of fried fish, and bananas. Just as it was becoming dark, we four students—one from Temple University, three from Hue University—walked back to the emergency room.



Children outside hospital—"Every patient had at least one relative who helped to take care of him."

The hospital at night presents a marked contrast to the day. The dominant characteristic of the day is movement. At night there is quiet and stillness; suffering is shrouded in darkness. People were lying everywhere, casually following us with their eyes as we picked our way through and around. There were fires in the hospital yard, and several crouched figures were speaking softly, sipping from containers of strong, sweet tea.

The emergency room was empty now except for five or six nurses and hospital workers in their off-duty, pajama-type clothes. They were sitting on sawhorses gathered around a table, talking; two were sewing. The patients who had been operated on were back in the wards, in the crowded recovery room, or in the hall outside.

We medical students talked of medicine, the war, politics, male-female relationships, and almost anything else. We played cards for awhile. Intermittently, we stopped to examine patients who wandered in. Now that transportation from the environs had ceased, the complaints approximated those seen in any American emergency room—a woman who said she had fainted because she had worked too hard; a boy who had stuck his finger in a fan; a nurse who had fallen off her bike, scraping her knee; a girl who had eaten some rat poison because her girlfriend had called her a "taxi girl." An American jeep brought in three women for examination. They claimed to have been beaten by some GIs who had invaded their house looking for beer (the local AID police advisory officer said that this sort of thing was his greatest headache). They were OK.

At 9:30 we decided to go to the Hue students' quarters, where there was a guitar. The Hue students lived next to the Medical Hospital, which is several blocks from the Surgical Hospital (and is not directly U.S.-supported). Seven students live there; four work in the Surgical Hospital; three in the Medical. The front of the small building was dark. We passed down a hall and came to a door which had a small amount of light showing through cracks. Inside, four students were sitting around a table—two playing Chinese chess, the others watching. A twenty-five-watt bulb swung over the table, periodically dimming. There were two candles. One of the students brought out a bottle of American bourbon which a private ob-

(*Continued on page* 50)

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Morale and Morality in Vietnam

THE PHOTOGRAPHS accompanying the lead article in this issue by David McLanahan by no means exhaust the pictorial horrors of the war in Vietnam. It would be possible to publish equally dramatic photographs of American soldiers whose legs had just been amputated after being spiked by poisonous bamboo shoots planted by the Vietcong. It would also be possible to publish gruesome photographs of Vietnamese teachers and village leaders who had been beheaded by the Vietcong because they refused to cooperate.

It should not be necessary to write this preamble to an editorial on nonmilitary casualties in Vietnam caused by our bombing policy or by the difficulty in distinguishing between innocent villagers and Vietcong. But there is an unfortunate tendency in some quarters to assume that anyone who talks about wounded civilians is either oblivious of Vietcong terrorism or doesn't know that war is hell.

The response of Americans to the problem of civilian casualties cannot be confined to their indignation over Vietcong actions or to the fact that people are going to be hurt in war. The essential question Americans must ask is whether human beings, Americans or Vietnamese, may be dying because of mistakes in policy, serious miscalculations, or missed opportunities to end the war honorably. The question has to do with human values and not just with military policy.

Secretary of the Air Force Harold Brown, at a recent press conference, referred to the inevitable "risk factor" for civilians in any military operation. It is difficult to regard the Secretary's statement as a complete or satisfactory explanation for the death of thousands of Vietnamese, most of them in South Vietnam, who have been killed by the bombing from the air, or by the widespread burning and leveling of villages. No one knows how many Vietnamese have failed to come out of their dugouts when summoned because they were paralyzed by fear and were thereupon incinerated inside the tunnels.

THERE is much in the news about wrong targets being bombed from the air, not just in Vietnam but in Laos and Cambodia, and even about American soldiers being hit by their own bombers, but little is said about civilian casualties resulting from the difficulty of making accurate identification of Vietcong. Increasingly, the tendency in dealing with the Vietcong is to saturate the general target area. Few chances are taken with suspects. This is not simply a matter of holding suspected Vietcong for interrogation, but of pouring lead and fire into a village which is believed or known to contain Vietcong. Members of the Vietcong did not come to these villages by invitation. The Vietnamese in these villages desperately wish only to be left alone—by everyone. The United States has announced it is in South Vietnam to protect the people against the Vietcong. How do we protect them, how do we liberate them, when we set fire to their huts or destroy their villages in the attempt to get at the Vietcong? Does a policeman fulfill his duty if he machine-guns a crowd in the attempt to get at a murderer?

An American aviator, writing in the November issue of *Flying* magazine, says he looked down on his assigned target and reported by radio to his base that there must have been some error in his instructions, for he saw nothing below but a village with women and children moving about. He was ordered to hit the village just the same. He dropped the bombs but later admitted he was careful to see that they landed in an open field.

In drawing up targets for bombing and ground attack, our military forces lean heavily on briefings supplied by South Vietnamese intelligence officers, some of whom have proved to be overzealous or incompetent. Long lists of targets to keep our aviators busy have not been wanting, but no one can certify to the accuracy of the designated targets or can assure our aviators that they may not on occasion be unwitting participants in random slaughter.

Administration officials have acknowledged that the bombing has not produced the expected military results. Why, then, are the bombings continued? One of the main reasons openly given is that the bombings help to bolster the morale of the South Vietnamese government. This admission amounts to an indictment that history will not take lightly. It is an indictment of those who can be buoyed up by news that bombs and fire have been rained down on people in their homes and not just on military supply lines and installations. The incredible irony, of course, is that many of the villagers who are hit are citizens of South Vietnam, not North Vietnam. It is even more an indictment of ourselves, for we *know* the bombings are having a limited military effect at best.

Another highly relevant factor in any consideration of civilian casualties has to do with the possible prolongation of the war because of missed opportunities to negotiate. The Washington *Post* has substantiated stories appearing in various world capitals to the effect that exploratory talks which might have led to negotiations were under way in December of last year but were aborted by the bombings of Hanoi. Also, Secretary General U Thant of the United Nations has been quoted as saying that a genuine opportunity for negotiations *did* exist in 1964 and 1965, but that he was told by Adlai Stevenson, U.S. Ambassador to the U.N., that our government feared the negotiations would have an adverse effect on the morale of the South Vietnamese government, possibly causing its collapse.

What, then, is our main purpose in Vietnam? Is it to maintain a government of our own creation in South Vietnam, or is it to bring about an honorable

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settlement that can end the war under conditions that would provide for the stability and safety of the area? How many American soldiers and Vietnamese have been killed or wounded because of missed or spurned opportunities to get into valid negotiations? If it is true that possible openings for such negotiations have in fact existed, despite official assurances to the contrary, then it is not the morale of the South Vietnamese government but the moral position of our own government that is in jeopardy.

There is no doubt that Hanoi has been watching American public opinion carefully. There is no doubt that President Johnson is right when he says that North Vietnam will have little incentive to sit down at a peace table if it holds to the mistaken idea that American public opinion will force a withdrawal from Vietnam. But it is equally true that the Administration itself, because of a declared policy that is sometimes at variance with its own actions, because of air bombings that produce an unnecessarily high rate of civilian casualties, and because it apparently underestimates the instinct of a free society to find its way to the hard facts, is bringing about the very situation it fears. The American people cannot be expected to ignore or overlook questions that go to the roots of their own history. If the government requires public support as an essential ingredient for mounting a successful policy in Vietnam or anywhere else, it has the obligation to mount policies that are worthy of support.

The major issue in Vietnam before the American people has long since ceased to be whether we ought to stay in Vietnam or get out. Most Americans recognize that abrupt unilateral withdrawal could set the stage for wholesale chaos and slaughter in South Vietnam. They similarly recognize that total war in Vietnam could become the torch for world war. The major issue is how best to bring the war to an end with a minimum expenditure of human life, creating not just a situation of safety and stability but a situation in which the scientific and compassionate intelligence of the United States can be put to its fullest use in restoring Vietnam and in rehabilitating people who for thirty years have known nothing but war and daily peril. These are the declared aims of the American government. Any compromise or distortion of these aims is chargeable not just to the American government but to its people. This is in the nature of a free society. —N.C.

Alaska's Art in Peril

IN A SMALL WOODEN Community House on Shakes Island at Wrangell, Alaska, four magnificent Tlingit house poles face daily danger of fire. Aside from their historic and esthetic value, these handsome artifacts are worth an astonishing amount in cash. For some time experts have advised the U.S. Department of the Interior to fireproof the interior of the Community House, a procedure that would cost absurdly little compared to the monetary value of the carvings. Year after year nothing is done, though we are repeatedly reminded of the present administration's devotion to art, beautification, and culture.

The article "Alaska's Vanishing Art" [*SR*, Oct. 22, 1966] described how neglect, disinterest, ignorance, vandalism, and bureaucratic bungling are dissipating America's peerless totemic carvings of the past. The article focused on certain outstanding Indian artifacts, such as the house poles in Wrangell, that could still be preserved were action taken immediately before fire, dry rot, encroaching northern jungles, or untrained restorers inflict further damage. Among the many letters *SR* received in response were a number also sent to the Department of the Interior offering specialized help. How these offers were received is a matter worth recording. Intrepid citizens eager to provide professional assistance have emerged scarred, weary, wary, and convinced that each step forward ends in two steps backward.

Twenty-one years ago a detailed report on extant Indian carvings in Alaska was commissioned, paid for, and subsequently ignored by the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Now, rather than hasten to save what little remains, Under Secretary of the Interior Charles Luce recommends that another report be prepared, this time financed by private sources, for, as he admits, many of the important objects described in the first survey "have in the interim been destroyed by fire, rot, vandalism, or sheer neglect." The federal government thus continues to abdicate responsibility as, indeed, it has for the past two decades, during which time little or nothing was done to implement the report already at hand. A new survey, prepared without cost to or effort by the government, might well provide a reprieve long enough to assure the complete destruction of all Indian art in Alaska. And then the matter could be pleasantly shelved.

This attitude seems curiously at odds with everything we read about Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall. Is it possible that communications to him are unable to pierce the surrounding red tape? Take, as an instance, the treatment that two University of California campuses recently received. During the summer of 1965, representatives of the University of California, Los Angeles, visited certain remote sections of Alaska and later offered to rescue the few remaining masterpieces they found at Old Kasaan and Village Island, two of the state's most important Indian sites. The offer was promptly turned down by the U.S. Forest Service, though neither the State of Alaska nor the federal government had or has plans for restoring these deserted areas where some of America's noblest carvings are rapidly rotting away. In a letter of last November, a professor at UCLA wrote, "A year ago we tried to approach the problem of the totem poles through Secretary Stewart Udall. Unfortunately, we were given the run-around from the Forest Service in Juneau to the Alaska Historical Society to local Indian tribes, etc. Somehow we must cut through this mish-mash." But how?

At the University of California, Davis, the Curator of a Laboratory for Research in the Fine Arts and Museology offered his well-equipped facilities to the Department of the Interior, explaining that the laboratory's "prime interest is the preservation of cultural objects." The Chancellor at Davis even took time himself to write Secretary Udall suggesting that the Department of the Interior and the university combine forces in "remedial action" to preserve Alaska's Indian art. His letter was handed over to someone bearing the impressive title of Director of Management Operations, who in turn assured the chancellor that *SR*'s article had exaggerated the situation, though this accusation was neither documented nor true. He then blandly advised the university to prepare a further report. Reports, it would seem, are the government's secret weapon.

IN addition, a member of the Indian Arts and Crafts Board, also under the jurisdiction of the Department of the Interior, requested the art editor of *SR* to send still another report to Mrs. Stewart Udall listing those objects and sites in Alaska that most urgently need immediate attention. On receiving the outline last November Mrs. Udall wrote suggesting that she, Under Secretary Luce, and the art editor of *SR* meet to discuss the problem more fully. But no meeting ever materialized.

Polite letters, aimless requests for reports, vague oversimplified statements, and consistent evidence of misinformation characterize the Government's

(*Continued on page* 82)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Equity on the Labor Front

MAY I COMMENT briefly on A. H. Raskin's article, "Collision Course on the Labor Front" [*SR*, Feb. 25]? I have spent more than twenty years as a member of a negotiating committee for a union. At the risk of oversimplification, let me say that I believe labor and management—and at this time in our history, more particularly labor—still approach the negotiating table in the old-fashioned way of one asking for the moon and the other offering green cheese. It would seem to me the answer to the problem lies in both sides going to the table with the realization that three elements must be recognized and satisfied [labor, the stockholder, and the customer].

Management cannot make a demand that results in the worker receiving less than a fair day's pay for a fair day's work. But management must not even under pressure grant a concession which either forces a raise in price above what is fair to the customer for the product he buys, or that reduces the fair share the stockholder is entitled to as a return on his investment. If, with complete candor, management would open the books, and labor with equal candor would base its demands on recognition that labor, the stock-owner, and the customer are all entitled to a fair shake, there would really be no reason for a strike.

RONALD REAGAN,
Governor, State
of California.

Sacramento, Calif.

Fiction Gone Askew?

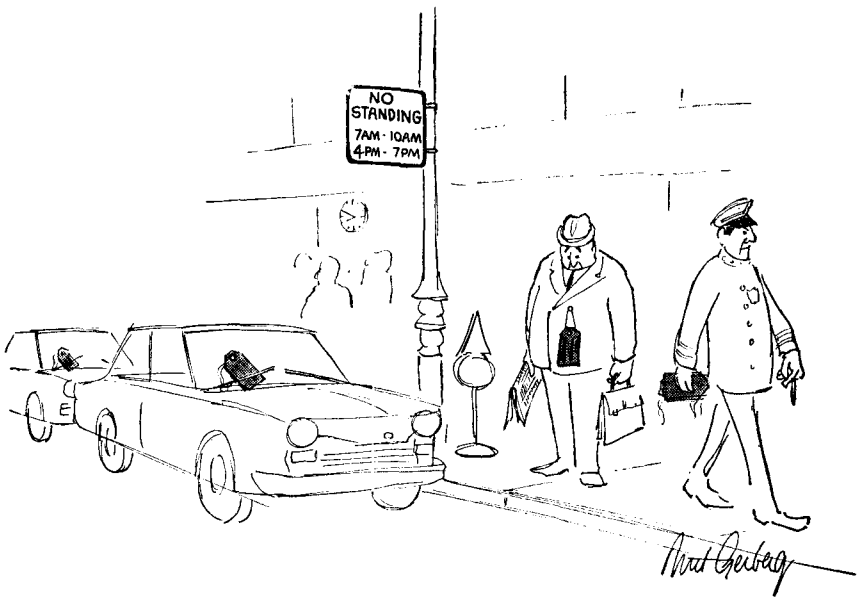
THE HISTORIAN who would tell us the things that Barbara Tuchman proposes to explain in the first half of her article, "The Historian's Opportunity" [*SR*, Feb. 25], must do two things: First, he must not leap too quickly into premature conclusions about what our fiction is saying; second, the historian must be considerably more sophisticated than Mrs. Tuchman appears to be in this article about the relationships between the vision of life in literature of the past and that proclaimed in the public forums.

Plato would have outlawed the very writers that Mrs. Tuchman uses to show the glories of past literature, and he would have done so for essentially her reason: They portrayed man in a misleading way.

I suspect that a more balanced view would show that the key issue is the split (an old one, but greatly and suddenly widened in the last century) between the public and the private senses of reality. One can watch the gap open in comparing the image of war in fiction before, say, 1850 with a string of war novels written in America after the 1890s: *The Red Badge of Courage, A Farewell To Arms, The Naked and the Dead, Catch-22.*

WILLIAM E. BRIDGES,
English Department,
Mills College.

Oakland, Calif.



IT IS GOOD TO HAVE Mrs. Tuchman emphasize that what is communicated in history must be based upon comprehensive and accurate research and the judicious use of source materials. She might also have mentioned that there is certainly a place for some historical research directed primarily to the specialist and that some academic historians have regrettably failed to communicate to a wider public because the exigencies of the profession often impel them to concern themselves only with those who can enhance their academic standing.

JOSEPH O. BAYLEN,
Professor of History,
Georgia State College.

Atlanta, Ga.

Where the Booklets Are

WE THOUGHT that A. Lee Zeigler's article, "All Students Aboard" [*SR*, Feb. 18], was well written, but I wish to correct the address listing for International Voluntary Services, Inc. It is 1555 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

Requests for summer service booklets should not be addressed to us, but to the following: Commission on Youth Service Projects, Room 825, 475 Riverside Drive, New York 10027; and International Secretary for Voluntary Service, Room 1216, 806 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

RODERICK MACRAE,
International Voluntary Services, Inc.

Washington, D.C.

Mr. Mayes's Corner

HERBERT R. MAYES offers an interesting list of "best" popular songs compiled by composer Arthur Schwartz [TRADE WINDS, March 4]. But Mr. Schwartz erroneously describes Irving Berlin's "Alexander's Ragtime Band" (1911) as "the first ragtime hit—the ancestor of a whole school of music unknown before." In fact, Scott Joplin's "Maple Leaf Rag," published twelve years earlier, was the first ragtime hit.

Schwartz also comments on the "unique" three-part construction of Harold Arlen's "Blues in the Night" (1941). But three-part construction is as old as the classic W. C. Handy piece, "Memphis Blues" (1912).

MARTIN WILLIAMS.

New York, N.Y.

HERBERT R. MAYES'S TRADE WINDS columns are the best thing since Bennett Cerf's departure. Long may he be with you.

M. ALBERT GERWIG.

North Hills, Pa.

Citizens and the CIA

N. C.'s editorial "Subversion by Government" [*SR*, March 4] seems to me to be the most analytical and unbiased account of the CIA problem that I have read. One question, however: How is this "debate" in the name of national security to be pursued? What can the ordinary citizen concerned about the national security and resistance to subversion actually do?

(MRS.) NANCY MCKEEVER GAINES.

Santa Barbara, Calif.

Little Lady from Cape Girardeau

ANYONE WHO has ever lived in Cape Girardeau, Missouri, knows of the malaprop artist to whom William S. Reed refers [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, March 4]—not that we would bandy a lady's name in print.

Just as the undiscriminating have attributed to Dorothy Parker quips unworthy of her wit, so have the unscrupulous attributed to this good lady every malapropism they ever heard—including some which come straight from Richard Sheridan's *The Rivals*.

HENRY L. MUELLER,
Professor of Speech,
University of Illinois.

Urbana, Ill.

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14
25
26 Le.
27 Persp.
28 "Challe... Nkruma... King," by ...
31 "Rome on th... Stark; "Byza... Centuries," by ...
32 "The Sands of V... Wagner. "Casualiti... Edna O'Brien
33 "The Honey Spike," by ... Mac-Mahon. "The Breaking Strain," by John Masters. "Sauve Qui Peut," by Lawrence Durrell
34 "Mark Twain's 'Which Was the Dream?'" edited by John S. Tuckey; "Mark Twain's Letters to His Publishers 1867-1894," edited by Hamlin Hill; "Mark Twain's Satires and Burlesques," edited by Franklin R. Rogers
35 Criminal Record
36 Pick of the Paperbacks

LITERARY HORIZONS

Each Generation Had Its Own Dream

AFTER corresponding with Herbert Gold for a couple of years, I finally met him in the summer of 1956, while he was spending some time at Yaddo in Saratoga Springs. Amazingly young to be the author of three novels, he was good-looking in a slender, romantic, boyish way, and he had extraordinary poise. He had, indeed, the kind of poise that I have always associated with tenth-generation American WASPs who have attended Groton and Harvard; but he was, as I knew, the son of a Russian-Jewish immigrant who had come to this country at the age of thirteen and had earned his living from that time on, first in the roughest kind of manual labor, later as the owner and operator of a vegetable market in Cleveland. Soon afterward, when Gold wrote two fine stories about his father—"The Heart of the Artichoke" and "Aristotle and the Hired Thugs"—I was made acutely aware of the contrast between the two generations, and I realized that this contrast was an important problem for the sophisticated young man I had come to know.

Gold has said that *Fathers* (Random House, $5.95) "is a book I have been stretching to write all my life," and I can believe this. "I began it as a student in Paris in 1949," he says—that is, before he published his first novel—but he wasn't ready for it. Parts of what he wanted to say appeared from time to time, as in the two stories I have mentioned; but it was only a little while ago, when he was at work on another novel, that he became convinced the moment had come. Now, he must have felt, he could do justice to his father without denying his own nature or repudiating his own life.

In a preface Gold tells about a visit his father and mother paid him in San Francisco in the spring of 1966. The father, then eighty, talked about real estate deals he wanted to make, and his son naturally urged him to take it easy—"You're secure now." But Sam Gold had never believed in security. His life had been a struggle, and he wanted to continue that way so long as it lasted. He lived in the present, not worrying about the future, not concerned with the past. Herb asked him whether his life had been worthwhile, and he replied, "I don't look back." "Are you satisfied, Dad?" "I told you already a thousand times or so, never counted, I'm not a mathematician—never satisfied. *Never satisfied!*"

Gold begins his story in the little village near Kamenets-Podolsk in Russia, where his father grew up, exposed to all the sufferings of Jews in that time and place. At twelve he made up his mind to go to America, but agreed to wait two months for his bar mitzvah. Not knowing English and without a friend in New York, he managed to survive, and in an astonishingly short time he had brought his sister and three brothers to the United States. Then he went back to Russia, with a gold tooth as proof of prosperity, and persuaded his parents to migrate. But the war of 1914 intervened, and the parents were killed in a pogrom.

In time Sam Gold found his way to Cleveland, set himself up in business, married, and had his first child, Herbert. He was still working terribly hard, and was beginning to prosper. He had declared his independence of Judaism as a religion when he came to America, and now he was too busy to be concerned with religious matters even if he wanted to be. The son, Herbert, seems to have had no religious training and to have come to maturity without even a perfunctory sense of Jewish tradition.

The chief difference between father and son was that the former had grown up in extreme hardship whereas the latter was growing up in comparative affluence. Herbert's parents wanted the boy to work Saturdays in the store, not because his help was economically necessary but because the experience would teach him "the value of a dollar," as his mother said, or, as his father said, "to know what's what in life." His father knew no words in which Herbert could "explain that among the people with whom he chose to bring me up, it was more important to run end in a pickup touch football game, spinning craftily about the young trees planted by the Our Street Beautiful committee, than to fill orders in sour old orange crates on Saturday afternoons." Yet in his teens the boy, rebellious because he wasn't free to play as his friends played, could not help reminding himself that at his age his father was not only earning his own living but saving money to bring his family across the Atlantic.

THE story is a dramatic example of the conflict between generations that has colored American history in the past century. But there was never, as there has been in so many families, a decisive break. Once there was a physical struggle, vigorously described; but after this the old relationship was renewed and perhaps strengthened. Young Gold partly established his independence by enlisting in the army at the age of eighteen, but after his discharge he had to deal with his father's inevitable longing for a business partner and successor. By that time, however, Herb had literary

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ambitions—"Hart Crane was the other poet from Cleveland"—and he opposed what he wanted for himself to what his father wanted for him. The father, who had never let anyone run his life, [illegible] two up trying to run his [illegible] speak of [illegible] one to value [illegible] their relationship [illegible] amiable truce that [illegible] been a father and an [illegible] all the time the son was mystery to the father as the [illegible] was to the son. The father was [illegible] one to probe such mysteries, but the [illegible] was. He came to understand that his father was in certain ways a great man, with a fine capacity for life, and that he owed him a larger debt than he had ever acknowledged.

As a novelist, Herbert Gold has been more affirmative than most, searching for the conditions that make a good life possible. We can see now that he came naturally by this affirmativeness, that he had had before him the example of a man who never doubted, and doubted least of all at the age of eighty, that life was to be lived. What Gold became was, of course, in some ways a reaction against his father, but it was in other ways a reinterpretation of his father's character in a new age. In trying to show what sort of man this was, he has written a moving and enlightening and satisfying book, his best in some years.

—Granville Hicks.

Shorts

By John Woods

1.

I CAN hear, in Iowa,
a thousand frigid wives
turning on their beds
like the pages of Gideon Bibles
in the motel rooms
of their husbands.

2.

Indian corn has red teeth.
I see the cornpickers
waiting like red locusts
to take the hands
of young farmers
buying on time.

3.

Everyone is singing in the maternity ward:
the woman in the stirrups,
the nurse with a crucifix,
the diaper company, the radio
in the black Cadillacs
of the doctors' lot.

Letters to the Book Review Editor

Stench

Mr. J. H. Plumb, in his reference to my book, *The Rise and Fall of Kwame Nkrumah* [*SR*, Feb. 25], perceives "the stench of national self-righteousness." He does so, apparently, because of my emphasis on graft and corruption as basic ingredients for Nkrumah's political machine. I am of course as aware of the universality of political misconduct as is Mr. Plumb and state that "nothing is likely to occur on the African continent that has not been experienced, in one form or another, on all other continents."

Beyond that, I find the doctrine which Mr. Plumb seeks to propound positively ghastly. Are we to gloss over the political misconduct of the Nkrumahs or the Powells merely because British and American politicians before them were equally preoccupied? Is that not negating all progress? Perhaps I may be allowed to offer as a rejoinder the concluding line from my Introduction: "To treat emergent Africa as though it were in a state of quarantine, where criticism is to be postponed and only praise dare be given, is to consign the millions of that much tormented continent to further misery." The same applies, I feel most strongly, to the constituents of Adam Clayton Powell.

Henry L. Bretton.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Ringing Welkins

Note to Mary McGarvey [*SR*, Letters to Book Review Editor, Mar. 4]: Odd Fact About the Welkin Dept. You cannot ring the welkin. You can make it ring. Many welkins have been rung. Nobody ever rang one. Welkins, rung, can be made to re-ring. Your well-rung welkin rang but you didn't ring it. You made it do it.

Henry Morgan.

New York, N.Y.

Wealth Ahead

Hopefully John K. Hutchens's article "Literary Life South of the Rio Grande" [*SR*, Feb. 25] reflects a growing awareness of the many excellent Latin American writers who are virtually unknown here. As a student of Latin American literature since my college days, I have learned to my sorrow that many of the region's greatest writers (not to mention the new and gifted young ones) are still awaiting English translations. It appears that our historical orientation toward the works of European writers has tended to exclude the color, imagery, and vitality of works from the other American nations. Gabriela Mistral from Chile is a notable exception; so is her countryman Pablo Neruda after his recent trip to New York. But how many people have even heard of Amado Nervo (Mexico), Ruben Darío (Nicaragua), Manuel Díaz Rodriguez and Rufino Blanco-Fombona (Venezuela), or José Enrique Rodó (Uruguay)? These are but a few of the names which are known throughout the Spanish-speaking world, yet have not penetrated the cooler climate of North America.

If Mr. Hutchens's article does indeed represent a trend, I believe we all might find a wealth of literary enjoyment ahead of us. Perhaps we might also gain new insights into the very different nations that make up what we call Latin America.

Alan H. Rosenfeld.

Baldwin, N.Y.

The work of Margaret Shedd, Anita Brenner, and the USIA librarians as well is indeed admirable. However, the Mexican authors and books, which are merely name-dropped by Mr. Hutchens, surely deserve some discussion. Such writers as Carlos Fuentes, Juan José Arreola, and Juan Rulfo are not merely exotic regionalists, but are widely recognized as major writers in an international as well as a Mexican and Latin American context. One would never imagine as much from Mr. Hutchens's article.

Joan Hartmann.

St. Louis, Mo.

It is worthy of note, as an addendum to John K. Hutchens's welcome "tourist report," that Mexico (like other Latin American countries) validates its esteem for the artist by prized diplomatic and cultural missions, such as an ambassadorship to India for poet Octavio Paz and round-the-world tours for pianist José Kahan and the Renaissance scholars Margit and Antonio Alatorre. During our two cultural missions to Mexico, however, we have wished that the Mexican government would give more attention to authors' rights. Without full copyright protection, the writers so remarkably assisted by Margaret Shedd's Centro Mexicano de Escritores must continue to be part-time authors. (And without a more flexible visitors' policy in this country, we shall continue to be deprived of the immense stimulation many Latin American authors might bring to our campuses and publishing centers.)

Mrs. Gardner Read.

Boston, Mass.

John K. Hutchens's article reflects the worst aspect of your Eastern-oriented magazine. "Literary Life South of the Rio Grande" is a *disgrace*. You must assume your readers are completely ignorant of what is Mexican literature. Hutchens certainly is. *Saturday Review* wouldn't publish such a flip account of the French, Polish, Russian, Japanese literary scene. . . .

I thought I would learn something new, but alas, the same old clichés, the same old ignorance, the same old nothing by an "innocent."

Lestrita Boardman.

Chatsworth, Calif.

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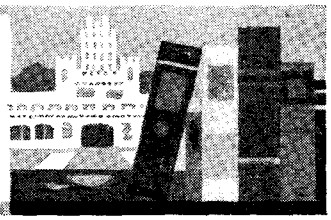
Perspective



Sex in the Syllabus

THE RUSSIANS are curious about the West, its art, its music, its literature, its architecture, even its clothes. The curiosity is tentative yet eager, certainly serious, and frequently generous. One can only imagine the utter bewilderment that a catalogue on my desk might create if it fell into the hands of a group of Russian university and secondary-school teachers. I am sure they would insist on the title being translated over and over again, thinking someone had made a gross error. But there it is boldly on the cover: "School and College Catalog." Well, well, what a school, what a college that draws most of its manuals of instruction from this list. What a diet for the adolescent! What an eye-opener for the parents' association. It has to be read to be believed.

It opens well enough with a solid section on *Drama*, containing some of the most outstanding plays of the avant-garde theater. Brecht is there, and Beckett, Arden, Pinter, Dürrenmatt, Ionesco—a good list this and well worth a place in a college library. *Classical American Literature* is, however, lean to say the least: two books by Melville but without *Moby Dick*; one by Mark Twain, *Pudd'nhead Wilson* (with an introduction by F. R. Leavis—what a delight to find him in *this* catalogue); Norris's *The Pit*, and nothing else. The ancients neglected, what of the moderns? With them, the catalogue begins to get into its stride. *Contemporary American Literature* is a fuller list altogether, even though it displays a marked bias to sex, sodomy, and drug addiction. William Burroughs and Henry Miller are here in bulk, filled out with a few choice items for the high school student such as *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, *City of Night*, and *The Night-clerk*. Can you imagine these books being assigned for a holiday task? Certainly they would provide hilarious fodder for a quiz session. But a little embarrassing perhaps in a mixed class of fourteen-year-olds?

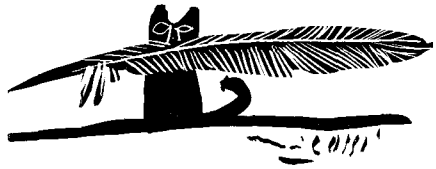
Presumably *Classic World Literature* is best studied at college. The choice here—with no copyright problems to deter the educational publisher—is unequivocably eccentric. I do not feel myself that *Justine* or *The 120 Days of Sodom* are as representative of classic world literature as I should like. I think they might give a misleading impression to the college students of the nature of the world's best books. But there is not much else for them—a book of Chinese pornography, two translations by Arthur Waley, a book on Greek heroes (a little mild spice here), and the first unexpurgated edition of M. G. Lewis's *The Monk*. World literature it may be, but classical is scarcely the word the Greeks had for it.

After glancing at *Contemporary World Literature* (Jean Genet, *Miracle of the Rose*; Marguerite Duras, *The Ravishing of Lol Stein*; D. H. Lawrence, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, etc.) one begins to get the message and hurries on to see what is offered for the classes in sociology, history, psychology, and psychiatry. Certainly some very good books can be found here—a history of the Negev, Heilbroner's admirable *The Future as History*—but the same underlying note is struck, once more the same endless themes of deviant sex and drug addiction. The palm for a school book I feel should be awarded to Miss Jean Evans's *Three Men*—a book about a delinquent, a necrophile, and a homosexual. Required reading? Or just for future study?

Is it not easy to imagine the look of disbelief turning to horror on those Soviet faces and can one imagine what a member of the Red Guard, or the Viet Cong, for that matter, would make of this? They would be confirmed in their certainties about the moral decadence of capitalist societies. Their belief that the American way of life is corrupt to its core would become adamantine. And anyone, Communist, radical, liberal, or conservative, brought up in the more rigid and inhibited attitudes of a previous generation would agree at once that this was detestable stuff, a ridiculous diet for school or college—as dangerous as dynamite for the young. And then one pauses and thinks of the past.

What about those strange jugs from ancient Peru formed in the shape of a happy copulating couple? Surely these were scarcely, one might have thought, the jugs for a child's milk. And there is still the giant of Cerne Abbas in Dorset with his huge erect phallus that generations of little girls and boys have stared at on their way to school: a primitive fertility symbol that escaped both Puritan and Victorian. Of course, some of the customs of the Christian Middle Ages were almost as curious as the *Grove Press School and College Catalog*. Adolescents of both sexes danced wildly about the maypole, which more often than not was shaped without disguise as a penis. And smutty schoolboys in the Victorian age, deprived of all pornography, searched *Leviticus*, *Kings*, *Judges*, and the *Song of Songs* for scraps of sin to titillate their inflammable imaginations. Man's libidinous instinct rises early, surges hugely, and falls late. A plain bald fact that we have to live with. Moreover, men are not alone. Women of all ages and races, modestly or flamboyantly, have played the ancient game of lechery with skill and delight; they always will. Far from frigid in ancient Peru, they did not freeze in the Christian Middle Ages or forget their wantonness in seventeenth-century New England. Sex is ourselves, and only the lucky or the damned can do without it at fourteen or forty or maybe eighty, for that matter. History tells us plainly that it has ever been so. Therefore why not accept the inevitable and stuff the school libraries with these books offered by the Grove Press?

Surely the kids know, or are learning fast from equally seamy sources. Are we the hypocrites? The answer, of course, is a simple question. What sort of sex do these books depict? Now no one should be too highfalutin about sex. It can range from the inexpressible bliss of two loving human beings against which



no other human experience can stand, to a moment's quiet, immediate, but necessary self-satisfaction. And no civilized and humane man or woman is going to balk at love's diversity. Would that the world could be monogamous and heterosexual, but it cannot, will not be. Men will love boys and women girls, and some merely themselves. That children should learn of such things is both right and proper. And yet *The 120 Days of Sodom*. *Last Exit to Brooklyn*. A penetrating study of necrophilia. The drug addicts. The rapes. Must one accept these? And before one can shout, "No, No!" the image sweeps back of those antediluvian Peruvians vigorously copulating, their faces suffused with joy. The answer is at hand: The emphasis on sex should not be—as it is in most of the Grove catalogue literature—compulsive, obsessive, destructive, but be placed on participation, tenderness, consolation, above all on consolation for being human. One knows that sexual life may stray into bitterness, horror, tragedy, or even into blind boredom,

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but these are the experiences which life will underline. They can be left to time and circumstance; one does not teach multidimensional geometry to a child. In this most profound of human necessities the need surely is to tell the truth, that here the majority of humanity find their joy, their satisfaction at being alive. Allow the diversity; need it be addictive, sick?

No, what is wrong, overwhelmingly wrong, with the Grove catalogue, what turns it into a tragic comment on contemporary American life is not the subject but its treatment. And for this we are to blame. We will not countenance visual expression in any natural way of sexual joy. We prefer pornography to lust, a titillating deviation to a healthy obscenity. We talk about the sexual revolution of our time when we wallow in sexual hypocrisy. We confuse sexual variety, which has been natural to man from the beginning of recorded time, with obsessive and compulsive behavior. It is not the humanity of sex that we laud; rather do we exploit a prurient sense of horror. It is very hard for us to accept joys unnatural to us as joys for others. How much easier if we describe them as deviant, as the result of a warped temperament, faulty environment, wronged childhood—and then exercise our tolerance. Morals and behavior are still at loggerheads: we tolerate rather than construct, permit rather than build.

So far the major result of the sexual revolution has been to break down traditional patterns and traditional taboos but to create little in the wake of destruction. If we are ever to secure a new harmony between sexual need and social environment, we shall have to battle even harder against cant on both sides—that uttered by the new pornographers as well as that preached by the conventional moralists.

Because of its history the Western world is at a disadvantage compared with Islam, with India, or with the East in matters of sex. The Judaeo-Christian heritage from the days of Onan to the Pontificate of Paul VI has been remorselessly inane in its treatment of sexual urges. Not that the East provided an untroubled garden of delights. The Oriental subjection of women, so that often they were little more than chattels, has aspects as unpleasant as those of Western society. Indeed we may take some comment from the fact that very few human societies have evolved a balanced attitude to sex. Perhaps we may never evolve one. We can, however, be certain of this: children educated on the works provided by the Grove Press are unlikely to do so. Surely this catalogue must be one of the blackest and sickest jokes of our time. —J. H. PLUMB.

Africa in Black and White

***Challenge of the Congo,** by Kwame Nkrumah (International Publishers. 304 pp. $7.50), and **The One-Eyed Man Is King,** by Ian Brook (Putnam. 327 pp. $5.95), take opposing views of the problems faced by the emerging African nations. Charles Miller is a free-lance writer specializing in African affairs.*

By CHARLES MILLER

TO KWAME NKRUMAH, the self-appointed conscience of Africa, the course of human events is something like a TV Western. Nkrumah's world is peopled with good guys and bad guys; value judgments are rendered exclusively in black and white. If you're white, you stand little chance of achieving good-guy status because you're almost certainly an imperialist or a neocolonialist. But if you're black you're home free. Unless, of course, you should happen to take issue with the Nkrumah dialectic, in which case you go into the special classification of imperialist stooge (or neocolonialist puppet; the two are interchangeable); a sign reading "unclean" is draped over your shoulders, and you are given a bell to ring. In Nkrumah's latest book, *Challenge of the Congo*—an account of the sordid scramble for the driver's seat in that hapless country since its "independence" in 1960—quite a few imperialists take a horsewhipping and more than one ethno-ideological leper is deftly belled.

It should be said at the outset that some of these heavies richly deserve what they get, for nobody's hands have been entirely clean in the Congo. When Belgium granted independence to its colony, with virtually no notice and without preparing a single Congolese for the awesome responsibilities of freedom, she threw the country into a pit of anarchy so deep as to frustrate even the most skilled and dedicated efforts to restore order. And while skill abounded, dedication seemed in relatively short supply. Apart from the missionaries and the hamstrung U.N., the numerous foreign (and domestic) elements involved in the Congo showed considerably less interest in extricating the unhappy nation from its dilemma than in exploiting that chaos to serve their own political or economic ends.

From an opportunistic standpoint there was every reason why this should be so. "Geographically, strategically and politically," Nkrumah observes, "the Congo is the most vital region of Africa. Military control . . . by any foreign power would give it easy access to most of the continent south of the Sahara." And nearly all interested parties acted accordingly. Belgium probably played the dirtiest pool, notably in Katanga, where no amount of duplicity toward the Congolese government and the U.N. seemed unjustified to the Belgians if it would protect their colossal mining investment in that region. This exercise in political amorality also received fairly consistent support from Britain and France; Nkrumah calls it "sabotaging the U.N.'s effort" in Katanga, and the characterization is, if anything, an understatement. There were genuine puppets, too, none more untrustworthy than Katanga's noxious Moise Tshombe, whom Nkrumah assaults mercilessly, and for the most part quite properly, throughout the book. In short, the shape of things in the Congo was determined in large measure by an attitude best described as "What's in it for me?"

Naturally, Nkrumah does not include himself in the venal band. Yet in his capacity as president of Ghana, which played one of the largest outside roles in the Congo struggle, his Congo ambitions may have been the greediest of all. At the very least, he knew quite

—Wide World.

Kwame Nkrumah—his voice was heard.

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well that the plum was ripe for picking as early as the summer of 1960: "A complete breakdown of government appeared probable, which might leave the way open for a seizure of power by any adventurer who could command the necessary support." That Nkrumah himself may have wished to become that adventurer is a consideration worth examining.

Oddly enough, it is Nkrumah who raises the question, quite innocently. One of the most interesting parts of his book deals with a secret agreement between Nkrumah and Patrice Lumumba, who was then the Congo's prime minister. Jointly signed in August 1960, this pact was intended to unite the two countries in the same way that earlier instruments had been designed to bring Ghana, Guinea, and Mali together (but which had done nothing of the sort). The Congo, of course, was in too great a state of disarray for the marriage ever to be consummated, but Nkrumah asserts that its implementation would have accelerated pan-African unity.

WHILE that is to be doubted, there was certainly nothing objectionable about the pact, which even stipulated that the union would become binding only with "the approval of the governments and peoples" of both countries. However, when dealing with a political leader whose unalloyed contempt for the democratic process—not to mention his compulsive urge to personal power and glorification—is a matter of public record, one can't rule out entirely the possibility that the goal of unity may have held less appeal than the opportunity to run the show. This may be speculation, but certain aspects of Nkrumah's behavior support it.

I gain the distinct impression that Nkrumah was trying to manipulate Lumumba. This may not have been possible: Nkrumah himself acknowledges Lumumba's stubbornness, as well as his antipathy toward the Ghanaian presence as part of the U.N. force. Yet Lumumba was also one of the least emotionally mature of the leading figures in the Congo drama; even more significantly, he was by far the most susceptible to the Nkrumah brand of fire-eating dialectic. If properly handled, could he not have become an ideal anti-imperialist puppet?

There is considerable evidence that Nkrumah may have had something like this in mind, for he went all out to butter up Lumumba. In the rapidly widening breach between Lumumba and President Joseph Kasavubu Nkrumah almost invariably took the former's side. At one point he wrote to Dag Hammarskjöld threatening to withdraw the Ghanaian military contingent from the U.N. command and place the troops "entirely at the disposal of the legitimate Lumumba

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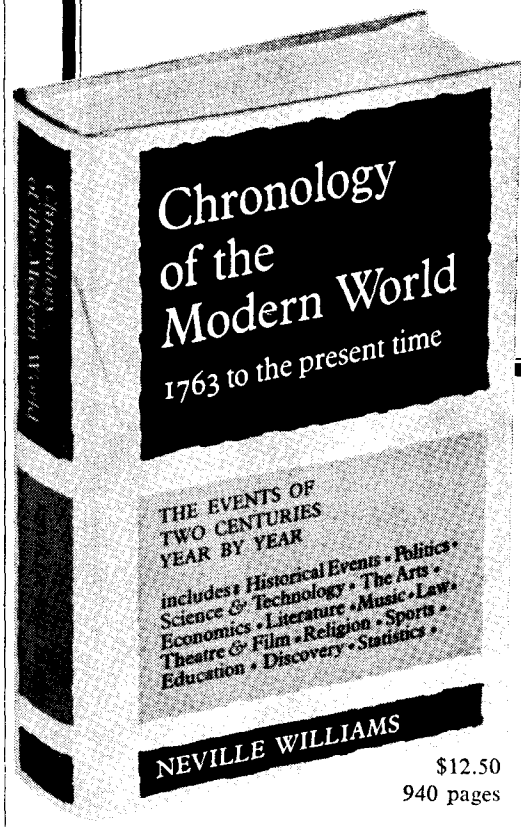
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Government." Considering that Lumumba's "government" was something not to be believed even in a comic opera, it requires little imagination to realize whose orders the Ghanaian troops would have been obeying. Hardly less transparent is Nkrumah's offer to train Congolese army officers at Ghana's military academy.

The crowning gesture, however, came in mid-September of 1960, when A.Y.K. Djin, Nkrumah's ambassador to the Congo, on learning that Lumumba had been arrested by Congolese gendarmes, tried to secure his release by force. This attempt was frustrated partly because, as it later developed, Lumumba hadn't been arrested at all, and partly because Djin couldn't get the Ghanaian army to sit still during his filibuster. "I knew quite well," said Djin, in a report to Nkrumah, "that the success of my attempt to release him would turn the tables completely in our favor and would prove to Lumumba that we are without doubt his best friends . . . Unfortunately, I lost such a great opportunity . . . because our Army reckoned more on the pride of their military discipline than what Ghana would gain from their enterprise."

Did Nkrumah replace Djin or even reproach him? Quite the contrary: the ambassador's barefaced, calculating stab at overt and violent interference in the affairs of another nation is treated as exemplary diplomatic behavior.

If Nkrumah had indeed hoped to gain control in the Congo through Lumumba, this aim was finally thwarted by the latter's tragic murder early in 1961. But Nkrumah did not slacken the pace or the vigor of his efforts to establish himself as the acknowledged spokesman for all Africa in matters concerning the Congo. This didn't work either, of course; but there is no question that his influence was felt. Certainly his voice was heard. He constantly called high-level meetings of whatever African heads of state he could muster and harangued them with lengthy proposals that all European military forces be removed from the Congo. Dag Hammarskjöld and U Thant found themselves all but buried under windy letters that made similar demands in alternately cajoling and insulting tones. Britain's Prime Minister Macmillan (and to a lesser extent President Kennedy) also got the treatment. Nkrumah continually took up the cudgel for the extreme Left-wing members of the Congo's political vaudeville show, canonizing them collectively as "freedom fighters" and extending diplomatic recognition to their renegade government in Kisangani (then Stanleyville). And, of course, he lost no opportunity to flail Belgium as history's arch-imperialist state, and to belabor Tshombe as its arch-puppet. He was a busy man.

It has already been mentioned that many of Nkrumah's targets in the Congo have a lot to answer for. It should be added that some of his recommendations and policies were by no means unsound. An all-African military command might have reduced racial tensions and even advanced the cause of continental unity, if only by a few inches. Recognition of the Stanleyville government, though it appalled the West, nevertheless acknowledged the inescapable fact that the rebels enjoyed a broad base of support among the Congolese people. Still, coming as they do from so thoroughly discredited a public figure, Nkrumah's criticisms and proposals alike have a sanctimoniously hollow ring. Even the stones directed at a sitting duck like Tshombe are being thrown, it must be remembered, by a man who occupies one of the world's biggest glass houses: former aides have testified that while he

was president of Ghana Nkrumah amassed an immense personal fortune by systematically bilking the country.

Since the 1966 revolution Nkrumah has been living in Guinea, where he wrote *Challenge of the Congo*. Despite the author's unsavory public record the book is the work of a brilliant mind, and it is most regrettable that that mind must also be burdened with so much hatred and suspicion. It's a restless mind, too, one that's not likely to settle for a life of turning out polemics in exile: Kwame Nkrumah should not be written off as a political basket case. One wonders what his next move will be.

After 296 pages of Nkrumah's hectoring it's a breath of fresh air to pick up a book by an unashamed imperialist—or, to put it more accurately, a man who can find complimentary things to say about empires. The rather curious title, *The One-Eyed Man Is King*, refers to British colonial government in Nigeria, and particularly to the district officers who represented the Crown in some of that country's most isolated and least sophisticated regions. Author Ian Brook, himself a former one-eyed man, records the mixed emotions he experienced as he helped expedite Nigeria's emergence from colony to self-governing state.

Brook didn't always take to the colonial idea. When he first went to Nigeria he firmly and fervently believed that European rule of nonwhite countries was a shameful denial of the human rights which he had fought to defend in World War II. (And as a commando officer he had definitely been where the action was.) Service in Africa, he felt, would provide an unmatched opportunity to show the fossilized Blimps of the British Empire that their day was approaching its end.

As indeed it was, of course—to Brook's subsequent sorrow, for he rapidly underwent a distinct change of outlook. This was not because of any weakening of his ideals (if anything, they grew stronger) but rather because his daily tasks as a

(*Continued on page 39*)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

IT'S RELATIVE

Many famous authors have been related, by blood or marriage, to other famous personages. Helen Ivey of Toronto asks you to match the relatives in these two columns. Check your guesses on page 38.

Charles Darwin, grandson of ( )
Marcia Davenport, daughter of ( )
Henry Fielding, cousin of ( )
Anthony Hope, cousin of ( )
Aldous Huxley, great-nephew of ( )
Rudyard Kipling, nephew of ( )
Katherine Mansfield, wife of ( )
George Meredith, son-in-law of ( )
J. B. Priestley, father-in-law of ( )
Logan Pearsall Smith, brother-in-law of ( )
Anthony West, son of ( )
Elinor Wylie, sister-in-law of ( )

1. Matthew Arnold
2. Stephen Vincent Benét
3. Bernard Berenson
4. Sir Edward Burne-Jones
5. Alma Gluck
6. Kenneth Grahame
7. Jan de Hartog
8. Mary Wortley Montagu
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10. Thomas Love Peacock
11. Josiah Wedgwood
12. H. G. Wells

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Occidental Encounters

Rome on the Euphrates: The Story of a Frontier, *by Freya Stark (Harcourt, Brace & World. 481 pp. $9.75), and* ***Byzantium: The Imperial Centuries A.D. 610-1071,*** *by Romilly Jenkins (Random House. 400 pp. $10), deal with contacts between East and West from the Battle of Magnesia in 189 B.C. to the fall of Romanus IV. Rex Warner's many books include fiction and nonfiction on the ancient world.*

By REX WARNER

FREYA STARK'S new book is as sensible, illuminating, charming, and beautifully written as anything that even she has done before. It is, as she explains, "the story of a frontier." She adds, "I grew up near a frontier, and learned to trespass across it (and across a good many others) in my time: and the impediment it produces in human intercourse has always seemed to me a historical monstrosity." Here her main theme is the impediment between East and West, of how communications, reopened by Alexander, were cut off by the Roman Republic, "intermittently reopened or cut by the Empire and reopened by the Arabs." The later phases of breaking and renewing contact in the period of the Byzantines are outside her scope; but she notes how this stream "was again intersected and destroyed in its upper reaches by the Iron Curtain today."

The problem, Miss Stark believes, "is exactly what it has always been," but she does not conclude from this that it is insoluble. "It is perhaps," she writes, "no longer usual to think of history as something one can learn from"; but this is not a view she holds herself. Nor did Thucydides. And, like Thucydides, Freya Stark knows what she is talking about. Modestly, she describes herself as a "novice" in the writing of history, though, again modestly, she claims "perhaps a knowledge of the geography," and adds: "I think there cannot be more than half a dozen places mentioned that I have not either visited or stayed in." A glance at the index or at the maps will give one some idea of the extent and variety of her travels; and the freshness and penetration of her eye, together with her ability to make the reader see things with her, are evident on every page. The book is also magnificently illustrated and produced.

Her story begins with the Battle of Magnesia in 189 B.C. The Romans had blundered into Asia, and at this battle destroyed there the power of the Seleucids, who, since the time of Alexander, had kept open the trade routes and spread Greek culture to the Indus and beyond. The excesses of Roman tax collectors, the cupidity of Roman officials, and the lack of any coherent Roman policy hastened the process of deterioration and disorganization of the commercial lifeline.

Greed, ambition, and naked aggression were supported often by a false strategic notion of an expanding frontier and nearly always by the stupidity of that kind of nationalism or racism (still with us) that assumes, with no evidence at all, the moral and physical superiority of the West over the East. The Parthians, for instance, suddenly appear in Roman propaganda as treacherous and even cowardly after they very properly and successfully resisted the senseless and incompetent aggression of Crassus. Miss Stark, who has seen their portrait statues, takes a more sensible view of them than did Horace. She finds in their faces "that expression of innocence that often goes along with the soldiers' life. One could meet their long thin cavalry legs without surprise emerging from the Guards' Club in Piccadilly."

The long story from the late republic to the age of Justinian is packed with fascinating detail; yet the main thread is firmly grasped and the argument is firmly and convincingly developed. One has the utmost admiration for the author's ability to handle so great a theme with such cogency and ease. And the writing is not only powerful and lucid but absolutely charming. There are constant and invariably delightful reminiscences of Miss Stark's own adventures in seldom trodden ways, and there are such personal judgments as "Polybius was so engaging that one would have liked to marry him." He would not, I think, have been half good enough for her.

Mr. Romilly Jenkins carries on Miss Stark's story, at least to some extent; for though his study of the middle period of Byzantium is not, of course, exclusively confined to the Eastern frontier, this frontier was always important and, according to him, finally decisive, since he dates the inevitable decline of Byzantium from the disastrous campaign of Manzicert in A.D. 1071. Others, I imagine, would attribute the final blow to the Christians of the Fourth Crusade

(*Continued on page* 38)

Done to His Mistress

By Miller Williams

IF blood still flows and wanting it to stays with us
when losing touch
we take unthinkable forms,
if recalling this night is something to count on
there have not been any signs
my love.

How will we know when in the Christmas Corps
wearing our Xs like division patches
we see the cipher done
and are solved for

How will we know
when we are cubed and taken to our roots
alphas in some obscure calculus

how we have raised ourselves to infinite powers
what it meant for a while to have no meaning
what it was to be ourselves, surd.

Before we see
another apple in the significant tree
let us be busy
constant to our time and smaller lies
let us be true and perfectly
prove nothing.

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Outnumbered and Outgunned

The Sands of Valor, *by Geoffrey Wagner (Knopf. 434 pp. $6.95), explores the nature of courage as exemplified by a cavalry regiment that fought many engagements with Rommel. Orville Prescott, former daily critic for the New York Times, now selects one book a month for criticism in SR.*

By ORVILLE PRESCOTT

WAR MAY be the most monstrous folly to which the human race is addicted—the most dreadful catastrophe that human beings can experience. Nevertheless, because of the supreme demands it makes upon men and the awful drama of its organized slaughter, war, to many men, is the most interesting of all subjects. When the world was young, poets could write of war with enthusiasm, singing the praises of individual skill and courage. But in the present century, when war has become so much a matter of industrial and scientific might, when civilization itself is threatened, writers of war fiction find it surprisingly difficult to write a novel that is true to the facts of modern war and yet comprehensible to noncombatants. A mere catalogue of horrors, a mere demonstration of the single-minded monotony of soldier speech, can be disastrous. The technicalities can be bewildering. But if the basic theme of war fiction, the response of individuals to the probability of death or mutilation, is dramatized successfully a war novel can triumph over any number of other problems unsuccessfully handled. Geoffrey Wagner's *The Sands of Valor* is an example, an unusually able war novel in spite of several shortcomings.

Geoffrey Wagner is a veteran of the British Eighth Army and the war in the western desert. Now a professor of English at City College of New York, he is the author of many books, none of them as ambitious or impressive as *The Sands of Valor.* This complex, artful, and exciting novel is notable for several reasons. It is an engrossing narrative told by an expert storyteller. It is an interesting account of the tactics and terrors of tank warfare. It is a psychologically astute exploration of the nature and sources of courage.

Geoffrey Wagner—"astute."

Courage, Mr. Wagner says if I read him aright, can be almost instinctive. It can be a conquest of will over fear. And it can be immensely strengthened by the examples, codes, and traditions encountered in childhood and youth. Mr. Wagner writes with admiration of the courage of uneducated men, and with equal admiration of the courage of men molded by the standards of aristocratic families, public schools, and class conventions. This recognition of an old truth may not be fashionable today. It is honest and it is realistic.

The Sands of Valor is primarily the story of eight officers of the Droghedas, a cavalry regiment converted to tanks. In the autumn of 1941 and the winter of 1942 they fought many engagements with Rommel's tanks. The Droghedas were always outgunned and outnumbered. They won many minor tactical battles, but at a terrible cost. Mr. Warner's accounts of heat, dust, exhaustion, fear, frenzied excitement, and all the dreadful ways in which men were killed in tanks are excellent. His characterizations of a dozen kinds of men who made good soldiers are shrewd. The mortality rate he describes is appalling.

All these factors insure that *The Sands of Valor* is a considerable achievement. But several built-in problems of war fiction were too difficult for Mr. Wagner to solve. The most important is dialogue. Mr. Wagner spares us most of the indecencies of soldier talk, but in his desire for authenticity he quotes quantities of absolutely incomprehensible conversation. This mixture of outdated English slang, soldier jargon, technical military terms, and combinations of mystifying initials (MET, LDV, SQMS, etc.) becomes tiresome. One understands the general situation and the prevailing emotional climate, but not the specific details.

This is also true of some of the battle action. Although breathlessly exciting and often heroic, it is occasionally confusing; just what is going on is sometimes a mystery.

Such lapses are irritating, but not serious. On the whole *The Sands of Valor* is very good indeed.

Life in a Nymph's Mirror

Casualties of Peace, *By Edna O'Brien (Simon & Schuster. 175 pp. $4.50), personifies in contrasting heroines sex on the prowl and sex repressed. Patricia MacManus is a free-lance writer and critic.*

By PATRICIA MACMANUS

EDNA O'BRIEN's first novel, *The Country Girls* (1959), was a comically bittersweet little tale about a couple of Irish innocents abroad. The story itself left no memorable afterimage, but the young author's tangy viewpoint and robustly kinetic prose did; one wanted to hear more from this newcomer. Well, we did hear more from her in two subsequent novels, which won her something of a trans-Atlantic reputation as a gifted *enfant terrible.* While there was dazzled admiration in this country for the O'Brien stylistic verve, the O'Brien material provoked decidedly mixed reactions: "enchantingly carnal ribaldry," "pornographic," "amoral [but] clever"—so went typical comments. In all probability the response to her newest novel will be even more mixed, *Casualties of Peace* being even more unbuttoned than its immediate predecessors.

Carnal and ribald her writing certainly is, and amoral in the way that most sexually-centered fiction is amoral. But Miss O'Brien limits her considerable talents; the indefatigable pursuit of passion, which has been pivotal to her compressed dramas, has an artistic saturation point—after which shrinkage sets in. For the current novel the horizon has been tentatively widened; within a saga of sex on the prowl and sex repressed, which in lesser hands would simply be rather randy stuff, the author has fitfully introduced a theme dealing with psychic terror, but only towards the very close of the story does this element emerge from the shadowy area of implication and take on meaning. Had Miss O'Brien developed that aspect of her tale more

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Edna O'Brien—"tangy."

fully, she would have given stature and substance to what has, instead, remained an imaginatively adroit melodrama.

I'm not going to synopsize the plot—a deplorable custom at best—because it would ruin the reading of Miss O'Brien's admirably terse story. Suffice it to say that in the two young women who are her principals she has drawn a stunning study in contrasts: traumatically virginal Willa, who has the fragile remoteness of the glass figurines she sculpts; and brash, life-hungry Patsy, whose earthy assault on living provides a kind of mirror-existence for Willa—an existence that she finally tries to break out of, with fatal consequences.

The very flaws in *Casualties of Peace* reinforce my conviction that here is a writer whose gifts are larger than the uses she puts them to. The book indicates that even Miss O'Brien is beginning to realize that sexual *Sturm und Drang* just aren't enough.

Tinkering with the Irish: Tourists to Ireland may be lucky enough to get a snapshot, on some out-of-the-way country road, of those picturesque Irish gypsies called tinkers, immortalized in a play by John Millington Synge, *The Tinker's Wedding*. If the tourist is not lucky, he can buy slides of a tinker's caravan at almost any drugstore, and the colors will be indescribably brighter than any photograph he could take himself. It is this kind of Technicolor that confronts the reader in Bryan MacMahon's *The Honey Spike* (Dutton, $4.95)—a little too vivid to be real, but just right for the tourist. Like Synge's play, the novel is about a wedding and its aftermath; and very little seems to have changed in the sixty-odd intervening years.

These people are on the dirty side, con men in their way, stealing, scavenging, and tinkering as they go, followed by a menagerie of goats and mongrel dogs. But believe me—or rather Mr. MacMahon—they are moral to a fault when it comes to getting married. No Irishman lives in sin. Martin Claffey and Breda Gilligan are hitched by the archbishop himself at the high altar.

What's more, when the baby is due, Breda is all for having it in a hospital in County Kerry, near the "Honey Spike" of her youth, and Mr. MacMahon's story tells of the Claffeys' four-day odyssey there from the Giant's Causeway at the tip of northern Ireland. It also deals with the effects of their trip on a number of persons whose lives are touched along the way. And, incidentally, MacMahon is concerned with the neglect, by both church and state, of the tinkers' welfare. Free, they are also forgotten; modern Ireland has no real need for them. Mr. MacMahon rescues them here in a wry, tender, sparely written novel that is saved by its point of view from being just another borrowing from the poetic past.

—David Dempsey.

Incest on Spy-Wagon: John Masters, author of Hindustani melodramas like *Bhowani Junction*, jumps on the spy-wagon with *The Breaking Strain* (Delacorte, $4.95). Unluckily the cart has become a bit creaky, and Masters adds to the rust by hauling aboard the familiar defecting Russian scientist and his lovely daughter.

Masters, an Englishman reared in India, displays a good ear for American idiom, and has a bit of fun raking us over the coals for our oft-scoffed-at foibles. But if the play's the thing, then *The Breaking Strain* fails, possibly because its author is not familiar enough with the genre; he seems unaware that he is treading ground that has already been plowed under.

The action begins with an ambush in a thick London fog. The participants are an amoral claustrophobic East African white hunter; his sister, who arouses incestuous desires which he suppresses; a handsome, athletic young American millionaire whose uncontrollable stammer is due to an Oedipus complex; three Soviet spies; and a sex-hungry Danish doll who comes on stage in a wheelbarrow. Perhaps weary of describing physiognomy, Masters tells us his minor characters look like Gary Cooper, General Eisenhower, Stan Laurel, Andrew Jackson, Jack Dempsey, or JFK.

The story seems to be derived from John Buchan, with apologies to Ian Fleming and Alistair MacLean, since it depends upon a staggering chain of coincidences that reach a smashing climax: pursuit on a train, a dogfight between a light plane and the Spanish Air Force, a racing car chase, and a world-in-the-balance contest between American and Russian jet fighters.

John Masters, whose writing is neither subtle nor graceful, adds nothing to the Fleming-Le Carré lexicon.

—Brian Garfield.

Embassy Antics: It was back in the 1950s that Lawrence Durrell, the esteemed author of *The Alexandria Quartet*, first introduced the world to Antrobus, Dovebasket, Polk-Mowbray, and other denizens of a fantastic British Embassy in a never-never land behind the Iron Curtain. Durrell served as a British Foreign Service press officer in Athens, Cairo, Rhodes, and Belgrade; thus in *esprit de corps* and stiff upper lip there is just enough authentic background to keep these uninhibited tales of diplomatic life from being completely absurd. Some of the characters bore sufficient resemblance to British, American, and other diplomats I had known for me to urge my friends who had any sense of humor to dash out and beg, borrow, or steal the books. In fact, I even recommended paying hard cash if they could not be otherwise obtained.

Alas, not again. Antrobus is back and still telling the stories, and the illustrations by Nicolas Bentley are just as entrancing, but the tales themselves leave much to be desired, although throughout the book there are passages that will evoke a chuckle, and even once in a long while a genuine guffaw. The title story in *Sauve Qui Peut* (Dutton, $3.50) is the best. But "The Little Affair in Paris" about Polk-Mowbray's delinquent nephew, whose most cherished possession is the skeleton of his aunt, is unadulterated slapstick. Most of the stories read as if they had been written after a night with LSD or perhaps they might seem better along with LSD. However, there are realistic vestiges of British diplomatic reluctance to call anything by other than traditional British terms no matter what world usage may be. The U.N. is still UNO, Iran is still Persia, and Thailand is still Siam.

This is too bad. The diplomatic corps in any capital city and particularly behind the Iron Curtain, where the members are of necessity constantly living in each other's backyard, affords living targets for satire. The tales our own Ambassador Ellis Briggs has published about his experiences in Czechoslovakia are hilarious—funnier than any of the imaginary antics of Antrobus and his zany friends. Furthermore, for real humor connected with diplomatic life it is still hard to surpass Sir Harold Nicolson's *Some People*, particularly his accounts of "Titty" and "Arketall." Mr. Durrell has come nowhere near doing so.

—John M. Allison.

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Major Author in a Minor Key

Mark Twain's "Which Was the Dream?" and Other Symbolic Writings of the Later Years, *edited by John S. Tuckey;* ***Mark Twain's Letters to His Publishers 1867-1894,*** *edited by Hamlin Hill, and* ***Mark Twain's Satires and Burlesques,*** *edited by Franklin R. Rogers (University of California Press. 588, 388, and 485 pp. $10 each), represent the first installment in a projected series of previously unpublished works perpetrated by the master during his off-moments. Charles Neider is author of the recently published study "Mark Twain."*

By CHARLES NEIDER

WHEN Mark Twain died in April 1910 at the age of seventy-four he left behind a vast accumulation of unpublished manuscripts: notebooks, a voluminous and incomplete autobiography, burlesques, satires, unfinished pieces of fiction, essays, ruminations, letters, and so on. Some of these were admitted failures; others, such as his reflections on religion, were not published because Clemens feared public reaction. In the years since his death the cream of this material has been published by various editors; the remainder has been pored over by a growing number of Mark Twain scholars.

Now the University of California Press is issuing these papers in a series that will run to some fourteen volumes. Its primary purpose is to provide easier access and appropriate annotations. The project is sponsored by the Center for Editions of American Authors, which in turn is sponsored by the National Foundation for the Humanities.

Which Was the Dream? is a collection of seven unfinished fictional narratives, traditionally referred to by scholars as the "Great Dark" manuscripts. In them Clemens pursued the bitter notion of life as a kind of nightmare, with no readily distinguishable frontier between actual and dream life. The fragments were composed between 1896 and 1905, when Clemens's memory of three personal disasters was acutely fresh: the death of his daughter Susy, the bankruptcy of his publishing house, and the loss of heavy investments in the Paige typesetting machine. The stories are of disaster-voyages, dreams of calamity in which lurks the hope that one will suddenly awake to find life rosy again. The dark notes sound the themes of man's stupidity and rapaciousness. Clearly Clemens is thinking of "the damned human race," in his well-remembered phrase.

Speculate as one will about the origin and meaning of these tales, they are unrelieved failures as fiction. It was for this reason, I believe, that Clemens left them unfinished, rather than because, as is sometimes suggested, he was psychologically unable to complete them. They are tedious, overdone, over-literal, banal, stagey, bathetic, ill-conceived abortions, without a grain of the usual saving irony and wit. Albert Bigelow Paine, Clemens's biographer and friend, made the point well when he said that in these fragments the author was writing largely to amuse himself. This is probably why they are so self-indulgent and so given to logorrhea.

Letters to His Publishers consists of 290 letters; twenty-three are taken from *Mark Twain, Business Man,* edited by Samuel C. Webster, and five from *Mark Twain's Letters,* edited by Paine. The other 262 are, according to Hamlin Hill, "either previously unpublished or are re-edited at the present time from holograph manuscripts." The volume cannot be considered definitive inasmuch as the originals of those taken from the Webster book were not available for scholarly examination.

There is no question that the letters are of value to the specialist. The general reader, however, will find little to interest him, unless he happens to be fascinated by book contracts and sales, royalty statements, proposed lawsuits,

—Bettman Archive.

(l. to r.) Clara, Samuel, and Susy Clemens—memory of disaster was acutely fresh.

Canadian pirates, the inadequacy of copyright protection, and Clemens's amazing self-confidence regarding his own business judgment. Even the specialist may wish for a stronger stomach when he wades through one-sided letters, some very brief, some almost incoherent, and many heavily annotated. When they are not dreary (as business letters usually are) they tend to display their author's unsympathetic side: his coldness, selfishness, arrogance, and condescension. Above all, they reveal his incredible and infinitely persistent money fever.

THE volume is not all-inclusive. For example, I have counted three letters to Elisha Bliss of the American Publishing Company and two to Fred J. Hall of Charles Webster & Company which were not picked up from the Paine collection. There is only one letter, and that a brief and unimportant one, to Chatto & Windus, the English publisher. Clemens wrote two interesting letters to this firm which were published by Paine; the inclusion here of letters to Clemens's English business agent, Moncure D. Conway, do not explain the omission. It is to be hoped that the volume now in progress under the working title *Letters to H. H. Rogers* (Rogers, the financier, was in a sense Clemens's unofficial business agent during the latter's last years) will contain many of the letters to Harper & Brothers, Clemens's last American publisher.

The least inspired of the present collections is *Satires and Burlesques,* and for good reason. Mark Twain at times mastered the art of satire, for example in *The Innocents Abroad* and *Roughing It;* and occasionally he mastered burlesque, as in parts of *A Tramp Abroad.* But burlesque for him was a perilous

Pactolus

By Francis Richardson

WHAT calm, strange things remain
After the hurry passes,
The golden touch.

Hands moving within each other
Wash each other, and blessedly do not
Turn to gold. We are cleansed
Of that richness, the glitter flows
Away as the harmless sparkle
On the top of the water.

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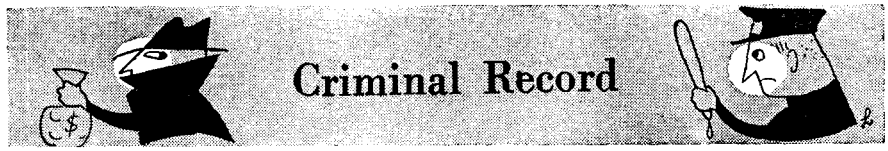
form that often harmed him, as it did in the last quarter of *Huckleberry Finn*. He himself said in his autobiography that "mere" humorists were likely to have a short vogue, and that his own brand of humor, when it was good, came in by the back door and was never a main feature of the text. That he did not always follow this rule, that he often sought to be funny without a serious purpose, and that it was not his fate to be a pure clown are thoroughly evidenced by this volume. It is a clear record of many failures, which Clemens himself eventually recognized as such.

The book contains, among others, burlesques of *Il Trovatore*, Victor Hugo's *The Toilers of the Sea*, *Hamlet*, *The Arabian Nights*, Allan Pinkerton's detective stories; and they are awful—padded, bloated, lumbering. Clemens's taste was sometimes unbelievably bad, and he would plunge heedlessly into the voluminous writing of trash. Nor did he accept failure easily. To mock Pinkerton's stories he wrote a play called *Cap'n Simon Wheeler, the Amateur Detective*. When it failed dismally, William Dean Howells unfortunately urged him to make it into a novel, and Clemens had written part of one before he ran out of faith. It was all air, all wind, all fourth-rate vaudeville; it represented the Southern-rhetoric side of him.

There is something painfully and unintentionally amusing about the presentation of this material in august-looking volumes, with all the apparatus of modern scholarship. The editors work with extreme seriousness, and never admit for a moment that the pieces on which they expend their sophisticated labor are sad failures, both intellectually and artistically. There is no attempt at critical evaluation in any of the three volumes. Occasionally in *Satires and Burlesques* this approach produces a burlesque of modern scholarship. For example, in his headnote for what he calls "The Brummel-Arabella Fragment," a short piece of failed nonsense, Franklin Rogers informs us: "He read over what he had written, made a few corrections, and then continued the story on the bottom half of page 14, writing now with the gorgeous purple ink of the Buffalo period. The spirit seemed to be upon him, and sheet after sheet of the Minerva Crest paper which he now affected as husband of the former Miss Olivia Langdon was added to the previous fourteen sheets. Before he stopped, he added at least thirteen pages of manuscript, actually less than half the number of words previously written because the Minerva Crest paper is a note paper which Twain tore into half-sheets, and the first fourteen sheets are legal size, a semi-onionskin."

How Mr. Clemens must be wincing in his grave.



Treacherous Road. *By Simon Harvester. Walker.* $3.95. Dorian Silk, British agent (Ulysses type), visits Egypt, Yemen, Ethiopia to nab traitor. Usual knowledgeable job, with fine local color.

The Coppolino Murder Trial. *By Leonard Katz. Illustrated. Bee-Line Books. Paperback,* 95¢. This straightforward account of events leading up to the acquittal last December of a New Jersey physician charged with killing his paramour's husband accents effectively the personalities involved, including witnesses and counsel for both sides. Author covered case for *New York Post*.

The Thirty-first Floor. *By Peter Wahlöö. Translated by Joan Tate. Knopf.* $4.95. Inspector Jensen, dour cuss but competent cop in northern European country, investigates bomb threat in headquarters of publishing empire. Striking allegory is also corking good detective story.

The Courtesy of Death. *By Geoffrey Household. Little, Brown.* $4.95. English mining engineer seeking retirement oasis in Mendip Hills runs into odd folk who are not all good guys; underground chase a real thriller; welcome humorous twists.

The Crystallised Carbon Pig. *By John Wainwright. Walker.* $3.95. When Detective Sergeant Pewter of London's City Police Force is put under orders to commit a crime and go to jail, he does it—and things come loudly to a head in far-off Sierra Leone. Fine and rousing tale, but the punctuation is a damned nuisance.

Death Takes a Sabbatical. *By Robert Barnard. Norton.* $3.95. Yank history prof researching at Oxford (where he had once been a Rhodes Scholar) suspects odd trio in London tube and reports to police, who are soon quizzing him about a corpse in a trunk. Author is a Princeton prof himself. Story is rather involved, but it's jolly good fun.

Face to Face. *By Ellery Queen. New American Library.* $4.95. Murder of faded but well-heeled New York songstress brings the old team (est. 1929) into action again; ex-Yarder, now peeper, in cast; Double-Crostics fan also present. The old follow-through is still operative.

One of Us Works for Them. *By Jack D. Hunter. Dutton.* $4.95. Under the cloak of a sound counterintelligence novel (the scene is Heidelberg), the author fires a salvo of his social, political, and cultural philosophy that has the ring of sincerity—and he produces a darned good story, too.

Dead Corse. *By Mary Kelly. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.95. Suicide, blackmail, lechery, homosexuality keep things stirred up in huge English steel complex; literary allusions abound. Take this one slow and easy.

Danger: Great Stories of Mystery and Suspense from the Saturday Evening Post. *Curtis Books, Distributed by Doubleday.* $4.95. These dozen tales are by name authors (Albrand, Christie, Wylie, Faulkner, Poe among them); the two novelettes included are true novelettes.

A Man Could Get Killed That Way. *By Weldon Hill. McKay.* $5.50. Youth in the boondock-cornshock-persimmon country embarks on a river trip à la Huckleberry Finn and is joined by young lady running for her life on spiked heels. Rough stuff and good fun neatly packaged.

The Eyewitness. *By Mark Hebden. Harcourt, Brace & World.* $4.75. Nine-year-old American lad is present in Paris when attempt is made on VIP's life; plot to eliminate the boy reaches thunderous climax in Alsatian forest; love interest present. You can see this one coming but it holds up.

Archer in Hollywood. *By Ross Macdonald. Knopf.* $6.95. A first-rate storyteller here climbs aboard his first omnibus: *The Moving Target* (1949), *The Way Some People Die* (1951), and *The Barbarous Coast* (1956) are his traveling companions. Bon voyage, Mr. Macdonald!

Green Grow the Tresses-O. *By Stanley Hyland. Bobbs-Merrill.* $3.95. Death of Italian girl in Yorkshire textile plant gets attention of British Secret Service, U.S. Air Force, librarians, bibliographers, and police who are uniformly noisy and sour-tempered. A real variety show.

Ashes in an Urn. *By Jan Roffman. Crime Club.* $3.50. Smooth operator beguiles elderly and affluent English spinster into granting strange request; lady's niece is suspicious. Moves well; cast small and manageable.

—Sergeant Cuff.

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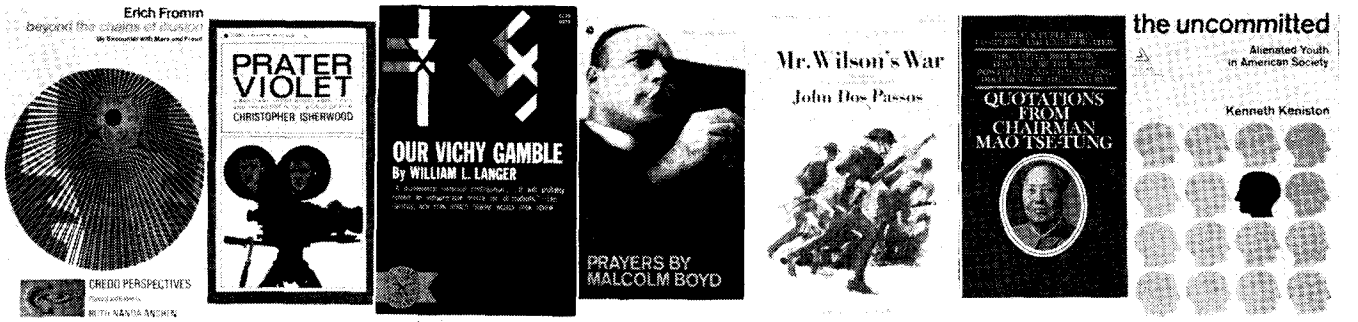

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

They call him "the expresso priest." But if the Reverend Malcolm Boyd can be found as often in coffeehouses as in the pulpit, it's because that's where his young people hang out. "I want to be available for them," said the forty-three-year-old Episcopal priest, who was in New York recently for the paperback publication of his successful *Are You Running with Me, Jesus?* (Avon Library, 75¢), a collection of prayers, highly contemporary and colloquial, ranging from matters of sex to civil rights: "Help us to see *persons*, Jesus—not a black person or a white person, a red person or a yellow person, but human persons." Father Boyd's outspoken liberal views create storms, and he has even been banned from some Southern colleges. Students, however, flock to him. "They know I'm honest, that I try to listen to them in my guts."

As an itinerant minister Boyd goes wherever he's asked, talking about today's major issues. He's been wherever the action is, a persistent gadfly at Watts, Selma, and a few jails along the way. "It's not easy to be involved. It's as hard for me as anyone," said Boyd, whose vigor is undiminished by planes and trains and boats. "It takes discipline. I call SNCC and tell them I'll give them the summer, then I go out and see the new Antonioni film, and I do it *now* because I believe that films are today's sermons. It's rough but we must be responsive to our times." Boyd has begun to be accepted by the Establishment. Civic and social leaders now invite him to speak. "Why not? They have the same pain in Grosse Pointe as anywhere else," said Boyd. "But when they come to me for magic, I tell them I have none. I'm just a person. I go on Freedom Rides. I celebrate sacraments. I review films. I am not on a pedestal. I don't want to be separate. I must reject anything that says I must stay behind a stained-glass window."

What Confucius had to say seems a lot more engaging than what Mao says. Still, *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung* (Bantam, $1) has been called "probably the world's best seller." Tens of millions of copies of the little red book have been distributed throughout China for the glory of Mao. Here's a sample: "The masses are the real heroes. . . ." "Without a people's army the people have nothing." Maybe they lose something in the translation. . . . Not to pass unheralded: The first paperback publication in America of James Joyce's *Ulysses* (Vintage, $2.95), which includes Judge John M. Woolsey's historic decision that lifted the federal ban on the book and allowed the famed 1934 Random House edition. And now the paperback edition is in every college bookstore without causing so much as a ripple.

—ROLLENE W. SAAL.

Fiction

Each year we await the Foley collection—more properly known as *The Best American Short Stories* (Ballantine, 95¢), edited by Martha Foley and David Burnett—with high hopes that this distinguished anthology will give us some clue to today's short fiction. As usual we are both satisfied and disappointed with that for 1966. The stories are excellent; in fact, one after another comes from the pen of a master; and yet it is an unexciting catch. Three posthumous stories—by William Faulkner, Shirley Jackson, Flannery O'Connor—are among the best; there are fine examples by Shirley Ann Grau, Mary Lavin, William Maxwell. No complaints, but then no big surprises either.

One of the more unusual new paperbacks is *Fantastic Stories* (Grosset/Universal, $2.45), by Abram Tertz, the pen name of Soviet writer Andrei Sinyavsky, who with Yuli Daniel was sentenced to hard labor for anti-State writings. The stories here are altogether different from the realism customary to USSR fiction; surrealistic, grotesque, the humor is glittering, sardonic, even "black," a style which Tertz in his introductory notes says "corresponds best to the spirit of our time."

Signet Books is continuing its paperback publication of Sinclair Lewis novels. Recent additions (95¢ each) are the 1927 *Elmer Gantry* and *Dodsworth*, written two years later. *Gantry*, of course, is the hell-and-thunder story of a spell-binding evangelist, while *Dodsworth*, which withstands rereading remarkably well, recalls the rich American businessman whose frivolous wife leads him up the garden paths of Europe. There can scarcely be a more American novel than Carl Sandburg's prodigious *Remembrance Rock* (Eagle Books, $1.25). Written in 1948, it suffers perhaps from the postwar nationalistic surge, yet the book remains a rousing paean to the American spirit, from colonial days to the Second World War.

Also new and noted: Richard Condon's *The Oldest Confession* (Signet, 75¢), a sophisticated suspense story about art treasure in Madrid, tossed off with the author's flashy matador-like skill; Christopher Isherwood's *Prater Violet* (Ballantine, 50¢), in which the Nazis are gathering steam while some artists in London have to decide about social responsibility; Louis Auchincloss's *The Embezzler* (Dell, 75¢), a recent best seller and nominee for a National Book Award, it's all about a Gotham aristocrat who gets messed up in a wily Wall Street scandal.

China

One of the most important occasions for exchange of information about China was the Chicago China Conference of February 1966, an international gathering of experts to discuss foreign policy, population, agriculture, and science. *Contemporary China*, edited by Ruth Adams (Vintage, $1.95), offers their reports. Of greatest interest to the general reader are the impressions of "New China" by Han Suyin, Sweden's Jan Myrdal, and G. L. Willcox, a Canadian surgeon who notes both the advances and retreats of modern Oriental medicine. Myrdal, an anthropologist and the son of the distinguished Gunnar Myrdal, visited China with his photographer wife in 1962; they lived in a northern Chinese hamlet, an experience that resulted in *Report from a Chinese Village* (Signet, 95¢). It's a series of case

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histories, life stories of villagers whose days seem incredibly barren until contrasted with the even more bleak pre-Mao past. Myrdal rarely adds his own comments to his portraits, which range from an old woman whose husband traded her for opium money to a new "collective-minded" rural intellectual.

Quite a different kind of Western view is presented in Lisa Hobbs's *I Saw Red China* (Avon, 60¢). Despite the title's suggestion of telling all, the book is actually a modestly informative tourist's guide. Miss Hobbs, now an American newspaperwoman, was able to visit China on her Australian passport; she traveled 4,000 miles by bus, train, and plane to Canton, Shanghai, and Peking. If she reports there was no begging or thievery (no one even bothered to lock their hotel rooms) and found impeccable Oriental manners everywhere, she does document the endless anti-American propaganda.

Thinking Man

Whatever Erich Fromm has to say, whether of love or neurosis, he's one of the most stimulating contemporary writers. In *Beyond the Chains of Illusion* (Simon & Schuster, $1.95), Fromm bares his own battle to come to terms with Marx and Freud, both of whom, he writes, "have given us the intellectual tools to break through the sham of rationalization and ideologies, and to penetrate to the core of individual and social reality." Like others in this Credo Perspective series – which, edited by Ruth Nanda Anshen, has included Pope Paul VI, James Bryant Conant, Herbert Read–this book succeeds as "intellectual autobiography," a portrait of the inner man. In *The Love of Anxiety* (Delta, $1.95) Charles Frankel speaks out lucidly for modern philosophical thought. The title essay, for instance, discusses the conflicts between traditional values and the acquisition of new knowledge, while in another piece Professor Frankel delineates the intellectual's isolation from the society in which he lives and works.

As alienated as the intellectual may be from his culture, even more keenly cut off is a considerable segment of American youth. Kenneth Keniston's *The Uncommitted* (Delta, $2.45) reports in saddening detail on an intensive psychological study done at Harvard College. These youthful "outsiders" were found to be victims of certain forces and pressures of contemporary life. A fascinating book, it offers sidelights on many aspects of youthful rebellion.

Two related paperbacks – Walter Abell's *The Collective Dream in Art* (Schocken, $2.95) and Lawrence J. Hatterer's *The Artist in Society* (Evergreen, $1.95)–are each concerned with the creative personality and how he reacts to the world in which he lives. The Abell book explores the theory, and well documented it is too, that as dreams are the expression of individual desires, so the arts are the wishes and myths of total society. Dr. Hatterer's is a more pragmatic book; as a psychoanalyst long associated with New York's famed Payne Whitney Psychiatric Clinic, he offers his own observations on the artists' special emotional and spiritual problems, which range from writer's block to recurrent dreams of a rich patron.

Twentieth Century

There's no better introduction to the explosive new century than Barbara Tuchman's *The Proud Tower* (Bantam, $1.25). The author, who won a Pulitzer Prize for *The Guns of August*, deftly defines history's grand events in telling details. She shatters a few myths about the "belle epoque," describing instead an age in which the fears and violence were not so different from those of our own times. In *Mr. Wilson's War* (Doubleday, $2.95), John Dos Passos displays a still untarnished narrative skill. There are both drama and irony in this story of the President whose leadership was not so keen as his vision. *Change and Continuity in Twentieth-Century America* (Harper Colophon, $1.95), edited by John Braeman, Robert H. Bremner, and Everett Walters, reappraises the position of the U.S. with respect to unionism, economic growth, world power, and prestige during the past decades.

Two books that together make an interesting commentary on this nation's political climate are Murray Kempton's *Part of Our Time* (Delta, $1.95) and Arthur A. Ekirch, Jr.'s *The Decline of American Liberalism* (Atheneum, $2.95). Kempton, columnist on the *New York Post*, is one of the best writers around, and his book on radicalism of the 1930s strikes just the right note of inquiry as he explores the significance of Alger Hiss, Whittaker Chambers, Paul Robeson. Ekirch's book, which Eric Goldman in his *SR* review called "thoughtful, vigorously argued, unabashedly pessimistic," outlines boldly the idea that U.S. liberals, constantly on the defensive, are gradually being submerged by a rising tide of conservatism.

Class in nutrition for fishermen's wives. Recipes were drawn since most women could not read or write.

Authors Earle and Rhoda Brooks.

Some of the most inspirational books of our times narrate the low-keyed experiences of Peace Corps volunteers who drudge largely unsung in underdeveloped countries. One such account is *The Barrios of Manta* (Signet, 75¢), Rhoda and Earle Brooks's recollections of their two years in a primitive fishing village along Ecuador's Pacific coast. It's an encouraging book. If the Brookses, a young Midwestern couple, went armed with high hopes, they also brought with them a practical awareness of what they were about to face and a real understanding of another culture.

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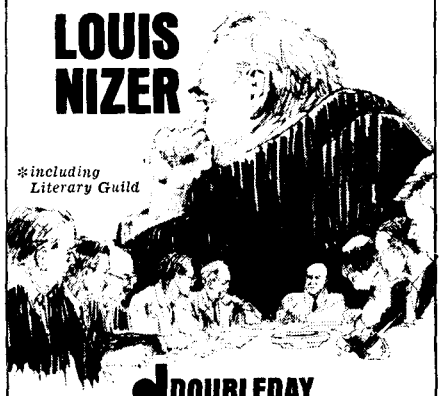

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NORTON

Occidental Encounters

Continued from page 31

rather than to the infidels of Alp Arslan; but Mr. Jenkins makes out a very convincing case for believing that by the time of the eleventh century social disintegration had become irreparable and no future courage or resolution could save "the golden Empire"—and, indeed, plenty of courage and resolution were to be shown to no avail before the end came.

Mr. Jenkins continues admirably the good work of modern Byzantists in demolishing the absurd prejudices about the Eastern empire, which go back at least as far as the propaganda of Augustus, were given a new turn by the Crusaders, and, again modified by different prejudices, appear in so great a historian as Gibbon and so inferior a one as William Lecky. Mr. Jenkins begins his book with a quotation from Lecky's *History of European Morals*, one sentence of which reads: "Of the Byzantine Empire the universal verdict of history is that it constitutes, with scarcely an exception, the most thoroughly base and despicable form that civilization has yet assumed."

Today, of course, "the universal verdict of history" would not be kind to Lecky. His ignorance and prejudice are admirably and forcibly exposed by Mr. Jenkins, who also touches briefly on the reasons for them (as does Miss Stark). Mr. Jenkins is particularly good in this connection, it seems to me, in his insistence on the fact that the Christianity of the empire was neither debilitating, as Gibbon seems to suggest, nor a matter of sheer hypocrisy and deceit, as some Marxists would maintain. The belief that Constantinople was the city of Christ was, whether true or not, firmly held and a source of strength. The controversies about the Procession of the Holy Ghost (almost unintelligible to us as they may be) were not a clever attempt by the rich to distract the attention of the poor from their economic ills. The literature does not, indeed, resemble that of the age of Pericles (why should it?); but the religious art is, as Mr. Jenkins points out in a moving passage, "unsurpassed."

Throughout his long and immensely complicated story Mr. Jenkins writes clearly, vigorously, and with immense gusto. "Splendid" is an appropriate word for the golden empire, but I have never read a book where it was used so often. At the end it is difficult not to lay the volume down regretfully and, in gratitude to the author, repeat admiringly his favorite adjective.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 11, 5, 8, 6, 1, 4, 9, 10, 7, 3, 12, 2.

"I may not agree with what you say, but I certainly admire your penchant for invective."

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Africa

Continued from page 30

"bush D.O." threw these values into a different perspective. Like many lofty-minded young officials before him, he soon came to the conclusion that such concepts as liberty and justice simply couldn't be transformed into reality overnight. Not, at any rate, among people who since time immemorial had been ruled by the withering fear of juju, the fear of "the men who governed other people's lives by exercising the appalling powers of the secret cults . . . these are the organs of government, both spiritual and temporal, and their authority stems from fear."

In Brook's view any attempt to hasten parliamentary practices within so deep-rooted a system of government by terror would fail before it even got off the ground. At the same time, there was never any question in his mind that enlightenment and independence should, could, and definitely would be achieved. But they would not come hastily; rather, they would evolve at a measured pace, through the firm but compassionate guidance of a colonial government that was expressly and totally committed to the task. And Nigeria in particular had always been the model of the gradualist policy.

BUT the pattern of political development in postwar Nigeria proved an even greater source of disenchantment for Brook than did the need to reassess his ideals of "instant democracy." As he saw it, Britain was rapidly abandoning her obligation to Nigeria's development by permitting the emotionally charged atmosphere of African nationalism to reshape her colonial policies. The British, he says, "had laid the foundations of a building that still needed work on the walls before the roof of self-government was put on. There was no time for that. The order of the day was hustle. Let's have the roof post haste. Run up a few slender constitutional threads to support it and hope for the best, said the Colonial Office. The walls can be done properly later—perhaps."

If you wish, you can dismiss this as the old, familiar reactionary wail. You can also ask yourself whether today's independent African nations might not be enjoying a greater measure of social and economic well-being if their colonial rulers had waited just a little longer before yielding to the slogan-riddled pressures of the *tiers monde*.

Still, Brook doesn't view things as hopeless. High tribute is paid to the abilities of such top-level leaders as former President Nnamdi Azikiwe and ex-Western Region Premier Obafemi Awolowo; he also speaks of tribal rulers and councillors as men of surpassing wisdom and dignity. And, apart from politics, there is Brook's obvious love for Nigeria and the Nigerian people. His serious thoughts are expertly woven into an enormous fabric of reminiscence and anecdote that brings the country to bustling, explosive life. He has a particularly keen feeling for the Nigerian's boisterous good spirits, his raw wit, his abiding passion for "palaver." Many conversations are conducted in pidgin English, which to me packs more robust vitality than any other human tongue; if you read nothing else in the book, you'll be amply rewarded by the pidgin version of Genesis ("For de fors time nothing been dey only de Lawd na him dey; An de Lawd he done go work hard for make a dis t'ing dem dey call Earth"). Descriptions of lawsuits tried in rural courts could have made script material for early Marx Brothers movies—after heavy editing for family audiences.

The colonial bureaucratic mentality comes in for a merciless ribbing, as does an endless procession of individuals, European and African alike. Just two of many that come to mind are an almost supernaturally amorous French official in nearby Gabon (his "appetite for women was voracious and entirely non-discriminating. He even made love to his wife.") and a Nigerian lawyer who dazzles a client by "phoning" his case directly to Queen Elizabeth ("That you, ma? Ah! This is your friend Gabriel. Yes, lawyer Gabriel. Yes, ma, I well. Thank you. And you, ma, you well? Ah, thank God!").

Despite his obviously deep concern over what he regards as Britain's tragic haste in departing from Nigeria, Brook is an essentially upbeat personality who can't help but seek out the praiseworthy, the engaging, and, above all, the humorous side of any individual or situation. Even in his angry moments he manages a Rabelaisian touch: "The Roman empire died in dignity and struggle and stamped itself on generations to come. The British Empire collapsed like a wet fart." A bit much, perhaps, and it certainly doesn't reflect Brook's admiration for the Empire-in-being as the best thing that ever happened to Africa: "The British Peace . . . allowed men to begin raising their eyes to the stars. Of all the British achievements in West Africa the greatest was the gradual freeing of men from their numbing fear of the supernatural and its earthly servants."

Incidentally, Brook is also the author of a fine novel called *Jimmy Riddle*. With just one exception—*The Bones of the Wajingas*, by Denys Roberts, which has not been published in this country—it's the funniest book I have ever read about Africa. But it is not recommended fare for anti-imperialists. Nor is *The One-Eyed Man Is King*.

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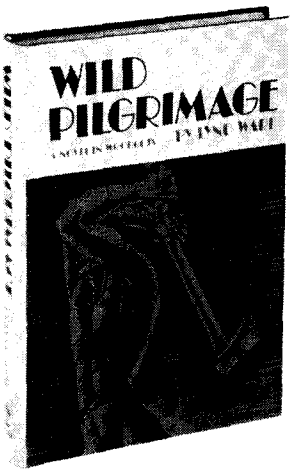

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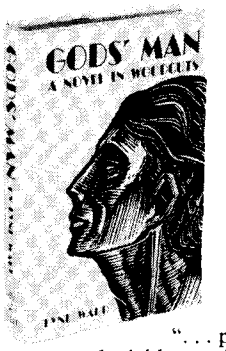

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Is Venice Sinking?

BEAUTIFUL VENICE, the Queen City of the Adriatic, rose out of the sea like Venus, and like Venus may be destined to return to the sea. Regardless of its past luster, it is facing a dubious future. It is either sinking slowly into its lagoon or the waters of the Adriatic are rising slowly to drown it—or both—according to how you view the evidence. Some surveys show that Venice as a whole has sunk about four inches in the past fifty years, but it varies from place to place. The ground beneath the Campanile of St. Mark's, which collapsed in 1902 and had to be rebuilt from the ruins, for instance, has sunk about seven inches in that time. Some engineers estimate that the city as a whole has been subsiding at an average rate of about one-tenth of an inch a year.

Every winter the tides of the Adriatic sweep higher and higher into Piazza San Marco, turning the marble expanse in front of the cathedral into a small lake two and one half feet deep and washing over its entrance steps. In the past seven years there have been twenty-five serious floods. Mellow old monuments such as the Forte Sant' Andrea at the entrance to the port have had their walls split open by the creeping waters and have begun to fall into the sea. (This is the fort from which Casanova, the notorious adventurer, is supposed to have escaped after conviction for an infraction of the law.)

The assault on Venice comes not only from the sea. Whereas the original canals were carved out in conformity with the currents of the lagoon, new ones have been artificially plotted in a straight line and are exposed to a greater impact of the ebb and flow of the tides, eating away at the foundation and subfoundation of the city. The fleets of large motorboats (*vaporettas*) and small speedboats (*motoscafi*) which are rapidly replacing the traditional gondolas of romantic memory are also contributing to the decline. The wash of their powerful engines surges from one side of the canals to the other, gnawing away at the city's underpinnings. Every city has its traffic problems, but in a city which bans the motor car out of necessity, this problem is unique.

Venice is also under attack from other enemies: salt-water erosion, the ejection of motorboat fuel oil, industrial pollution from the air, and even the droppings of the beloved pigeons. All these combine to erode the city's foundation and crumble the façades of its monuments. As the movement of the tides carries sand from one part of the lagoon bed to another, the Lido Beach, once the most famous in Europe, has been shrunk to a narrow ribbon of sand. Of Venice's 200 palaces, it is calculated that about 50 per cent stand in need of repair, and of her 110 churches at least 10 per cent are almost beyond reconstruction.

In the face of these dangers a national city planning organization called *Italia Nostra* (Our Italy) was set up in 1958, and its first goal was to preserve and restore the historic heart of Venice with most of its monuments and to combat plans to commercialize it. The Municipal Council, supported by the city's business interests, had just approved a master plan of civic improvement to allow automobiles into the city for the first time by building a highway from the mainland, to erect skyscrapers which would overshadow the great palaces, and to create an administrative center on the islands. The two forces clashed head-on in a battle royal.

—*H.S.*

Queen City—"It is either sinking slowly into its lagoon or the waters of the Adriatic are rising slowly to drown it—or both."

Both sides recognized that Venice, aside from its other afflictions, was in deep economic trouble, and neither wished to turn it into a "museum city," with all its citizens cast in the role of guides or gondoliers. Old Venice was losing residents at the rate of 2,500 to 3,000 a year and the population had been reduced to about 125,000 from a 1952 peak of around 175,000, while the industrial suburb of Mestre and the port of Marghera on the mainland were gaining in proportion. The modernists argued that the city was stagnating outside the tourist season and that it needed a transfusion of industrial blood. The traditionalists replied that the proposed changes would destroy the cultural atmosphere of the city and would drive away the lucrative tourist trade without bringing compensating revenue.

To hold back the sea, *Italia Nostra* countered with a proposal that locks be placed at the main entrance to the lagoon to control the water level and prevent high tides. To improve the economic health of the city, it proposed that Venice be transformed into an international center on the order of Geneva to accommodate cultural conventions. To halt the outward flow of Venetians, it proposed that a new residential suburb be built between the city and nearby Mestre. To stop the deterioration of the city, it proposed a program of strict zoning and slum clearance which would raze nondescript structures of recent origin but would save genuine old villas. To block the advance of industry, it proposed that large factories be restricted to the mainland but that small, nonpolluting plants be permitted in certain sections. In general, it was proposing a Greater Venice with a careful balance between culture and commerce—each in its proper place.

Famous architects such as Frank Lloyd Wright and Le Corbusier, and writers such as Ernest Hemingway, sided with *Italia Nostra* for the most part, but real estate, shipping, and manufacturing interests fought the suggestions fang and claw. Their struggle stirred up a torrent of public debate in the press and generated many private maneuvers behind the scenes, cutting across political lines and even dividing prominent families over a period of several years. At length, the Municipal Council caved in and reversed itself, partially under pressure from the Ministry of Public Works in Rome. Most of *Italia Nostra*'s ideas were accepted, but they have yet to be put into practice. The *Italia Nostra* recognizes that a conflict such as this is never finally settled and maintains constant vigilance to protect its victory.

As a supporter of *Italia Nostra*, Pietro Gazzola, State Inspector of Fine Arts and Antiques, and one of the most re-

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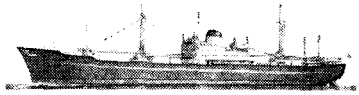

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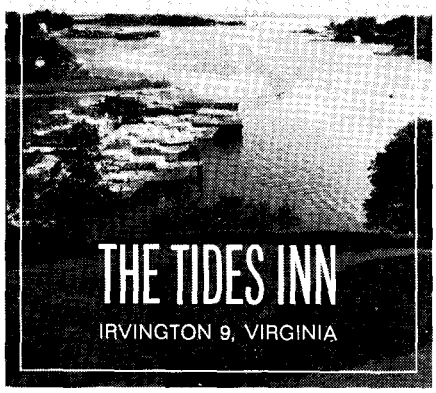

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—*H.S.*

"'Every people—every man—has a long-standing and contingent debt to Venice.'"

spected authorities in Italy on the subject, lists five causes for the perilous condition of Venice: 1) the slow submergence of the bed of the lagoon due to unnatural hydraulic practices; 2) the erosion of the canals' underpinnings as a result of the motorboats' operations and other causes; 3) lack of maintenance of the larger monuments; 4) the concentration of the populace in a restricted area, shutting out light and air; 5) the deterioration of the smaller structures to the extent that whole areas have been turned into near-slums.

"Venice, to survive, must have a complete and sane plan," he contends, "in which each of the separate problems is confronted and all the aspects of the situation are covered. The reclaiming of the lagoon calls for different measures according to the particular zone. The reform of the various means of transportation must be carefully studied and weighed against the characteristics of the canals and the houses and, above all, the vulnerability of the under-foundations.

"Every people—every man—has a long-standing and contingent debt to Venice. Civilization itself has a debt not easily put aside. It appears clear that only a supranational organization such as UNESCO is capable of representing all those who today, as well as yesterday and tomorrow, look to Venice as the most dramatic expression of the intelligence and spirit of mankind."

Under the stimulus of Professor Gazzola, *Italia Nostra,* and other civic-minded elements, the Italian government has set aside more than $1,000,000 for the use of a commission to study methods of curing Venice of its ailments. While the commission argues and deliberates these days, the waters rise ever so slowly in the lagoon, the motorboats roar up and down the canals, the monuments crumble imperceptibly under erosion, and the pigeons wheel in the sky over St. Mark's; but no concrete steps have been taken to preserve the Queen City for posterity.

—Trevor L. Christie.

Editor's note: *This article is adapted from Mr. Christie's book, "Antiquities in Peril," to be published April 16 by J. B. Lippincott.*

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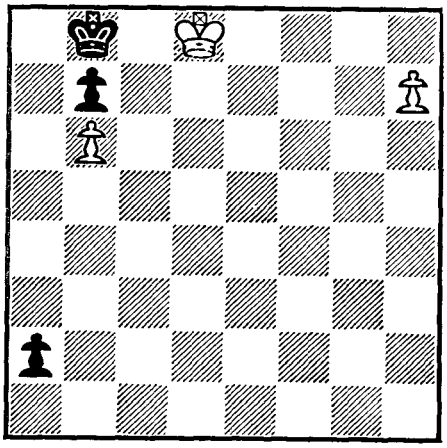
Chess Corner—No. 111

THE composed ending, as here, brings into focus a succinct idea, without embellishment or extraneous matter. Its difficulty is revealed only after study.

WHITE TO PLAY AND WIN

BLACK



—*Composed by David Joseph.*

WHITE

1 P-R8/Q . . . .

White's first move is obvious. Any other move, except 1 P-R8/B, fails to 1 . . . P-R8/Q. And White's underpromotion to a Bishop is unavailing. But now, it seems the game is in the last throes. White threatens 2 K-Q7 or 2 K-K7 discovered check, *finis.*

1 . . . . P-R8/Q!

A tricky defense. If 2 QxQ, stalemate is the result.

2 Q-N8 . . . .

Again threatening 3 K-Q7 or K-K7, discovered check, with mate to follow. But no other move will do. 2 Q-B8, for example, is refuted by 2 . . . Q-R6; and if then 3 Q-K8, Q-Q3ch draws. And 2 Q-K8 is rebuffed by 2 . . . Q-N2!

2 . . . . Q-R7!

—The only defense. Again, if now, 3 QxQ, Stalemate!

3 Q-K8 . . . .

Once again, threatening King to the seventh rank with a discovered check.

3 . . . . Q-R5!

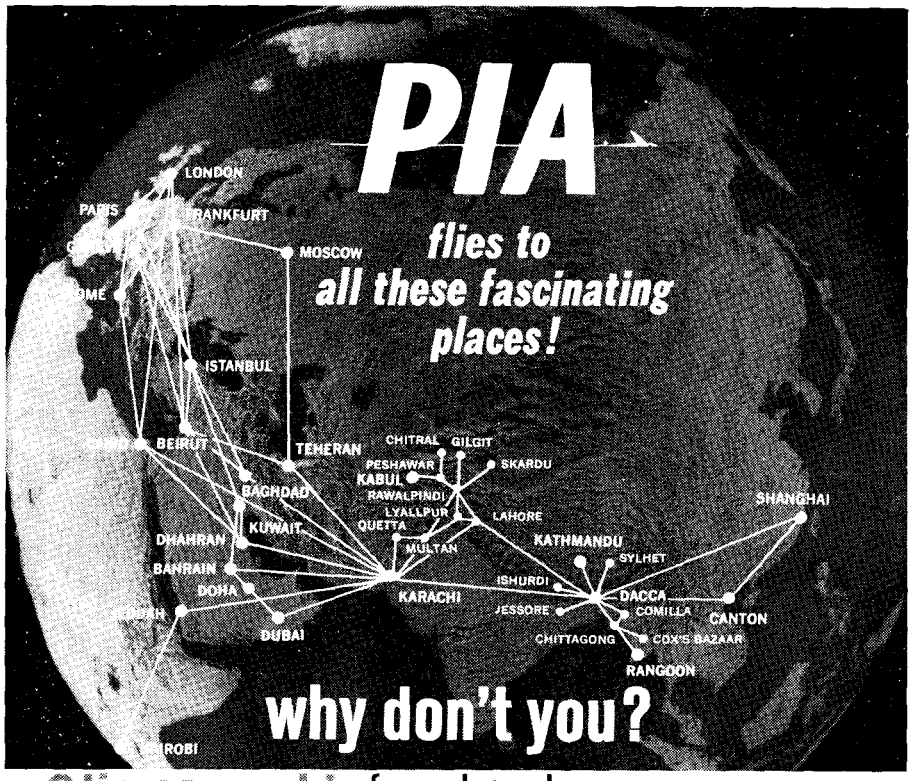
And, again, the stalemate defense.

4 Q-K5ch! K-R1
5 Q-R8 . . . .

Thus, by a process of triangulation, White's forces are in their original position. And Black may not repeat the position. For, by playing 5 . . . Q-R1, White can capture the Black Queen with check. Hence, Black is helpless against the coming discovered check.

5 . . . . Resigns

—Al Horowitz.



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Giannini on Goldoni—Tuckwell, Hornist

IT WAS a life long dream of the late Vittorio Giannini, to which he committed time and thought and all attendant pains half a dozen times, to write a really good opera. It would be a romantic kind of fulfillment if the last of them, based on Goldoni's *The Servant of Two Masters,* achieved that objective too late for the composer's enjoyment (he died last November). Blunt reality is, however, that for all its skill, deftness, and occasional solution of the dramatic problem, the one just heard from the New York City Opera in the State Theater of Lincoln Center is no closer to Dreamsville than were its predecessors.

Perhaps it is really a testimonial to the rare order of qualities required to write a "really good opera" that the carefully assorted, intelligently ordered ones in *The Servant of Two Masters* take only the first few steps on the way to that objective. Carlo Goldoni's tale of a servant who finds himself in the employ of two partners to a romance unknown to him and makes every effort to keep them apart, has all the elements for a successful comedy in music. And Bernard Stambler's elaboration of it in a text whose simple conclusive point is that failure may sometimes spell success (the servant is rewarded when the two employers find each other in spite of him) is adroitly done. It is an additional evidence that Stambler's good work on behalf of Robert Ward (in making singable texts from Andreyev's *He Who Gets Slapped* and Arthur Miller's *The Crucible*) qualifies him as a specialist in that rarest of skills, operatic librettist.

Building on Goldoni, Stambler has given Giannini ample opportunity for the demonstration of the aptitudes and insights, the preferences and inclinations evolved from his lifelong commitment to the operatic problem. He has proceeded, capably, to identify himself with the attitudes and objectives of the parties involved, and to create suitable tonal symbols to separate the real people from the figures of the *commedia dell'arte* by whom they are surrounded. But the gods who gave Giannini so much in commitment, discipline, and determination, denied him the one, the crucial element —a distinctive musical voice of his own.

As a result, when the moment of operatic truth impends and an emotion must be unequivocally conveyed, the curve and accent are invariably those of Puccini, with Giannini on the side, or Verdi updated, or Strauss Italianized. Others might choose Menotti as the point of reference, but the fact is that Giannini was doing much the same sort of thing even before Menotti. It is, in narrower, more specific terms, a case of impulse transcending invention.

Where skill alone serves, Giannini is capable of matching Stambler's text with skipping sound patterns, or, when an instrumental interlude is in order, of providing a ready simulation of audible wit. The best of these is the cleverly conceived episode in Act II in which the servant, Truffaldino, is charged with serving meals to his two masters simultaneously from the inn's kitchen while carrying on a flirtation with the maid, Smeraldina. Director Tito Capobianco has artfully inserted a pair of pseudo-Truffaldinos into the action, thus making it appear that the real one is upstairs, downstairs, and in my lady's parlor simultaneously. It is all complementary to the purpose of Giannini's skittish writing. Elsewhere, it was Capobianco's action which was skittish, full of pirouettes, postures, and attitudes tending to distract from dramatic truth rather than contributing to it. Had it settled for the simple functionalism of Robert Fletcher's setting—revolving set pieces, modest drops, and, at the end, an illuminated cutout of the Piazza San Marco—it would have commended itself for suitability as well as diligence.

Part of the problem in *The Servant of Two Masters* is that it requires the female partner to the romance to posture, for most of the two acts, as a male (while singing soprano). Difficult enough in itself, this is compounded by the need for the impersonations to be accepted as valid by a subordinate character who is romantically involved with him/her. This results, at a suitable point, in possibly the first romantic love duet between sopranos. There may be a way of making it plausible, but Eileen Schauler doesn't have the dramatic resources to make the masquerade work. The lengthy part of Truffaldino was a little more than a match for Raymond Myers, making his debut with the City Opera, but it did suggest that he has the aptitudes to develop as an operatic buffo. Frank Porretta attitudinized prettily, and sang similarly, as the Florindo who is the objective of Miss Schauler's romantic search, but the fact is the part is inadequately characterized. As Truffaldino's vis-à-vis, Patricia Brooks was a more than competent Smeraldina. The other principals were the attractive Donna Jeffrey as Clarissa, who becomes part of the romantic entanglement of Schauler-Porretta, and Charles Hindsley as the Silvio who tries to extricate her from it. All of these talents, plus Julius Rudel's direction, could have made something much more plausible of the subject had the score been, say, by Wolf-Ferrari rather than Giannini.

THE LONDON SYMPHONY'S admirable custom of presenting its first-desk players as soloists brought to prominence, in one of its final concerts in Carnegie Hall, the celebrated French hornist Barry Tuckwell as soloist in the Second Strauss Concerto. A slim, stand-up type, Tuckwell launched his performance with a slurp or two, as if to say, "Now you know what I am up against." He then proceeded to trace every involution and convolution of the work Strauss wrote in the twilight years of his life with impeccable artistry and implacable self-control. He was especially impressive in the slow movement, where he had, for a golden sequence of duet measures, a clarinetist who sounded very much like the gifted Gervase de Peyer, who performed a similar solo chore when the orchestra visited New York a year ago. In the absence of Istvan Kertesz, who had to return to Cologne because of a family illness, this program, as well as two others in the week's sequence were conducted by Gennadi Rodzdestvensky. Taken together with those he is performing with Rostropovich, it gave Rodzdestvensky a run of six different programs in as many nights, quite too much for anybody.

Included in the week's Rostropovich sequence was a vivid performance of the Brahms "Double" in which Itzhak Perlman, the young Israeli violinist, joined his much more celebrated Soviet colleague. Contrary to expectations, it was young Perlman—who does his playing from a seated position, because he was a polio victim as a child—whose solo playing rejoiced in a truly Brahmsian singing style. Rostropovich, using considerably more bow than was really necessary, overplayed the tension in the cello part, underplaying its lyric surge. Some days before, Rostropovich earned credits for esthetic curiosity by sponsoring the *Concert* (not Concerto) written by Lukas Foss at his commission. This is a meandering piece of intellectual pretension full of the current far-out conventions, including a prerecorded sound track with which the soloist plays a duet, and optional figurations. The principal count against it is that it goes no place, proves nothing, says nothing. It is, in short, a bore.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Uncle Otto's Cabin

THERE IS an interesting inconsistency in the films of Otto Preminger. Into most of his works he has managed to introduce an element of controversy, be it merely a choice of words that shock the censors or an implication of homosexuality in the halls of Congress. But while seemingly leading with his chin, he always has his flanks well protected. When *The Moon Is Blue* introduced "pregnant" and "virgin" into the screen's vocabulary, it turned out that audiences were not aghast—only the censors. And when he made his film on drug addiction, *The Man With the Golden Arm*, the Production Code authorities promptly updated their provisions to admit this hitherto forbidden subject. Mr. Preminger has had numerous battles with censor groups, in most of which he has emerged victorious. All of this points to his uncanny astuteness as a producer. He knows how to be outrageous without being outlawed.

But the inconsistency lies in the fact that, while flouting conventions in his choice of subject matter, he is conventionality itself when it comes to his treatment of these themes. In other words, as a producer he is everything that Hollywood could desire. He has a strong instinct for what is contemporary, controversial—and safe. But as a director—he has an equally strong instinct for the cliché, for the surface gloss and the cinematic sleight of hand that create an effect but evade a commitment. American movies have often been accused of superficiality, but Preminger's seem particularly culpable because so often they are being superficial about things that really matter.

It is this sense that pervades his newest film, *Hurry Sundown*. Certainly, one welcomes to the screen any enlightened statement on the civil rights movement in the United States; but as this picture progresses, the doubts crowd in. Is this really it? Is this story, in which all the whites are black and all the blacks white, really a reflection of what is happening in the South (the screenplay sets it back some twenty years, to immediately after World War II), or is it rather a calculated polemic that seizes upon liberal attitudes and stereotypes merely to please the already convinced? (One can assume that vast sections of the South were written off even before production began.)

Its central character is an unscrupulous real estate operator—a sax-tootling, bourbon-swilling, egomaniacal womanizer bent on assembling some parcels of land for a vast housing development. Of the two parcels remaining, one is a small farm owned by his cousin, a combat veteran just home from the wars; the other is worked by a young Negro whose mother, conveniently, had been the Mammy of the realtor's wife. Since neither is inclined to sell, he resorts to all sorts of chicanery—including the services of a corrupt Southern judge, and, when that fails, the local Ku Klux Klan—to prevent the Negro and the white man from successfully uniting against him. He even sends his wife, a depraved, decayed aristocrat, to play upon the sympathies of her old Mammy—who responds with indignation, and promptly succumbs to a heart attack. "You done right," the woman tells her son in a lengthy deathbed speech. "I understand that now."

And so she should. Preminger has underlined everything, nuanced nothing in emphasizing that the Negro in the South is being unfairly exploited. But not only is this hardly the latest news, it loses impact by its very shrillness. None of the characters—the monstrous real estate man, his debauched wife, the bigoted judge, the idiot sheriff, the upstanding young Negro, his enlightened fiancée who has been up North—is given the dimensions of credibility; and hence, despite all the efforts of a large and able cast—notably Michael Caine, Jane Fonda, Burgess Meredith, and Diahann Carroll—they remain essentially puppets jerking to the strings of Thomas C. Ryan's and Horton Foote's melodramatic script. And even though, at considerable risk, Preminger did his filming in the Deep South, the smell of the studio pervades his picture. Conceived as a commercial enterprise, it plays without passion upon a theme that demands and deserves the utmost in conviction and commitment.

What these qualities can add to a picture is graphically demonstrated in a brief, brilliant, and profoundly disturbing new film from England, *The War Game*. Made by the youthful Peter Watkins for BBC Television, it was never shown there because—as was the case with Orson Welles's *War of the Worlds* on radio—the authorities felt that its utter realism might prove too shattering for the casual tuner-in. Somehow, its TV format actually strengthens its impact in the theater as it details, in documentary fashion, the effect of an atomic missile attack on England. Its conclusion is unequivocal and convincing: The holocaust of atomic warfare is so total that prevention is the only sane position today.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

WIT TWISTER

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. A sample, well known among lovers of acrostics:

Good landlord, fill the flowing ____
Until their _____ run over!
Tonight, we'll _____ upon this _____;
Tomorrow, _____ for Dover!

(Answers: *Pots, tops, stop, spot, post.*)

Now try Wit Twister #1:

One of the _____ escaped from the zoo.
It ran to the grocery. What a to-do.
It tossed _____ and potatoes with zeal that was fiery.
And was finally caught in the _____ of the Priory.

(*Answer on page* 81)

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Radio's Neglected Network

"YOU FELLOWS are giving us *nothing but trouble*," a staff member of the Senate Commerce Committee said recently to officials of National Educational Radio (NER). Then he added with a smile, "But keep it up!" The remark illustrates the friendly, receptive attitude of lawmakers on Capitol Hill, who want to help educational radio but realize that support needs to be built up generally among legislators and their constituents.

Senator Warren G. Magnuson, the Commerce Committee's chairman, introduced the Public Television Act of 1967 in the upper chamber of Congress; his committee plans to hold hearings on the bill in April, and will shepherd it through the Senate to a vote. The bill renews the 1962 television facilities act and also provides, for the first time, financial support for noncommercial radio. This represents a major achievement for NER, and its energetic leaders are eager to see that the provisions affecting educational radio are not deleted. To this end they have been conducting a vigorous informational campaign among Congressmen, providing data that indicates the rich potential of the medium and transmitting their contagious zeal for a renaissance of educational radio.

National Educational Radio has been campaigning for more than two years, since its founding under the leadership of Jerrold Sandler, executive director, and E. G. Burrows, chairman of NER's parent body—the National Association of Educational Broadcasters. In an age of burgeoning communications technology, the new directors are certain that educational radio has an important role to play. Their efforts resulted in the first live network interconnection of educational radio stations in this country—a broadcast throughout the United States of West German election returns. Then, with the help of the Johnson Foundation of Racine, Wisconsin, the NER directors last year convened the Wingspread Conference on Educational Radio as a National Resource. Representatives of government, industry, communications, education, philanthropy, and the arts talked candidly about the future of educational radio in a time of world-wide television satellites. The patient survived a relentless scrutiny: The conference participants mapped a campaign to tone up educational radio and to bring its performance and potential to national attention.

Basic to that campaign is a comprehensive survey of educational radio stations around the country. No such survey had ever been made but it was essential if financial backing were to be secured from government and foundation godfathers whose green wands are all atilt in the direction of educational television. NER conducted the study with the help of Herman W. Land Associates, a New York consulting firm. Facts, figures, and plans were gathered from 150 of the leading educational radio stations in the country. An outstanding result is that assumptions about the audience for educational radio will have to be revised upward.

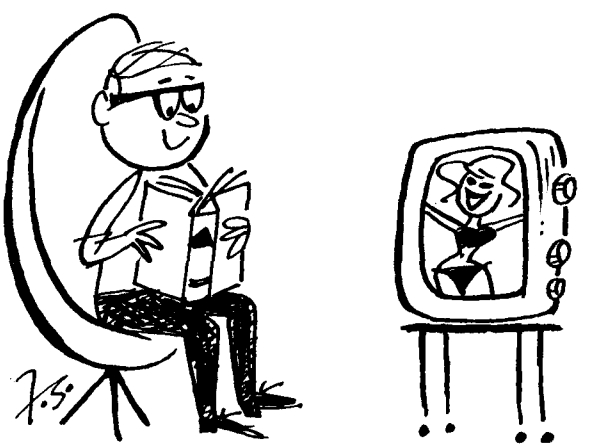
Listeners throughout the nation hear educational radio programs not only directly from the noncommercial stations but also on commercial stations. Many educational radio stations provide programs regularly to commercial stations, at no charge other than handling fees, and these are available for sale by the commercial stations to sponsors. KWSC the Washington State University station, supplies ninety-four commercial stations in Washington, Oregon, Utah, Idaho, and Missouri with one or more weekly programs. WUOM, the University of Michigan station, supplies 100 commercial stations in the state with one or more programs a week. The K-State Network of Kansas State University, at Manhattan, Kansas, reaches 95 per cent of Kansas homes through commercial stations. The network provided these stations with 14,000 tapes in 1966.

The survey revealed that in some cases in particular time periods educational radio stations attract more listeners than their commercial competitors. In November 1966, KWSC, the Washington State station, had a 30.5 per cent share of the available audience in the 8 a.m. time period, as against a 23.4 per cent share for the top commercial competitor. These are only a few of the many examples turned up by the NER-Land survey that suggest a new scope and penetration of some educational radio stations.

Along with the success stories in the survey, however, there are many cases in which special services by educational radio stations go begging for a mere pittance of funds. The Wisconsin Educational Radio Network, the oldest and largest in the nation, has ambitious plans for multiplexing training programs throughout the state, but cannot put them into action because the $7,500 needed to purchase and install the multiplex equipment is not available. The Public Television Act of 1967, following the President's recommendations, asks Congress for $10,500,000 for radio and television facilities, and for $9,000,000 for the establishment of the Corporation for Public Television, which will be charged with the encouragement and financial support of educational radio as well as TV programing.

Radio is a newcomer to the contest for public funds. It is uncertain at this time whether or not witnesses who support educational radio's case will be invited to testify at the Congressional hearings. To ensure that they will be called, and to ensure that educational radio will not be pushed entirely out of the way by the more publicized needs of noncommercial television, NER plans to "keep it up"—to continue its educational campaign among Congressmen, Senators, the public, sympathetic members of the press, and foundations. Though big plans are being made, small needs are not being met. An alert foundation could do the country a great service by ensuring that NER's case will be fully presented at the coming hearings. It would be a wise investment in a national resource.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.



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Brewing With Yeast

MILWAUKEE.

HOW DOES a repertory company keep its vitality? This is not a simple question, but the Milwaukee Repertory Theatre seems to have found some of the answers. To begin with, the company's new artistic director, Tunc (pronounced Toonch) Yalman, has both an internationally sophisticated knowledge of the standards a first-class company must meet, and a deep-seated belief in the function theater should perform. The aim of the theater, he says, is to turn the observer into a participant by making him recognize what is true and eternal in dramas of all periods.

Thus Mr. Yalman was able to score a success with his boldly chosen first production, Sophocles's *Electra*, performed in modern dress. And the whole season to date has set a new high attendance record of 92 per cent capacity. The young Turkish-born director is quick to admit, however, that whatever success he has enjoyed is due to other factors as well. There was his good luck in assembling a skilled company that happened to work well together. There is a board of directors which raises a projected $130,000 annual deficit (one-half of the total budget), and which accepts the principle of noninterference in artistic policy. And, finally, there is MRT's Theater for Tomorrow Studio Series which presents new plays by living American playwrights under a $25,000 Rockefeller grant. These new plays are performed twice a week at times when the theater would ordinarily be dark. Their most important effect may not be so much to help the new playwright, who sees his play performed and receives a few hundred dollars in royalties, but to feed the vitality of both the actors and the eager core of audience supporters who attend and discuss these imperfect and unrenowned works.

On a recent trip, this writer had the unusual experience of attending a student matinée of *The Merchant of Venice* and at 5:30 seeing many of the same actors performing Doug Taylor's *The Sudden and Accidental Re-education of Horse Johnson*. The Shakespeare comedy offered a hauntingly poetic Shylock by Boris Tumarin, and managed to capitalize on Portia's outwitting of Shylock's vengeful intent at the same time that it underlined Shylock's justification for despising Antonio. Director Eugene Lesser interpolated into the action a wordless reunion between Shylock and his daughter, and at the end of the trial scene the moneylender was cruelly spat upon. These touches serve to increase our sympathy for Shylock.

An hour later a half-capacity audience assembled around the same arena stage appeared to enjoy the Taylor play, which is being given its first full performance here. It presents a very human situation in which Horse Johnson, a warehouse worker, has quit his job in order to study Emerson and Whitman. While he may not be literate enough to understand what he is reading, it turns out that in a primitive, intuitive way he is getting something out of it. Thus he is able to survive a number of rude awakenings.

The play, intelligently directed by Robert Benedetti, suffers from a frequent fluctuation between naturalism and satirical exaggeration. Still, as played by Michael Fairman and Mary Jane Kimbrough, Horse Johnson and his wife do capture our concern and the play emerges as a memorable experience.

Although the playwright wrote the work with actor Jack Klugman in mind—and indeed had had the prior experience of hearing his play read by Klugman, Kathleen Maguire, and others at last summer's Eugene O'Neill Memorial Theater Foundation Playwrights Conference—the experience of full production by a young, eager company in front of a paid audience was invaluable to him. Here, unlike the three Broadway producers who had held options on the work, Theater for Tomorrow took the script as it stood and went ahead without asking for rewrites or waiting for the ideal actors to play the roles.

Mr. Taylor, a former actor and TV writer, has written three other plays which are awaiting production. His unveiling here suggests that as soon as he finds a certain exact distance to maintain between the real and the satirical, he could emerge as a fine playwright. Whether he does or not, he and the Milwaukee Repertory Theatre have had an invigorating adventure.

ELSEWHERE around the country, Memphis's Front Street Theater has come up with a delightfully earthy production of Molière's *The Miser*. Directed by Carl Weber and featuring Al Corbin as a dry old tightwad and Karen Grassle as his deliciously seductive daughter, it entertains in a most modern way.

At Baltimore's Center Stage, director Douglas Seale has attempted a modern dress version of Shakespeare's seldom-played *Titus Andronicus*. The first act is unsparing in its pursuit of violence, with Robert Gerringer portraying Titus as a stern Nazi general. Those who can survive Act I's punishment are then treated to a second act in which Titus's madness is deeply explored. Graham Brown stands out in a Black Muslim version of the evil-embracing Aaron. And the rest of the company work together with fierce concentration to relate this ancient chamber of horrors to our time.

—HENRY HEWES.

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JACOB EPSTEIN: *A True Romantic*

WHILE IN LONDON during 1960, Edward Schinman, a New Jersey businessman, was persuaded by his wife to steal a few hours from work and accompany her to the Tate Gallery, where an exhibition of Jacob Epstein's sculpture was on view. From that moment Mr. Schinman was hooked. He had never collected or even been interested in modern art before. "I was so impressed," he said, "I couldn't think. Epstein's carvings and bronzes seemed to talk to me. At that time we had no idea they could be purchased."

After returning to Wayne, New Jersey, where Mr. Schinman lives, he was unable to shake Epstein's images from his mind, so back to London he went, and with dedicated devotion began acquiring the artist's work. Now, less than eight years later, he owns the largest and most comprehensive Epstein collection in the world, as evidenced by the current exhibition at Fairleigh Dickinson University in Rutherford, New Jersey—an exhibition, by the way, that closes shortly. On view are 140 works, including bronze and stone sculpture, drawings, watercolors, and one oil painting, reputedly and wisely Sir Jacob's only known effort in this medium.

The exhibition proves that Epstein was first, last, and always a sculptor. His best drawings, almost invariably preliminary sketches for bronzes or stone carvings, have a springy viability, an assurance and élan sadly lacking in the watercolors, which are often overexplicit. Sir Jacob was rarely a colorist, though a few flower still lifes recall the explosive radiance of Nolde. It is, however, the heavy-handed watercolors of nudes and landscapes that indicate how alien Epstein found the painter's brush.

Eighty-three bronzes focus on the artist at his best—a best sometimes underrated in America. The exuberant bronze portraits and small, taut, quivering bronze nudes are a testament to the artist's genius for investing clay with expressive content. And, to be sure, it is always Expressionism that underlies Epstein's work, a fact which may explain why he excelled in a spontaneous medium like clay but faltered when he attacked the more formal problems of stone. The speed of his eye, the nervous intuition of his hand were hampered by the laborious process of carving.

A true romantic, Epstein explored and exploited every nuance of human expression, searching for individual meaning in faces, hands, hair, and even in external adornment. Often beards, curls, and coils of hair detach themselves, and, coming to life with snakelike vehemence, characterize the personality of the sitter. Though he was born in America and lived most of his adult years in England, Sir Jacob seems entirely a European artist, influenced more by Rodin, Negro art, and the School of Paris than by Anglo-Saxon memories. One of the few twentieth-century sculptors to pursue the mysteries of portraiture, he remained essentially loyal to earlier traditions, and this despite the furor he occasioned in Britain. Indeed, when he tried to abandon the past he was least successful. One thinks of his vorticist drawings where academic neatness substituted for the excitement of Italian Futurism.

Today we try to understand why England reeled at each successive Epstein onslaught. It was the stone and marble carvings that upset the public, rarely the portraits. Now we look at these carved figures (there are several in the Schinman collection) and realize that the British were offended less by technical innovations than by savage symbolism. Like numerous colleagues in Paris, Epstein borrowed from primitive African sculpture. His hope was to emphasize generic meanings through favorite themes like those that inspired the works, *Maternity*, *Genesis*, and *Elemental Man*. At times the stone carvings are convincing in their heavy brutality, but more often they tend to be mannered, linear, and overstated.

Epstein's *Baby Awake*

In contrast, Epstein's small bronze nudes and portraits avoid philosophic pretense and deal with the specific, with his own direct experience. Here one feels the sculptor's hands at work; one feels his electric presence hovering over images that are in part autobiographical. Yet when he tried for monumentality, he often ended up with a rigid tour de force, with large stone carvings that are curiously frozen and pompous.

To compare the tender head, *Baby Awake*, done in Paris before 1905, with the later likeness of Epstein's own child, *Peggy Jean Laughing*, is to understand the sculptor's steady progression toward freer working methods. The early bronze—smooth, simplified, and restrained—becomes a haunting generalization of all babies, but *Peggy Jean Laughing* is an individualized child caught at a specific moment. Hair, open mouth, heavy cheeks, and asymmetrical features vibrate with life and yet there is no attempt to suggest more than an overall impression.

Like Rodin, Epstein broke up the surface of his bronzes so that light both invigorates and transforms them. Deep clefts forge exaggerated shadows that dramatize these pliant, roughly-kneaded heads and charge them with volatile emotions. Yet one senses the underlying structure of jutting chin and sloping shoulder. Take, for example, the bold Slavic features and strong torso of *Girl from Baku*. More contained but no less tense is the likeness of Haile Selassie, his robes, hands, and face all combined in an elegant evocation of authority. Each Epstein portrait is, above all, the study of a personality. From each emanates the quality of the sitter, but also from each emanates the ardent sensibility of the artist himself. He comes across with astonishing intensity.

A word about the installation and the catalogue: The exhibition is so incredibly crowded as to destroy the meaning of sculpture and make three-dimensional viewing impossible. Lined up like bargain-counter trophies, these aggressive heads destroy each other on a sea of pedestals. The catalogue, too, is unworthy of the collection. Sizes, media, and dates are often omitted, but far more alarming is the wholesale borrowing, word for word, of Richard Buckle's text from his book, *Jacob Epstein, Sculptor*. To make matters worse, no acknowledgement of any sort is evident. Both the Schinman collection and Fairleigh Dickinson University merit serious scholarship or, at the very least, adequate professional know-how.

—KATHARINE KUH.

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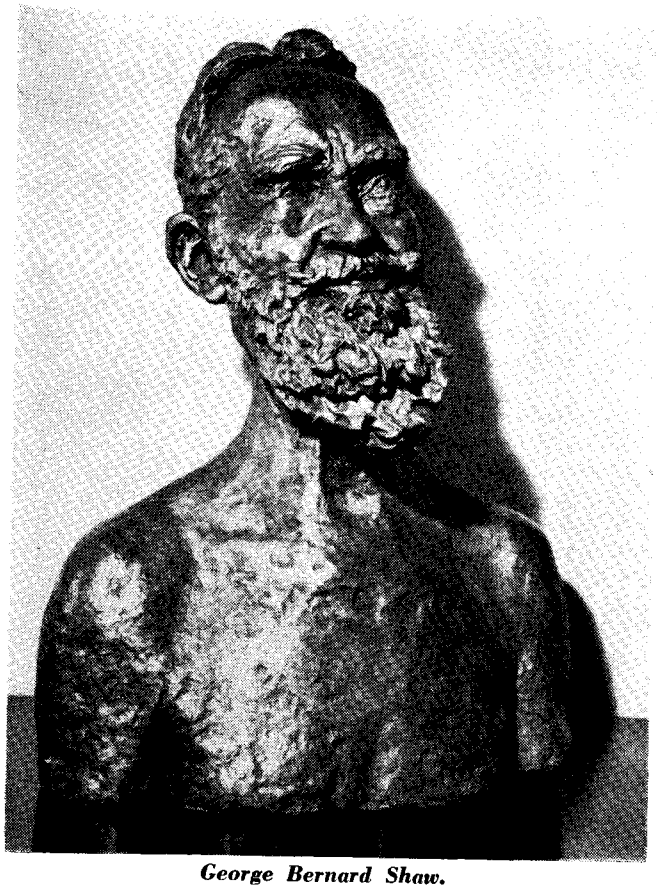

George Bernard Shaw.

Girl from Baku.

Emperor Haile Selassie.

Jackie Second Portrait.

Peggy Jean Laughing. ►

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Vietnam Intern

Continued from page 21

stetrical patient had given him. This was mixed with orange soda.

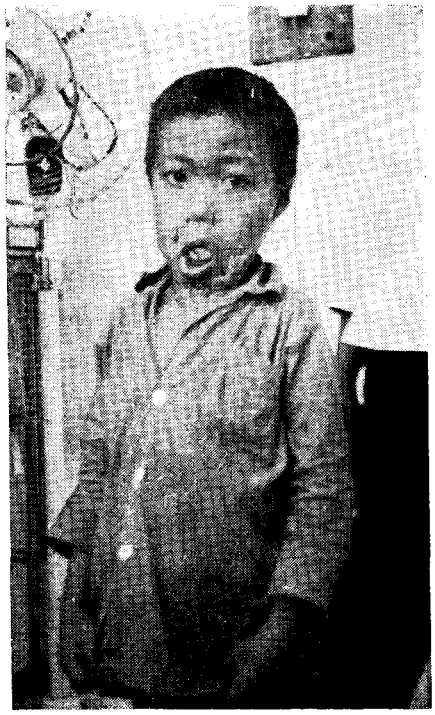
The students were excellent mandolin and guitar players—and singers. They knew many popular American songs of ten to fifteen years ago, such as "I'm Walking Behind You," and "Tennessee Waltz." One sang these in a fascinating warbling voice. Unfortunately, a nurse from the Medical Hospital appeared in the doorway and called him away with news that a patient with pneumonia was having great difficulty breathing.

The talk settled on politics. I asked what they thought about Thich Tri Quang, the Buddhist leader from Hue. One liked him very much, another was indifferent. They didn't think he had ties with the Communists, although one said that he has a brother prominent in the North. They talked about the spring government-Buddhist crisis and the effects of it. Surprisingly, the students thought that the CIA was behind much of the local anti-American demonstrations, apparently in an attempt to discredit the Buddhist position by making Buddhist leaders appear to be Communist-inspired. They said that during the crisis a well-known student had been prominent in yelling anti-American slogans, urged the burning of the USIS library at a mass meeting, and was seen carrying weapons in Hue and Danang. In the aftermath, many less important leaders and students had been jailed but this student was not touched.

They talked about how the Hue hospital and medical school are in a very precarious situation. The U.S. and Saigon government policies are to isolate the city of Hue and everything in it as punishment and a lesson for the future. The United States does not support the medical school or hospital; Saigon harasses them. (The American Medical Association has recently announced a program to raise the standards of Vietnamese medical education, and though it has pledged its "complete commitment to do whatever necessary to assist in further development of the strongest possible system of medical education," this commitment does not even recognize the existence of the medical school in Hue: all its assistance is given to the medical school in Saigon.) Professors stopped coming from Saigon to Hue to help with the teaching load, and there is no more guest lecturing from American military physicians. The dean and several students were jailed. Saigon taxed a load of microscopes donated by West Germany. The students said that they did not know if their school would be able to remain open in the coming months.

Peasant girl with multiple injuries waits after surgery—"The medical battle in South Vietnam is not being won. There is no foreseeable end to the heavy toll of civilian casualties. . . ."

A QUIETLY intense student broke in to say that he did not like politics but that he felt it was the duty of every Vietnamese to study the present situation. He said that he had been born a few days after Pearl Harbor and that there has been war throughout his life; that he greatly wished for peace but he could see no hope for the immediate future. The great tragedy for him was that there was not a leader in the country he could respect, and the present atmosphere was preventing the emergence of one. He thought that the war could never be won by superior firepower; that each village bombed produced new Vietcong. He was in favor of defending presently held territory while concentrating on an effort to provide respectable leaders and good government. He thought the policy of bombing the North was a poor one because it increased the possibility of the North's coming under the control of China—a traditional enemy.



Napalm victim—"His mouth was drawn onto his chest. The fingers of both hands were scarred together [and useless for grasping]."

I ASKED what they thought about the idea that life doesn't mean much to the Vietnamese peasant—that life is so hard and horror so near that death does not frighten him. Talk such as this is frequently heard in American cocktail circles in Vietnam. They replied that perhaps the Vietnamese were more accustomed to death but that they still feared it and felt as much grief over the loss of a member of the family as anybody anywhere probably did. The tender, concerned care given to patients at the hospital by relatives should be evidence: the carrying of the bodies over miles of dangerous roads to get them back to ancestral territory. Jeffrey Mast, Wayne State University medical student in Quang Ngai had been brought the body of a dead girl which had been kept warm for three hours by charcoal.

I left the Hue students a little after midnight, an hour after curfew for Vietnamese. The streets were deserted save for an occasional jeep. In the distance was the roar of a jet, the crackle of a machine gun, low rumbles of harassment and interdictment artillery. I walked back to the AID guesthouse via darkened streets, past many town dwellings which now housed American officers and were surrounded by high barbed-wire fences. I exchanged stares with a few sentries who peered out from be-

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hind rifles in recessed stations. Barking dogs gave me chills, and led me to try to remain conspicuous in the middle of the street.

I passed by the hospital, which was darkened and quiet save for one bulb in the emergency room. Tomorrow the scenes would be repeated. And the next day. And the next.

THE SURGICAL HOSPITAL in Danang represents the best care available to civilians in Vietnam. The Agency for International Development is concentrating resources and personnel there, hoping to make a model hospital practicing as close to the quality of American medicine as the paramedical and logistic support will permit. The plan, under the very capable Dr. Harry Wise, envisions the Surgical Hospital as a training center for Vietnamese medical, nursing, and technical students. When I arrived there were three physicians; when I left there were seven. Recently, a new four-operating-room surgical suite was opened. There will be much publicity about this facility, especially in the face of the widening knowledge of the extent of the civilian casualties.

Ninety per cent of our patients had directly war-related traumatic injuries. Most of them were peasants brought in from the surrounding countryside by military trucks. Rarely did we get these patients less than sixteen hours after injury. Transportation ceases at dark. The greatest percentage of Vietnamese casualties are never treated at all. The time-lag selects survivability, and only the lucky make it to a hospital. The largest portion of our patients were women and children, a point which reflects the fact that most of the men have left the villages. I believe that at least 60 per cent of the casualties were under sixteen years of age. Although patients generally did not talk freely with Americans about the sources of their injuries, it is possible to estimate that at least 80 per cent of the war-related trauma was due to Vietnamese government or U.S. military activities.

The medical battle in South Vietnam is not being won. There is no foreseeable end to the heavy toll of civilian casualties and the disruption of transportation and communication which compounds this problem. This is tragically superimposed on the overwhelming medical problems common to underdeveloped areas. For each 100,000 civilians there are one physician and nine nurses available (in the United States the numbers are 125 and 270). There is a total of 100 hospitals for civilians. Twenty-eight of these have surgical suites, but seventeen do not function because there are no surgeons. The first line of defense for most of the 15,000,000 people is traditional Sino-Vietnamese folk medicine.

Mother and two children burned when jet crashed—"Most of the victims are women and children."

One-half of all children born do not reach their fifth birthday.

The Surgical Hospital represents the best care available, yet even it is little more than a station for emergency treatment—being so inundated with life-and-death situations that basic follow-up procedures cannot be scheduled. Patients must go back to their villages with severe burn contractures, tissue defects, and amputations. Plastic procedures which might greatly improve function must be left undone. Because of space and supply restrictions, the chronically ill must be sent home to die without medication.

THE United States and AID have taken some action to alleviate the problem. But the expenditure is woefully small compared to that which brings about the production of casualties. (In 1965 the total amount spent by all sources on medical care of Vietnamese civilians was $8,500,000, and it is estimated that $50,000,000 will be spent in 1967; in contrast, each B-52 flight from Guam is said to cost $500,000 in operational expenses alone.) One may hope that authorities will avoid devoting a significant part of this budget to medical "showplaces" at least partially motivated by a desire to impress people in America.

There can be more effective use of existing facilities. Politics is interfering in Hue. The most beautiful and quiet city in Vietnam has a 1,500-bed hospital which is tragically underutilized. It seems clear that this policy is self-defeating—it is hindering the emergence of a much needed medical care and training facility while a few miles in any direction persons are dying from lack of care—and that it is stirring up ill feelings and distrust that many future leaders will not soon forget. The Vietnamese chief of the Medical Hospital in Danang had difficulty getting supplies from Saigon because he was thought to be too sympathetic to the Buddhists. In Danang, a friend was a surgeon in the 1,000-bed Vietnamese military hospital. He performed only four or five operations a week and his ward was less than half full.

The Vietnam war is savage and undiscriminating. Weapons which cause tremendous long-term medical problems are sending a huge number of persons to hopelessly inadequate facilities. Most of the victims are women and children. Children who have much of their growth in the future are most affected by scarring and bone and tissue loss.

The most profound impression on me was not the absence of medical facilities as we know them but the tremendous volume of patients and the personal shock and anguish when confronted with the incredible suffering they undergo with such grace—and their implicit plea for help. It is a kind of total sensation, the implications of which are obvious; something that one must meet in person and which can never be conveyed by words, pictures, or by a television camera.

Many Americans draw false conclusions from the stoic behavior of the Vietnamese under conditions that would cause most people to crack. The Americans see this and mistakenly conclude that life is cheap to the Vietnamese. It is only a short step from this to taking the position that increasing the severity of the war makes little difference. One of the dangers in Vietnam, therefore, is that Americans themselves may become desensitized to what is happening. There are grave signs of this in the support for the bombing.

There is little evidence in Vietnam—North or South—that the bombing has had any military significance. Secretary of Defense McNamara recently confirmed this fact in his testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. The significance of the bombing must be measured in terms of casualties among the nonmilitary Vietnamese—most of them in the South, which we say we are fighting to defend.

I have watched these people—many of them children—being carried into the Danang hospital and I do not understand the argument that we are bombing because it helps these people to "resist aggression." Nor do I understand the argument that the bombing helps bolster the morale of the South Vietnam government. What kind of government is it that finds its spirit lifted when Vietnamese villagers are hit? My spirits are not lifted by it. I don't think that the spirits of my fellow-Americans are lifted by it, either.

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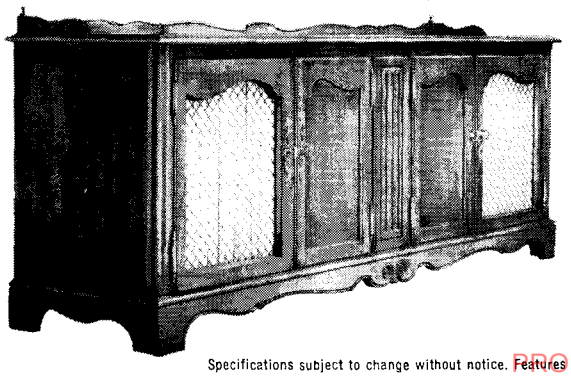

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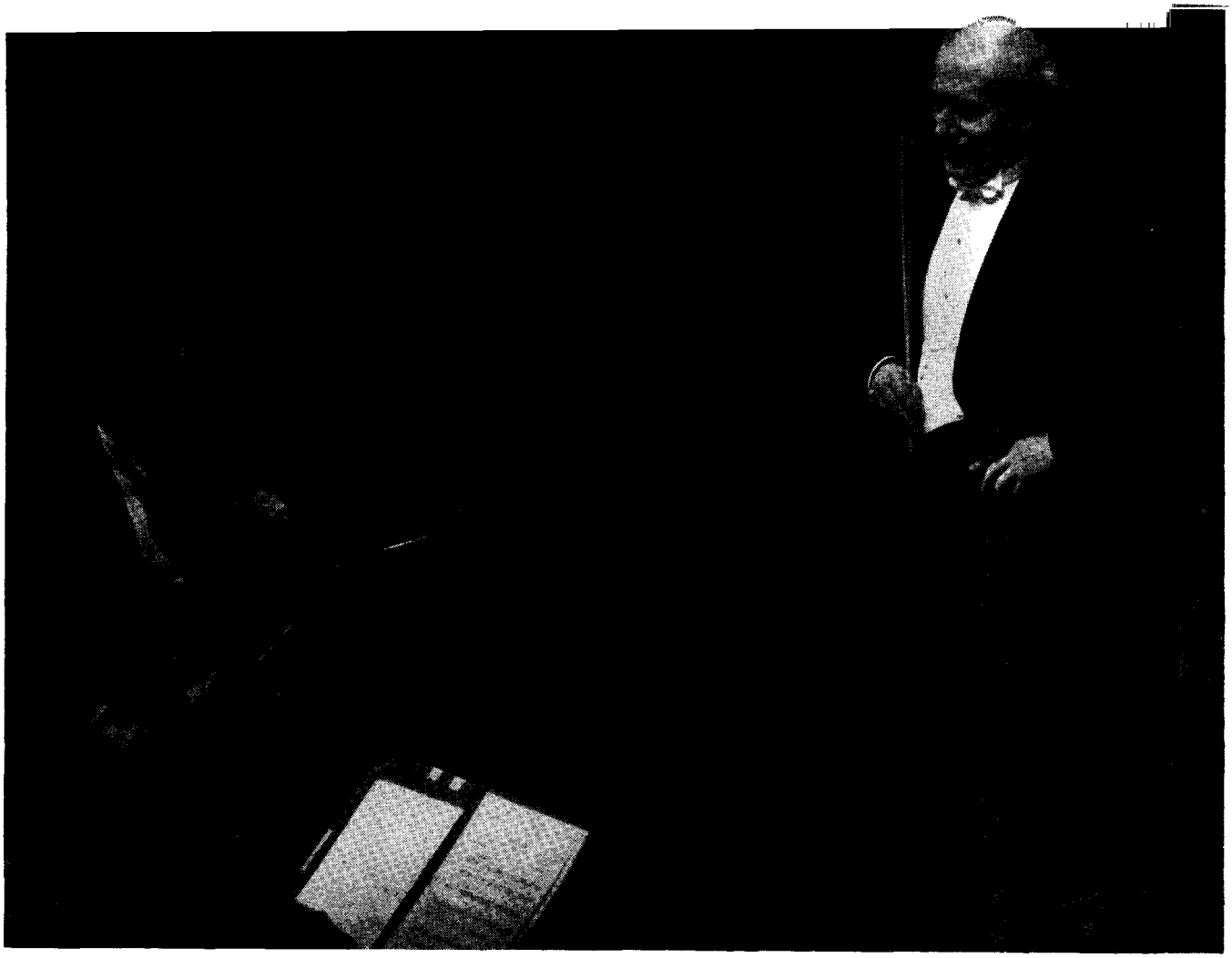

—*Culver.*

A rare Toscanini smile of pleasure during a Carnegie Hall program of the early Thirties—"Those who . . . never heard him with the New York Philharmonic . . . can have but a very incomplete idea of his real greatness. . . ." (At left, Imre Pogany, leader of the second violin section; at right, back to camera, Alfred Wallenstein, first cellist.)

Toscanini in the History of Orchestral Performance

SR/RECORDINGS

THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS OF ARTURO TOSCANINI: Articles by *George Szell, Milton Katims, Nan Merriman, Robert C. Marsh, John W. Freeman, Irving Kolodin;* Bibliography by *Robert Jacobson*

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By GEORGE SZELL

THE FACT that a Centennial celebration honors not a composer but an interpreter is in itself testimony to his historic importance. What accounts for this extraordinary position? In trying to answer this question, I have drawn on recollections of Toscanini performances and rehearsals over a period of about twenty-five years, between 1929-37 in opera and concert in Europe, and from 1939 on in America.

Arturo Toscanini's impact on Central Europe—where I was born and raised—came relatively late, not until he brought the complete Scala ensemble to the Berlin Festivals in 1929. Legends had preceded him. He was the man who eclipsed Gustav Mahler at the Met, the man of whom Richard Strauss—no mean conductor himself when in the mood—had said, "After having seen him conduct, one would like to break that little stick to pieces and never touch one again."

I was able to hear only one of the Scala performances in Berlin. It was *Aïda* and was, for me, disappointing. The technical perfection and the continuity of musical thought we had expected, but I was struck by what seemed to me to be a certain coolness toward the work. Only later did I learn that *Aïda* was not among Toscanini's favorite later Verdi operas. I experienced the first real "Toscanini-shock" a year later when he brought the New York Philharmonic-Symphony (as it was then called) to Europe. I was fortunate enough to hear one of their concerts in Prague and one in Berlin. This was orchestral performance of a kind new to all of us. The clarity of texture; the precision of ensemble; the rightness of balances; the virtuosity of every section, every solo-player of the orchestra—then at its peak—in the service of an interpre-

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tative concept of evident, self-effacing integrity, enforced with irresistible will power and unflagging ardor, set new, undreamed-of standards literally overnight.

At the same time, we were baffled by certain aspects of interpretation, especially what seemed some relentlessly over-driven tempi (the Beethoven Seventh, second movement and Trio; *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Nocturne and Scherzo; Brahms-Haydn Variation No. 5; etc.). And yet, even while we remained sometimes unconvinced, we were forced to rethink, to re-evaluate habits and traditions under the spell of this man of iron self-discipline who asked of himself and his orchestra the impossible and succeeded in making it a reality.

Perhaps this is the moment to analyze the term "orchestral performance" and to distinguish its two main component parts: interpretation and execution. About the execution in Toscanini performances, all that can be said has already been said many times—except perhaps that in later years with the NBC Orchestra he was increasingly lenient about rhythmical details and tolerant of less than distinguished key players. About Toscanini's interpretations, however, not enough can be said. They have influenced all of us, whether we accepted them in every detail or not. Whether this influence was beneficial or dangerous depended on the personality of the one influenced. Too many contemporaries of Toscanini (conductors and instrumentalists alike) overlooked the difference between emulation and imitation, thus putting themselves in a strait jacket. From it some never escaped; others only slowly and painfully. In attempting to imitate the inimitable, these literalistic followers failed to recognize Toscanini's historic mission as the Great Purifier, his essential character as a truth seeker.

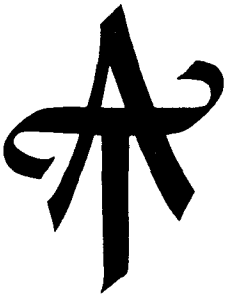
Toscanini appeared on the musical scene at a moment when the style of performance usually described by the cliché "romantic" had degenerated to mannerism and excess. Historically, this style was inaugurated by Richard Wagner in opposition to the foursquare time-beaters of his period (not only, as some think, to Mendelssohn and Berlioz) and handed down to my generation through Hans von Bülow, Richard Strauss, Mahler, Nikisch, and Furtwängler. Different as these great personalities were, they had one common characteristic: They interpreted the composer *subjectively* to the point of arbitrariness (and/or distortion). The appearance of Toscanini seemed a heaven-sent corrective, an antidote—even if the cure seemed sometimes a little drastic for the ailment. Spontaneous deviation from the preestablished plan became taboo, the "spur of the moment" was banned, and with it the grace of the moment.

Here I must confess to a furtive pipe dream of a composite conductor, combining the finest virtues of Toscanini and of Furtwängler as he was in the mid-Twenties, before idiosyncrasies degenerated into annoying mannerisms. Nevertheless, I feel that in the never-ending search for an ever-elusive "final" solution to the problem of interpretation, Toscanini was a historic necessity.

Almost at the same time, though he died two decades before, was another man who tried to counter those exaggerations. This was the very cultured and aristocratic Felix von Weingartner. His personality, however, was too smooth and superficial to leave a lasting mark. Also, he was too much a product of his Central European environment, whereas Toscanini, reared in Italian opera and therefore required to conquer the symphonic repertoire on his own, went to the source, to the text, more directly perhaps than had any other conductor known up to that time. That the letter of the text alone does not reveal everything and that it can be read in more ways than one is yet another matter—but as a point of departure it transcends all others.

HOW did Toscanini get his results; what were his methods; what was his so-called baton technique? Much too much attention has been paid to rehearsal gossip and anecdotes and not enough to the highly ethical character of Toscanini as a professional. He considered himself the advocate and servant of the composer; he never spared himself, not even during rehearsals; he was completely involved at every moment and rightfully demanded the same of the orchestra he conducted. In thinking back on many famous conductors who, sitting on their rehearsal stools, "took it easy" and just coasted through the better part of a rehearsal, I am inclined to see in his attitude part of Toscanini's secret. He neither sat nor coasted.

Basically, it seemed to me that his rehearsal method was not very efficient or methodical. I remember him at times balancing a wind chord with a clairvoyant ear, but I don't remember him being very articulate intellectually, and I rarely witnessed an analytical, verbalized instruction. He would sing a phrase,



berate the dull-minded or insensitive, ask angrily for the repeat of a whole section or movement (not always with improvement), and thereafter whip the orchestra into such a state of tension and fear that all of a sudden, magically, perhaps hypnotically, they did exactly his bidding without knowing how and why. It was the inexplicable and—once again—the inimitable. . . .

After his death it has become fashionable with some to speak disparagingly of his stick technique. I always found it deceptively simple, functional, completely appropriate in every moment to the music played, and exactly what he needed. Otherwise his performances would not have been what they were. It may not have had the rapier-like readiness for emergencies bred into the old Central European-trained opera conductor who, being schooled in the changing repertory system, had to be instantly ready for contingencies arising in poorly rehearsed performances or those not rehearsed at all.

On the other hand, he did not need that kind of technique, because in his meticulously prepared performances everything went the way he wanted and the danger of emergencies was minimal. But such strength also had inbred weakness, as I witnessed during a *Magic Flute* performance in Salzburg in 1937. There were a few anxious moments when the Queen of the Night slowed down during one of the runs in her first aria. Toscanini did not give a millimeter, and they remained apart for fully five bars. Any *routinier* could have fixed the matter in a bar and a half, but he could not have conceived such a *Magic Flute* as Toscanini's. I can remember nothing similar during his Salzburg *Falstaff* in the same years—perhaps the most unforgettable of all the memorable Toscanini performances I know.

Regarding this period, I must say that those who knew Toscanini only from his performances with the NBC Orchestra and never heard him with the New York Philharmonic, the Vienna Philharmonic, or the BBC Symphony during those earlier years can have but a very incomplete idea of his real greatness. Not only was Toscanini then at the very height of his powers, but his collaboration with those orchestras in public performances with live audiences seemed to inspire him more. The artificial, antiseptic atmosphere of Studio 8H with its small, invited audience; and the NBC Orchestra—which, at its best, was rather the finest collection of virtuosic players money could assemble, not an orchestra in the sense of an integrated organism—left more than a little to be desired.

At Bayreuth, too, in the Thirties, Toscanini produced performances of *Tannhäuser* and *Parsifal* which stick in my mind as vastly superior to all of his

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concert-opera performances of the NBC years. Not many people know that in 1931 members of the Bayreuth Festival Orchestra clocked Toscanini's tempi and found that the timing of his last *Parsifal* was twenty-one minutes faster than that of the first. Even Toscanini was not too rigid for self-correction—which means that those who copied the tempi of his first *Parsifal* as gospel truth proved themselves fools.

It is commonly claimed that Toscanini always wanted everything played and sung *com'è scritto*. But I remember well—to name only a few instances—his sudden, nowhere-indicated tempo changes in the *Coriolan* Overture, which structurally seems to demand more unity of tempo than most other Beethoven overtures; and the famous quarrel with Ravel, whose *Boléro* is based on the calculated hypnosis of sixteen minutes of dance music in the same monotonous rhythm and same tempo, and which Toscanini accelerated with the crescendo—contrary to the expressed idea of the composer. And when asked by Lotte Lehmann in Salzburg to transpose her aria in *Fidelio* a half-tone down, why did he not transpose the whole piece from the beginning instead of starting the transposition in the middle of the recitative, recomposing one of the most poignant Beethovenian psychological modulations and converting it into Cherubinian conventionality?

Perhaps these regrettable deviations of a great man are meant to teach a wholesome and humbling lesson to the rest of us, to remind us that there are no safe, foolproof formulas for the solution of interpretive problems—no sure recipes for the correct ratio between the performer's initiative and his fidelity to the composer and the text. While this fidelity should be a principal consideration, it will be sterile if not pursued with that blend of instinct, intellect, intuition, and imagination without which great performances cannot happen. This blend Toscanini at his best possessed incomparably, and his great example of combining reverence for the composer with passion and projective power will, I believe, remain with us for generations—beyond the changing styles, fashions, and fads in musical interpretation.

And even those of my highly gifted younger colleagues who have never seen nor heard Toscanini will act in his spirit if they substitute self-criticism for self-infatuation, and, when faced with an interpretative task, do not ask themselves, "What can *I* do with this piece"; but "What does the *composer* want me to do with this piece?"

What we are celebrating on this occasion is not, really, a mortal man, but the immortality of an attitude in the never-ending search for solution of the problem of interpretation.

Toscanini as Mentor and Teacher

By MILTON KATIMS

MY CLOSE ASSOCIATION with Toscanini began when I joined the NBC Symphony in 1943. I had been playing a Sunday series of solo viola recitals for the Mutual Broadcasting Company when I heard that there was an opening on the first viola desk of the Toscanini orchestra. I phoned the personnel manager at NBC and told him that I wanted very much to play for Maestro, and he promised to put my name forward. The very next day I was called and told that I had been accepted without an audition because Toscanini already knew my playing—he had been tuning in on many of my broadcasts. Naturally, I was elated.

At the first rehearsal of the NBC Symphony in the fall I sat with violist Carlton Cooley and awaited the first sight from this new, wonderful vantage point of Maestro, who was to begin the rehearsal at 10 a.m. He strode quickly onstage, precisely on time. Although my heart was beating pretty fast, I remember being overwhelmed as much by the powerful cologne he was using as by the fact that I was finally sitting right under the nose of my great idol. Maestro was an extremely fastidious person—he perspired profusely when he conducted. Beads of perspiration would form and glisten on his forehead, then become tiny rivulets as they slowly found their way down to the tip of his nose, where each drop hung poised for a moment before dropping to the floor in front of the podium. By the end of a rehearsal or a concert, there would be a veritable pool between us. Maestro used a strong lavender-citron scent. On this very special morning, I think that as this strong fragrance pervaded my nostrils, it distracted me completely from having any feeling of nervousness. I became absorbed so quickly in making music with him that I soon felt quite at ease, as though I had been playing viola under his baton for years.

His way of approaching a work seemed so right to me that I was swept along with him immediately. During the first intermission that day I chatted with a wind player who told me how nervous he had been at his first rehearsal with Toscanini — and how the "Old Man" made him play well in spite of himself. He mentioned the first movement of a

—*Collection of Walter Toscanini.*

Toscanini leaving Berlin en route to Italy—"Arturo Toscanini's impact on Central Europe . . . came relatively late, not until he brought the complete Scala ensemble to the Berlin Festival in 1928. . . ."

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—Bettmann Archive.

"? ? ?"

symphony in which he had twenty measures' rest before an important solo passage for his instrument. As the moment for his entrance drew nearer and nearer —five—four—three—two—he grew more and more apprehensive. One measure before his solo he glanced up and found Maestro looking at him with the most intense and compelling expression he had ever seen on a human face. Before he realized it, he was playing beautifully—almost as if some invisible hypnotic hand had reached out and drawn the sounds from his instrument.

I am often asked just how Toscanini achieved the miraculous music-making he drew from an orchestra. Uppermost in my mind, at such times, is the tremendous personal magnetism of the man —the sort that occurs but once in centuries. Alexander the Great must have had it. Napoleon, too. Great religious leaders like Moses and Jesus must have had it. From the moment Toscanini stepped on the podium you immediately felt this magnetic force—his piercing eyes, the fiercely intense musical will, the sense of drama inherent in both him and his music-making that compelled you to do precisely what he wanted. He was able, always, to inspire and draw forth performances well above the normal capabilities of both instrumentalists and singers.

With Toscanini, playing viola—an instrument that seldom has the leading voice but which most of the time plays a secondary line with antiphonal rhythms —was an uncanny experience. With his right hand and baton obviously concerned with the leading voice, from somewhere in his movements—whether in his elbow, his shoulder, or his head—I sensed that I could see my own viola part. Toscanini was the answer to a string player's dream. Whether it was because he himself had been a cellist early in his career, or because he had a naturally flowing physical coordination, Maestro seemed to use his baton almost like a bow. For me, it was vivid proof of my conviction that there is a definite affinity between bow and baton. The character and texture of every moment of the music were unmistakably limned from the beginning of each beat to the next. Each phrase within the long line that he carried from the start to the very end of a work reflected or rather, was, the breath of life—the breath of a singer —in and out, and for me (playing the viola right in front of him) the sweep and stroke of each bow—up and down.

The bowing and markings that he himself so often put into the first-desk parts (I could always recognize his very distinctive hand-writing) put us squarely on the path to the realization of his musical concepts. But, of course, the notes themselves and his markings were but the first step on that path. I realized this full well when I was playing the viola under his baton. And now, with baton instead of bow in my own right hand, I appreciate even more the incredible genius of Toscanini—drawing forth vital and vivid performances from singers and instrumentalists alike. The two most important words in his musical vocabulary were *canta* and *vita*. How often I heard those words and how often I use them now, as a conductor myself.

There was nothing of the pedagogue about Toscanini. Training an orchestra or working with a second-rate orchestra were facets of conducting for which he would have had absolutely no patience. He never actually analyzed a phrase for us, though he would suggest a different bowing, or the use of another part of the bow. Whenever he wanted to make us understand his concept of a work, his approach was always an instinctive one. Either his expressive baton outlined and illuminated the contour of a phrase—or he simply sang it. His standards were always perfection. There was never any "half-way" with Toscanini.

MANY people think that Maestro was a complete purist—that he adhered strictly to the printed page—but the printed score was only the beginning. Reading between and behind the notes, instinctively sensing the composer's intent, employing a *rubato* (elasticity of rhythm) so subtle that the listener was almost never aware of it—were all aspects of Toscanini's genius for re-creation. And in his efforts to achieve crystalline clarity, no matter how complex the scoring—to hear everything he saw on the printed page—Maestro made judicious changes in dynamics and phrasing as well as subtle instrumental emendations.

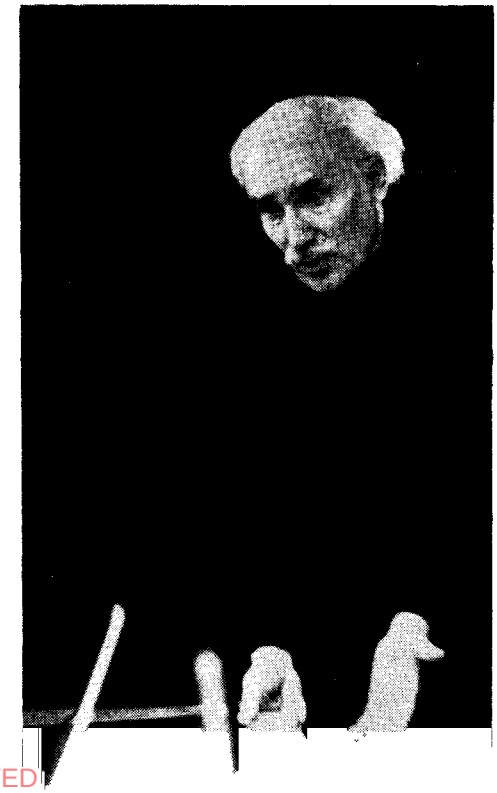
Much of the time these changes were really an updating of the scoring, probably just what the same composer would do today, given the present capabilities of certain instruments. (A typical instance of this is an exciting climactic passage in the finale of the Brahms First, where the composer makes effective use of the tympani, trumpets, and trombones just before the recapitulation of the main theme. But when this same passage returns later, a major third lower, Brahms had to omit these instruments because of the key change. Maestro simply added them.) These alterations were but a part of Toscanini's constant search for the truth beyond the printed page—the truth, as he saw or heard it.

The "Old Man's" ear for balance was fantastic. He would listen carefully to a chord and then decide exactly what was needed to make it *sound* (like a gourmet chef seasoning a delectable dish to his taste)—a bit more second bassoon, a little less third horn. Then he would play the chord again and it now sounded like a cluster of beautifully matched gems.

ANOTHER great facet of Maestro's genius was his making us feel that no matter how many times we might have played a work, this was the *first* time we were playing it, the *first* time we were really hearing it. He was constantly restudying his scores, so no matter how many times he had conducted a work, *this* was the definitive performance. When we had finished recording the Beethoven Ninth in 1952, and as we sat onstage listening to the final playback, Maestro quietly said to me: "I have conducted this symphony for fifty years. Fifty years! And, finally, I think I understand something!" Yes, this is why his performances always had such freshness and spontaneity. Each one was a living

The last recourse.

—Bettmann Archive.



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experience — not merely a repetition. When the recreative artist seems to be revealing the true inner content of a work for the first time, he is capturing the very essence of creativity.

Because Toscanini came to each rehearsal with the expectation of immediately hearing the perfection of sound that was in his own mind, there were bound to be violent explosions of temperament. These, of course, became legendary, but on occasion Maestro could show quite a bit of patience, considering his Italianate background. If he felt that the musicians were giving of their best in every way, or were aware of their own shortcomings, he held his fire. I remember making a stupid, obviously wrong entrance during one of the Carnegie broadcasts. When the "Old Man" whipped around and saw my own fury at my stupidity, his eyes softened momentarily, as if to say, "Don't worry. I know you feel badly." But he had no patience with laziness, and simply could not abide musical sluggishness. He gave unstintingly of himself, and if he sensed that we were not matching his efforts, he became literally inflamed with anger. "Don't sleep!" he would scream—"Give to me, I give everything to you!"

ONCE, in such circumstances, he looked at all of us sitting near him as if to see what our reactions were. We sat with poker faces, not daring to move a muscle. Finally, his eye lit on one player who had a kind of questioning, appraising expression on his face, which rather belied his true character. Maestro stared at him in complete silence for almost a minute, while the man turned more and more scarlet. Finally Maestro said to him, "Why do you look at me this way? You are astonished? You think I am crazy? No! Sensitive, yes—crazy, no. Do not look at me this way!"

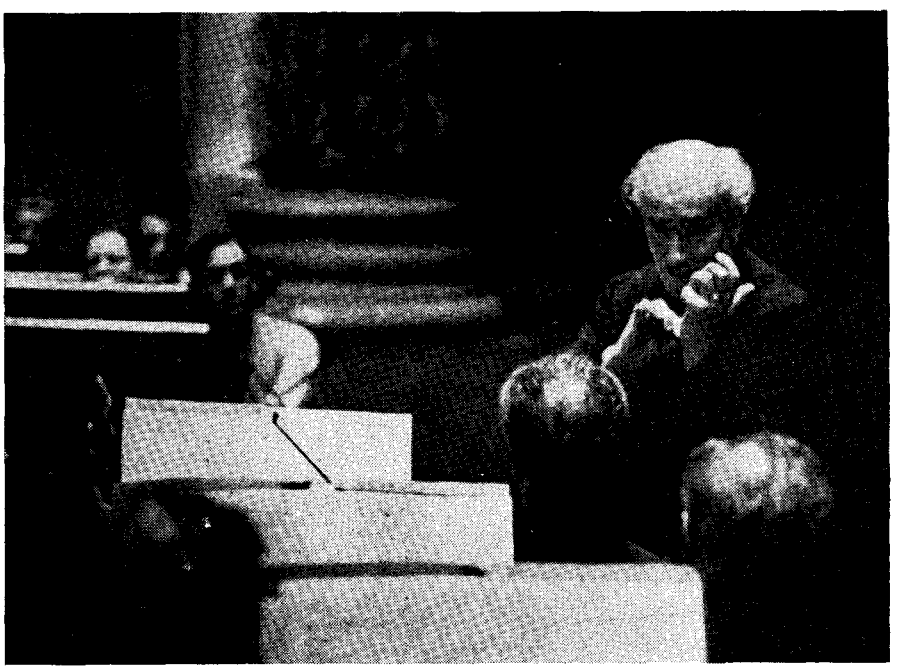
The first time I guest-conducted the NBC Symphony at one of its summer broadcasts, I had conferred with Maestro a number of times in his home in Riverdale, and he had attended all of my rehearsals. After the first rehearsal, he questioned me about the way I had conducted a passage in a particular symphony. I told him, quite frankly, that the measure in question had puzzled me and that I had listened to an air-check record of his performance made two or three years earlier. He was way ahead of me. "And I did that?" he asked. I nodded. "If I did that, I was stupid."

Toscanini came to this first NBC Symphony broadcast of mine and hovered over me backstage like a mother hen to put me completely at ease. When I asked him if he were going to sit out in front, he answered, "But I have no ticket!" I felt like saying, "Are you kidding?" But, instead, I called one of the NBC executives to guide him to a seat in the balcony of studio 8H. I heard later that at the end of the broadcast, Maestro nudged this gentleman (as well as the man on his other side) and said, "Applaud—applaud!" My greatest thrill was when he came backstage and embraced me. I started to explain about little details that had gone wrong. "Ah, my dear," he mused, "something always happens."

A year after he retired, I visited him in his beautiful chateau-like home in Riverdale on the Hudson. "Maestro," I greeted him as he embraced me. "how happy I am to see you." His eyes filled with tears. "Don't call me Maestro — there is no more Maestro." For all of us who knew and worked with him, there was and always will be, but deep in my heart I knew what he meant. Without his music—without his great orchestra—the spark that gave his life its true meaning was no more. How fortunate we are to have shared some of his golden moments on this earth! In the words of Jan Peerce, "He will not pass our way again."

—Bettmann Archive.

With the NBC Symphony in Studio 8H.



—RCA Victor Records.

"He would suggest another bowing, or the use of another part of the bow. . . ."

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A SINGER'S VIEW OF TOSCANINI

By NAN MERRIMAN

TO CAST my mind back nearly twenty-five years and recall exact conversations isn't one of my specialities. I can't do it. But what I can do is remember vividly my feelings. After all, meeting Arturo Toscanini was the greatest single event in my life; I'm hardly likely to forget any of it.

I was twenty-three years old when, in 1943, he heard me singing with his NBC Symphony. It was a fifteen-minute broadcast—the first I had ever made—and it was part of my reward for winning the first prize in the NFMC (National Federation of Music Clubs) biannual contest for young musicians. Until then, they must count as the most important fifteen minutes I ever spent. Maestro liked what he heard and sent word to the studio that he desired a private audition. A few days later, he and his son, Walter, came down from Riverdale to the NBC studios, where I was waiting for him. With some forethought I had inquired of a studio official what sort of aria I should sing, and upon being informed that in two months Maestro was planning an all-Verdi program for a special Treasury Department broadcast, I decided upon the great Eboli aria from *Don Carlos* ("O don fatale!"). Artur Balsam, who was then a member of the NBC Symphony, had kindly consented to accompany me. My musical sophistication at the time was such that I had learned this aria as printed in a book of Collected Arias for Mezzo-Soprano—the editor of which had kindly transposed down the entire scene one-and-a-half tones.

The great moment arrived. I was nearly overcome with joy—and no little reassured to observe that my idol was wearing a bright red cravat in honor of the May sunshine pouring down outside. Balsam began the piano introduction and I got out the first phrase when Maestro jumped up from his seat, rushed to the piano, crying "*Non è giusto!*"—pushed Balsam from the bench, and began the accompaniment in its original key, motioning me to begin. I literally sang for my (artistic) life. Somehow I summoned nerve enough to sing that aria through. Maestro liked it and believed in me enough to engage me then and there for his Verdi program. But the point is that *he* carried *me* through that audition. He had that sort of magic.

Maestro was a great believer in piano rehearsals with his artists. For weeks before the first orchestra rehearsal, Maestro would prepare his soloists privately. In the spring of 1950—just before beginning a six-week coast-to-coast tour with his NBC Symphony—we began preparations for the broadcast performance of Verdi's *Falstaff*. My notebooks indicate that our piano rehearsals averaged six hours a day for six weeks. That was for all ten singers and, of course, Maestro. NBC, thinking to spare him the arduous work of accompanying these marathon rehearsals, had engaged a fine Italian conductor for the task, but my recollection is that the gentleman spent more time off the piano bench than on it—Maestro was at the keyboard, a very happy man. In a way, I suppose, it was easier for him to play than to listen. When *he* played he obtained precisely his shading of tempo, precisely the *forte* or *piano* he wanted—one less cue to give. He was a marvelous pianist, I thought. Not a great flashing technique or bravura-style power-player—but he made me hear the orchestral part when he played the accompaniments. His powers of evocation were enormous.

All this was a rather stunning contrast to the methods of another conductor with whom I later sang the same opera. Finding piano rehearsals rather dull, he held none at all—until he tried the finale. That Fugue, with its ten solo entrances, chorus, and orchestra, apparently changed his mind. He had one piano rehearsal.

—*U.S. Government.*

Maestro at the keyboard —"a very happy man."

I suppose Toscanini's happiest rehearsal times were the first orchestra readings of the various operas and concert works he performed, utilizing chorus and soloists. Piano rehearsals were necessary evils and—at times—marvelous. But when he had his first run-through with the orchestra of *Otello*, *Falstaff*, Beethoven's Ninth, or *Missa* — *then* he was truly in his element. He got to sing *all* the parts, give *all* the cues; then *all* the phrasings were *just* right. When it was an Italian work the enunciation was flawless—all the double consonants were glitteringly produced—the *piano* phrases were really soft, the *fortissimi* truly thundered.

ONE thing which infuriated him was the lack of attention many singers gave to the written notation of their scores. If Verdi took the time and trouble to write in the admonition *ff . . . tutta forza*, surely we *ignoranti* could read? When the sign *pp* appeared, why did the stupid singer persist in a pedestrian *mf*? Imprecations rent the air. One piece of splendid advice he gave singers frequently: When your part is written *pianissimo*—sing as softly as possible but pronounce *forte*—articulate with the greatest care (a piece of advice I took to heart and which later proved of immeasurable help in performances of French song literature).

Toscanini held unique rehearsals. No time was wasted on socializing or "getting together." When a work called for several soloists, we began working as soon as everyone was in the room. Until then, as the group gathered—and the tension!—we all more or less tried to be invisible. We were there to work. It was wonderfully amusing to me, a debutante, to observe world-famous operatic personalities trying *not* to attract attention. One of my colleagues, not particularly known as the shy-violet type, seemed actually to shrink in size as he sat there—no mean feat considering his space displacement. He was experiencing the My-God-What-If-He-Asks-Me-Something-I-Don't-Know Syndrome. We all felt it.

Over an eleven-year period, I must have attended hundreds of rehearsals with Maestro. While our musical association developed into the happiest of friendships once the rehearsals were over, during working hours there was no quarter given. This was his invariable

(*Continued on page* 81)

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TOSCANINI AND THE RECORDING MACHINE

By ROBERT C. MARSH

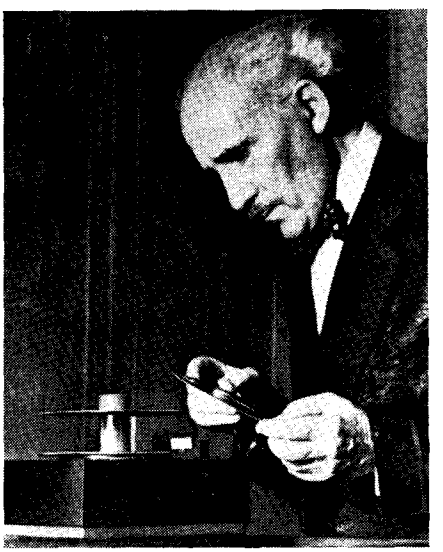
THE PARADOX of recording, as seen by Arthur Schnabel, was that the machine was not good enough but in some respects it was too good. It was quite equal to preserving niggling errors of technique and obvious false notes which no artist willingly bestows upon an anonymous posterity. It was unequal to presenting the full range of color and sonority, the dynamic scale, spaciousness, clarity, and impact that distinguish a live musical statement. A performance for the machine had to be calculated with regard for the limitations of the means by which the machine heard music and remembered it, and the machine could be a great leveler.

Few conductors who made orchestral recordings by the acoustical method found much pleasure either in the process or the result. Leopold Stokowski rebelled and began what has proved to be a lifelong interest in the reproduction of sound. Arturo Toscanini was a more elemental musical force. His mechanical aptitude was practically nil. His knowledge of mathematics and science was slight. He did not understand how records were made and did not wish to learn. He wanted to hear something he could accept as a likeness of himself at work, and he responded to these proffered likenesses with a complete interaction of ear, heart, and mind. The outcome was not coldly rational. One can question whether he ever acquired an objective approach to the analysis and appraisal of his recorded performances, whether they were the acoustical product of 1920 or the professed high-fidelity disc of thirty-five years later. Some horribly flawed records appeared with Toscanini's approval, and some of his most interesting work was held back—often because of minor failings.

For a number of years Toscanini accepted—although not without protest—a level of engineering considerably below the best provided Koussevitzky, Stokowski, and others in the same period. What Toscanini was unable to grasp was that some of the failings were of his own making, due in part to his willingness to record in a broadcasting studio instead of a distinguished concert room, and the captious quality of his relationship to recording engineers and their product. A final irony is that Toscanini stopped making records precisely at a point that ensured rapid obsolescence for his efforts. Although taped experimentally in stereo, the greater part of his output consists of monophonic, medium-fi material. This a mass audience was inclined to set aside for less interesting work by other conductors who were able to profit from superior recording technique. Had Toscanini led even one stereo recording session in 1955, his whole recorded legacy might be changed by the availability of a few stunning likenesses of his work that could compete in a multi-channel medium.

As things are, the enjoyment of Toscanini recordings makes demands upon the imagination and, for those who possess it, upon the memory of the distinctive sound of his orchestra in live performances. With a background of this type, there is not a Toscanini disc that does not contain things of interest (although some of the extensively doctored editions are to be avoided). Without such prerequisites, one may simply hear another old record—and the magic may prove elusive.

FOR half his career Toscanini avoided making any records at all. Even during his eleven seasons with the New York Philharmonic, when he was at the peak of his influence and artistic power, he made only two batches of records (in the late 1920s and in 1936). He then declared he could not grasp how anyone could derive genuine musical satisfaction from listening to them, a remark that requires the understanding that Toscanini did not hear them played as well as we can today. He seems to have been more tolerant of his series from 1935-39 with the BBC Symphony, discs that contain some of the best likenesses of his work from before World War II.



—*RCA Victor Records.*

Toscanini with a 45 rpm disc—"What he does not know and understand, he fears and hates. . . ."

When his association with the NBC Symphony began in 1937 it was hoped there would be a steady flow of Toscanini records to complement the national impact of the Toscanini broadcasts; and, indeed, his output increased, although many of his most successful efforts were not the product of the recording session but were made under the more relaxed conditions of a broadcast concert. When mastering changed from disc to tape, many problems were eased, and eventually there were high-fidelity productions which the Old Man said he really liked; but it was a long and difficult road, and the stay at the summit was too short.

Toscanini made his first records in 1920. The orchestra was that of La Scala, but the event took place in a Camden, New Jersey, church the Victor company used as a studio for large performing groups. These sessions of its American tour, which produced sixteen single-faced records in ten working days, were pure unmitigated misery for Toscanini, although by the standards of the times he achieved above average results. He would have nothing further to do with the recording horn. With the arrival of the microphone and the electrical cutting head, he was persuaded to try again during his first Philharmonic season, and he recorded in 1926 and 1929. Again he was dissatisfied, although the results were good in terms of the available technology.

Victor tried various methods to please him. Toscanini's whole artistic approach was directed toward a performance with a long line that provided unbroken continuity of development, an effect that was difficult to achieve if the music had to be divided into four-minute takes and was even more elusive if a segment that was satisfactory in nearly all respects had to be recut to correct minor errors. An experiment with optical recording on photographic film promised extended time, plus some ability to splice and make corrections, but the results were not of satisfactory quality and were never released. At Salzburg in 1937, engineers preserved complete Toscanini opera performances on the Selenophone,

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a device that cut a vertical recording into acetate film. Again the quality was unexceptional, although these historic performances deserve to be heard. (They have been transferred to tape.)

The only real solution was to set up a battery of recording machines, divide the score into segments, and have the engineers make the breaks as the orchestra played on. For Toscanini's historic Philadelphia sessions of 1942 the normal array of recording gear was set up in quadruplicate. In fact, Toscanini was never mentally prepared to make a record: What he gave the engineers was a performance, and it was their task to record it as best they could.

Charles O'Connell, Victor's recording director until 1944, observed of Toscanini that "what he does not know and understand, he fears and hates." In practical terms, if Toscanini were to produce recordings in any quantity, his alienation from the phonograph had to be ended by providing him an opportunity to hear his discs with maximum musical force. Playback equipment of professional quality was introduced to his home, replacing the console set of the day, and a multiple speaker system with a dozen drivers simulated the immersion in sound the Maestro was accustomed to hearing on the podium. Toscanini still was not fully content, especially when engineering standards limited dynamics and low bass to what the ordinary phonograph could handle, but he was becoming more interested.

THE effort to improve Toscanini discs made significant gains when tape mastering was introduced late in 1949, facilitating corrections and (after the decline of the 45 rpm classical record) making continuous recording a normal practice. In 1951 all Toscanini recording moved from Studio 8H, with its notorious short reverberation period of sixtenths of a second, to Carnegie Hall, with its ample sonorities. The symbol of victory was the 1952 recording of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, an album that met the current standards of high fidelity and received the nearest thing to Toscanini's complete approval.

His irascible qualities remained, however. In his final season he led a single recording session (to repair a couple of operas), and stereo experiments as well as monophonic tapes had to be made within the limitations imposed by performance and rehearsal conditions. The Toscanini records that were best technically were already behind him in the early months of 1953 that produced the Mussorgsky *Pictures at an Exhibition* and the Dvořák *New World* Symphony, both later reprocessed for stereo. The two-channel Dvořák, although faulty in places, is still the best approximation we

(*Continued on page* 71)

THE MAESTRO IN RIVERDALE

By JOHN W. FREEMAN

IT IS a hundred years since Arturo Toscanini's birth, and ten since his death. So much has been written about him as a musician that I would like to remember him in a more personal way—as a neighbor in Riverdale, New York.

Riverdale, on the northwestern fringe of metropolitan New York, has been home to many musicians—Elisabeth Rethberg, Béla Bartók, Emmerich Kálmán. In the early 1940s when Maestro Toscanini moved there with his family, I was only in my teens, but old enough to realize how little a famous man wants to be bothered by admirers. We did eventually meet, because for four years the Maestro rented my parents' house, Wave Hill, where part of his *Hymn of the Nations* was filmed. Our few meetings in the years that followed stand out for the brief, informal glimpses they gave into a personality that one had heard so much about.

Much of what one had heard, while not exactly false, was less than enough, because the magnetism of this personality could be felt only in a direct, personal way. If you write about vitality, humility, or honesty you find yourself writing about the qualities rather than the person, and they become clichés. Words like "great" and "genius" lead you astray: Worse than meaning nothing, they stand in the way of meaning, like a press agent trying to answer an interviewer's questions addressed to his client.

Maestro Toscanini was a symphony composed of unlikely themes. His phobia toward cameramen and publicity was well known, but he loved recognition and the first thing he would ask after a concert was, "Did you like it?" He made faces at the mention of newspapers, but if you told him you had written an article, he would politely insist on reading every word. And though he denied it, he read the critics. Once, after the premiere of a William Schuman symphony, he reeled off the various opinions —Olin Downes said this, Thomson said that, "and you can like the music or not, but certainly it's a serious piece of work."

Seriousness mattered most to him. For that reason I was surprised by the Maestro's willingness to look over a student piece I had composed. I offered him a copy the way you might send a greeting card, thinking he would give it no more than a civil glance. Instead, he scrutinized the score for what seemed like hours in an agony of concentration, then put it down and went to the piano, where he discussed every point from memory. He found a few kind words ("not bad") for some of the phrases and transitions, but his face clouded when he came to the end, where the first and second themes were played simultaneously. There was a bar where the harmonization of the two themes could not be made to coincide. "It sounds modern," he said, "but it doesn't sound good. Not because of the dissonance, but because it makes no sense. You put it this way to be clever. It would be more clever to invent something new, something right for this place."

You hear a great deal about the Maestro's harshness, but there was no lack of tact in this criticism, any more than there was evasion. Some years later, when we met again, he asked, "How are you, young man—still in love with music?" No professional could address a dilettante more kindly. And one could argue with the Maestro. When he disliked a piece, as he did Berg's *Wozzeck*, he would say, "No, my dear, it's not

At Verdi's funeral in Milan, 1901—Toscanini conducting public ceremonial.

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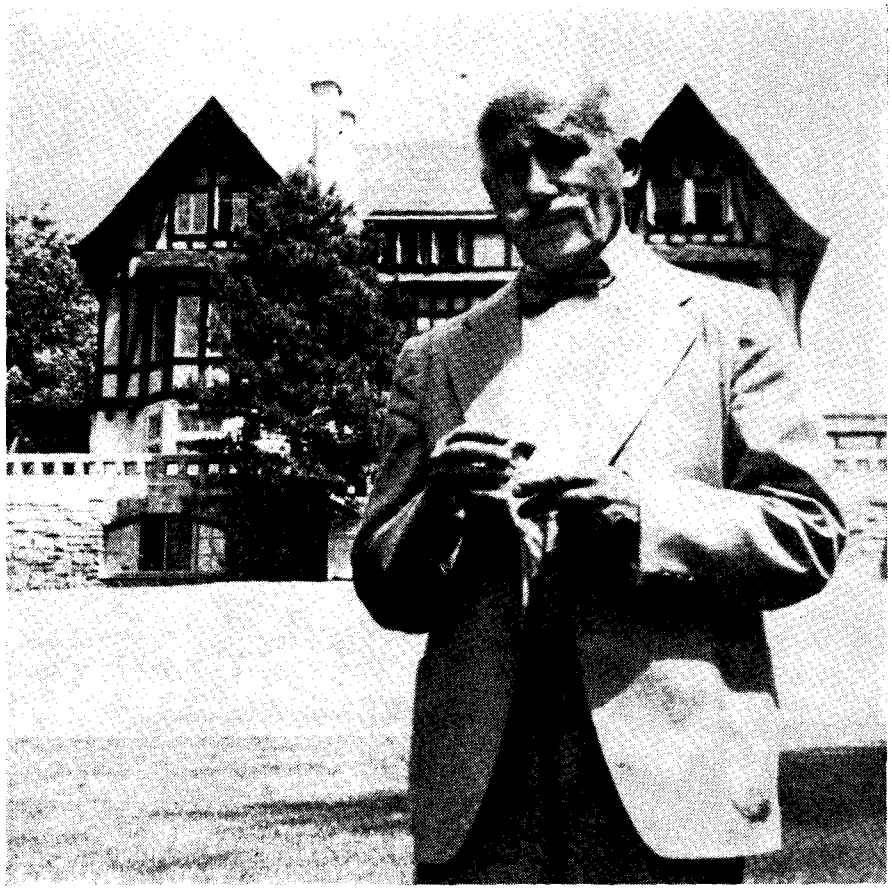
music. Real music is singing, from the heart." But then he would look up sharply and ask, "Do *you* like it? Why?"

Once I felt he responded to my feelings about a piece. It was the Sixth Symphony by the Swedish composer Kurt Atterberg, which won the Schubert Centennial competition in 1928. The symphony had been roughly received in some quarters at the time, but when I heard the recording on WQXR I liked it, as indeed I still do. When I mentioned this to the Maestro, he asked to see the score, and some months later he surprised me, at boarding school, by announcing the symphony for one of his NBC broadcasts (November 21, 1943). He wouldn't have done it if he hadn't found enough there to interest him; but then, he wouldn't have done it without my having showed him the score, either. When he returned it, he apologized for his pencil markings. "I did my best to erase them," he said, "but I was in a hurry, and my eyes are no good. I'm afraid you must erase the rest yourself."

AMONG the markings was one about Beecham's incorrect opening tempo in the recording—no comment, just the metronome number written under the composer's. Toscanini was desolate that he couldn't dig up anywhere a copy of a European recording conducted by Atterberg himself. But seventeen years later, when I located the composer in Stockholm and sent him a tape of the NBC broadcast, he wrote back, "I was deeply moved. An excellent performance—clear, and exactly in the tempi as I like to hear it."

Though the Maestro's remarks about other conductors could not be called indulgent, he always seemed to me to be extremely fair. About Koussevitzky's recording of *Also Sprach Zarathustra* he said simply, "It's good." Praise apparently struck him as beside the point; if something is all right, why restate the obvious? Most often he would judge the work of others with the same critical disappointment that he applied to his own. ("Reiner is a fine musician, but the first part of his record of *La Mer* is no good.")

Visiting a few NBC Symphony rehearsals was a special privilege of being Toscanini's neighbor. Usually they were final rehearsals, at which there was not much nonsense; his tantrums had been staged at the preceding sessions. I was struck by his exquisite patience with the English horn soloist in the "Dance of the Reed Flutes" from the *Nutcracker Suite*; after repeated exhortations to inflect the phrase, the man played it always the same way, and Toscanini apparently decided that the instrument would not be able to do what he wanted, so he let it pass. In a thunderous climax of Verdi's *Te Deum*, he stopped to bawl out the chorus for not making the right kind of *ritardando*. "Sorry, Maestro," someone said, "it wasn't written in our score." I remembered how Verdi had congratulated the young Toscanini for making that same *ritardando*, saying he had forgotten to write it down but that Toscanini had guessed his intention correctly.



—*Photo by Walter Toscanini.*

"I like to remember him . . . as a neighbor in Riverdale. . . ." In the background, the Villa Pauline.

In Don Gillis's NBC Radio Network series, *Toscanini—the Man Behind the Legend*, Ben Grauer always ends by asking his guests how they would sum up Toscanini. They inevitably fall back on platitude, though some flashes emerge. Stumbling over the same question, I would quote Robert C. Marsh: "Toscanini was a fanatic." He had that rare combination, the will plus the way: the drive toward what he wanted to hear from the score, implemented by the physical and intellectual toughness to keep after it. There was no daydreaming or philosophizing in his work, as you often find in musicians of the German school; but those who thought him a simple *contadino* didn't know the man who translated Shakespeare's sonnets into rhymed Italian for his own pleasure, who loved fine books and paintings as well as televised prize fights.

For Toscanini, above all, music was really living, with all the suffering and sweat and joyful purification that come from working as hard as you can for what you really believe in. Off the podium, he nearly always talked of a performance as something that could have been done better. But this never prevented him from going out there and trying again.

One day I stopped to call on him, at his suggestion, and found to my surprise that for once no member of the household was there to "protect" him from conversation. He spoke of works that interested him for the NBC broadcasts. Strauss's *Symphonia Domestica*—what did I think of it? The double fugue is interesting. Everybody knows that Strauss, the man, is a pig, but he's a good musician. At length I asked the Maestro how he liked his latest album, the Brahms Second Concerto with Horowitz. In spite of his dislike for recordings, didn't he think it was pretty good? "I don't know," he said sadly. "I'm afraid to listen to it."

Afterward, as was his custom, he saw his visitor to the front door, though it was midwinter. "Come back inside, Maestro, it's cold!" someone called from the stairs inside. "People treat me like an old man," he scoffed, waving off the solicitude. "Goodbye. Come again. And don't forget to study scores. Haydn first, then Beethoven, then Strauss. Everything is there. You can have the best teachers, but those are better!"

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THE GENESIS OF THE INEXPLICABLE

By IRVING KOLODIN

THE FORMULATION of the title should leave little doubt that it is not the hope, or even the presumption, of these sentences to answer the riddle of what made Arturo Toscanini, born in Parma on March 25, 1867, the greatest conductor of his time and possibly the most influential, in action and reaction, who ever lived. It is, rather, a collation of some fundamental facts with certain illuminating anecdotes that will, together, provide a basis for speculation and reflection.

The most basic facts are well known. He was the son of a tailor. He was sent to the Parma Conservatory at an early age (nine), not alone because he had musical talent but also because the school provided for a nine-year course, board included, thus relieving the family breadwinner of another mouth to feed. Toscanini would have preferred the violin, but was assigned to the cello. He absorbed everything he was taught and more. He taught himself to play the piano (badly, as he always regretted). In 1885, aged eighteen, he was graduated with these marks: cello, 160 out of 160; composition, 50 out of 50.

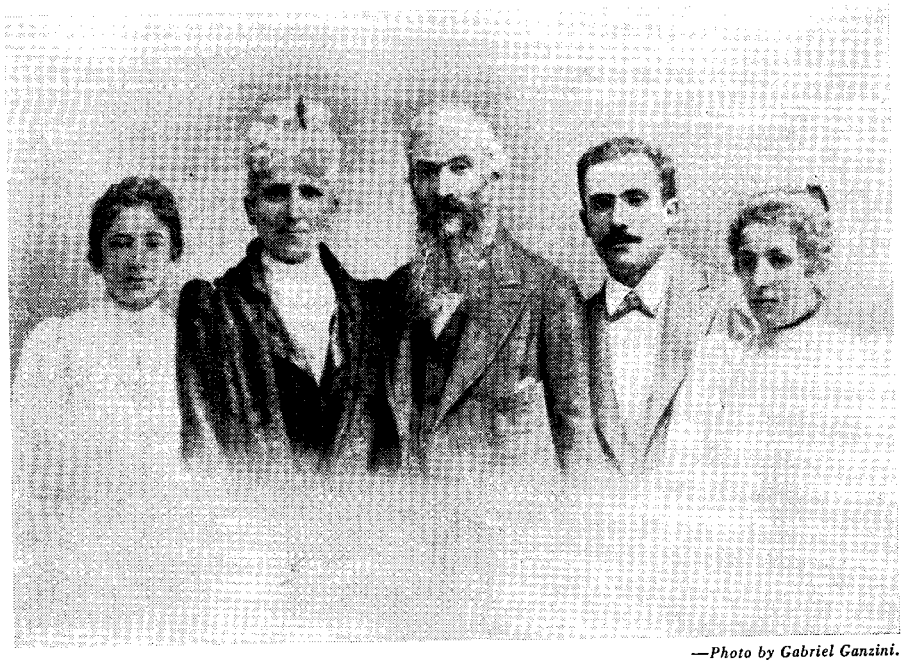
At various times during his student days and in the year that followed, he played in the orchestra of the Reggio, Parma's famous home of the opera. The Parmegiani, it is widely known, are fanatics on the subject of opera, and the stories told of audience attention to, and participation in, the performances of the Reggio are legion. One of the most famous concerns the tenor who performed an aria badly, but was nevertheless encored. When another indifferent rendition raised cries of "*Bis*" ("Again"), he looked around in helpless amazement. Then, from the proverbial back row, spoke Vox Populi: "You'll sing it till you know it." It is from this and countless other tales of Parma's intransigence in matters operatic—the time, for instance, the whole audience joined in prompting, vocally, a Gilda who went astray in *Rigoletto*—that arises the characterization of Toscanini as the quintessential product not only of its Conservatory but also its institution of higher musical learning, the Reggio.

This is informative, provocative, and suggestive—but hardly conclusive. Still eighteen, he was recruited early in 1886 for the famous expedition to South America. The embellished legend is that he was picked out, in an emergency, to conduct *Aïda* in Rio because of a kind of intuition among his fellow musicians that he could "save the situation." The unembellished truth is that he had already performed some rehearsal functions aboard ship en route and there was sound reason for his colleagues to believe that he knew the score well enough to keep the situation in hand. By the end of the season, according to Filippo Sacchi in the volume entitled *The Magic Baton* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1957), he had conducted sixteen operas. Howard Taubman, in *The Maestro,* identifies the number as eighteen, and cites *Il Trovatore, La Giocconda, Favorita,* and *Faust* as typical of the repertory.

Nevertheless, when he returned to Italy, Toscanini also returned to the pit as a player, to earn a living (and to help support his family). By accident he was recommended to Alfredo Catalani, who then was searching for a conductor to direct his new opera, *Edmea,* in Turin. The illuminating memento of that performance is not, alas, some primitive form of sound recording, but a graphic likeness of "*il bambino* Toscanini," with a small suggestion of a moustache, score removed from the desk, taking charge. Here, too, is observable the first tangible evidence of his habit of "sitting on the score," described in later circumstances as a demonstration of his independence of its content. Here, however, it seems clearly evident that the books on which he is sitting enabled him to appear taller. Like many other able musicians, he memorized as he learned; unlike most others, he never forgot what he once learned.

Opportunities to conduct in Italy were fairly numerous, but not for a nineteen-year-old. So Toscanini reverted to his profession of orchestral cellist, though clearly of a rather special sort. He commanded sufficient reputation and entrée to qualify for the orchestra which rehearsed Verdi's *Otello* and performed it for the first time in February 1887. The maestro in charge was Franco Faccio, but Verdi attended the rehearsals. The lore of Toscanini contains two opposed but equally instructive anecdotes about this experience. One cites Verdi as dissatisfied with the sound being made by the young (twenty-one-year-old) cellist, and suggesting during a break that he play louder. The other is Toscanini's recollection many years later of Verdi's tolerating inferior playing by the double basses and speculating whether he, too, would age and "grow careless, involuntarily."

Ups and downs alternated until 1892 when, aged twenty-five, he fell into the opportunity to direct the first performance of a new opera by the little-known Ruggiero Leoncavallo at the Tea-



—Photo by Gabriel Ganzini.

Family group about 1890. Second from right, Arturo Toscanini, with parents and sisters.

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tro Dal Verme in Milan. Dal Verme was not La Scala, but *Pagliacci*, as the world soon came to know, was *Pagliacci*. Its triumph was Toscanini's triumph also. From this time forward the direction was upward, though not always in a straight line.

For a time he returned to the orbit of Catalani, performing such works as *Lorelei* and *Wally*. In the end, it turned out that Catalani's sponsorship of Toscanini conferred more lasting renown, upon him, (he died at age thirty-nine), than anything Toscanini could do on behalf of his music. It was probably the event of February 1, 1896, that resolved any possible lingering doubt that Toscanini would be an influence on opera—Italian opera, specifically—as long as he lived. The premiere of *La Bohème* not only made Puccini's name, but put Toscanini's in a bracket with it as long as they both were alive.

One could go on endlessly, piling data on date and circumstance on place, but if there is any point to this exposition it must already have been established. That relates, in my view, to the clear evidence that almost from the first day of his professional life as a conductor he had been closely associated with composers in the performance of their own music. Indeed, while still serving his apprentice year in the orchestra of the Reggio, he participated in the performance of two operas by Ponchielli—*Marion Delorme* as well as *La Gioconda*—prepared in the composer's presence. Proceeding thereafter through Catalani, Verdi, Leoncavallo, and Puccini, he had, steadily, a renewal of contacts in the service of creators trying, as best he knew how, to fulfill their wishes.

It was out of this background, I venture to suggest, with its special associations and particular conditions, that there arose the phenomenon known to the world of conducting as Arturo Toscanini. It is as close to certainty as anything can be that without this set of circumstances Toscanini would have been a powerful, impelling force as a conductor. But it is improbable that he would, otherwise, have taken on his special role of emissary and earthly representative of composers living and dead.

Paramount to all other considerations was the Available Deity of Giuseppe Verdi, Italy's towering presence until Toscanini, in his mid-thirties, became the chosen interpreter to express the communal grief of Milan at Verdi's death in 1901. It is a famous first fact of Verdi's long life that he was constantly in communication with impresarios and performers in an effort to have his music performed as he wrote it. Transpositions, cuts, alterations, insertions, omissions—all were anathema to him. Toscanini heard the complaints from the aged composer's own lips when he went to visit

Catalani, la Ferni, Figner, Sparapani, Boruechia ed il *bambino* Toscanini
AL CARIGNANO DI TORINO NELL' « EDMEA »
Caricatura fatta da TEJA.

—From the collection of Walter Toscanini.

"*Il bambino* Toscanini"—rehearsing the premiere performance of Catalani's *Edmea* in 1886, aged nineteen. Caricature by Teja from *Dal Trovatore*, November 12, 1886.

him occasionally in the late Nineties, and the publication of Verdi's letters eventually spelled out the story of his battles in full, graphic detail.

That there was an identity of outlook passed on from the elderly creator to the young recreator can hardly be doubted. It extended not only to putting a high premium on fidelity to what was written, but to working endlessly to understand what the composer might have wanted where nothing was written. There is the pertinent anecdote to illustrate this, too, in Toscanini's preparing of the old master's *Quatre Pezzi Sacri* for their first (complete) performances in 1898. To settle a point which had been perplexing him, Toscanini made the trip to Genoa to consult with Verdi. He was invited to demonstrate his conception at the piano, and, at a certain point, dared to broaden the tempo where no *ritard* was written. When Verdi congratulated him on the results, Toscanini inquired, in some mystification: "Why did you not indicate a *ritard*?" "If I had written it down," answered the composer "it would be played too slowly. A true musician would sense there should be such a *ritardando*."

Here was legitimacy not only for Toscanini's belief in fidelity to the printed page but also for an intuitive understanding of what was not contained on it. Thus armed with testimonials both to his perception and his judgment, Toscanini was able to fight the battles not only of Verdi and Puccini and Leoncavallo, but as he grew older and the circle of his activities widened, those of Beethoven and Wagner, Schubert, and Brahms, Debussy, Elgar, Gershwin, Ferde Grofé, et al.

I have no conviction that this is the ultimate or the fundamental explanation for "The Genesis of the Inexplicable," but I do believe that the special circumstances and particular happenings of Italian musical (i.e., operatic) life between 1880 and 1900 exercised a profound effect on the kind of musician, interpreter, and influence now comprehended in the term: Arturo Toscanini.

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—Compiled by ROBERT JACOBSON.

—*Culver.*

Arturo Toscanini—from a caricature by Caruso.

A WORLD-WIDE CALENDAR OF TOSCANINI OBSERVANCES

Arturo Toscanini

Born in Parma, Italy, March 25, 1867
Died in New York City, January 16, 1957

Metropolitan Opera. Will dedicate its *La Traviata* on Saturday (matinee), March 25, to Toscanini.

Boston Symphony. Erich Leinsdorf will dedicate concerts on March 24 and 25, Bach's *St. John Passion,* to Toscanini. The Boston Symphony program book will carry an article of personal reminiscences.

Philadelphia Orchestra. Eugene Ormandy has programed the Beethoven *Missa Solemnis* for March 25, dedicated to Toscanini.

Cleveland Orchestra. Robert Shaw will conduct the Cleveland Orchestra and Cleveland Orchestra Chorus in a program including Cherubini's Symphony in D major and the Verdi *Te Deum* on March 23, 25, and 26, all in memory of Maestro Toscanini.

New York Philharmonic. Leonard Bernstein will conduct the Verdi *Requiem* in memory of Toscanini at a Philharmonic Pension Fund Concert, March 25.

Virtuosi Di Roma. Maestro Renato Fasano will dedicate their concert at Philharmonic Hall on Sunday evening, April 9, to Toscanini. The program will consist of Vivaldi's *Le Quattro Stagioni.* A portion of the house has been set aside as a benefit for the Toscanini Memorial Archives in the Library and Museum of Lincoln Center.

Bell Telephone Hour. *Tribute to Arturo Toscanini* was seen on the NBC-TV network in color, Sunday, March 12. Eugene Ormandy, Erich Leinsdorf, William Steinberg, Milton Katims, and others discussed the art of Arturo Toscanini with Harold Schonberg, music critic of *The New York Times.*

ITALY

Florence. Beginning March 25, the centenary date, a series of eight orchestral concerts called the "Arturo Toscanini Centennial Concerts" will be given under the auspices of the Florence May Festival. Italian conductors will be Carlo Maria Giulini, Antonino Votto, Claudio Abbado; foreign conductors will be Leonard Bernstein, Charles Munch, Eugen Mravinsky, Herbert von Karajan. During June, critics and colleagues of Toscanini will participate in a week-long seminar on his career and influence.

Parma. In the house where Toscanini was born, the city will open a museum. The house has been bought and given to the city by the Toscanini children, Wally, Wanda (Horowitz), and Walter. It will be dedicated on the hundredth anniversary of his birth, March 25, followed by a program given by Teatro alla Scala from Milan, with Gianandrea Gavazzeni conducting.

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Recordings in Review

—Qualiton Photo.

Margit László—"The best voices belong to Margit László and Zsolt Bende. . . ."

Liszt and the Lied

LISZT: *"Im Rhein, im schönen Strome." Alfonz Bartha, tenor, with Kornél Zempléni, piano. "Die Loreley." Mária Werner, soprano, with Zempléni. "Vergiftet sind meine Lieder"; "Kling leise, mein Lied"; "Oh, quand je dors"; "Enfant, si j'étais roi." József Simándy, tenor, with Pál Arató, piano. "Freudvoll und leidvoll"; "Comment, disaientils." Margit László, soprano, with Magda Freyman, piano. "Der du von dem Himmel bist"; "Es muss ein Wanderbares sein." György Melis, baritone, with Zempléni. "Uber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh"; "Die drei Zigeuner"; "Go not, happy day." Judit Sándor, mezzo soprano, with Freyman. "Gastibelza" (Bolero). Zsolt Bende, bass, with Zempléni. Petrarch Sonnets. József Réti, tenor, with Zempléni, piano.* Qualiton stereo, FLPX 1224-25, $11.96; mono, LPX 1224-25, $11.96 (two discs).

OF THE SEVENTY SONGS Liszt wrote in his busy life, the most numerous recorded collection, to my knowledge, has been the thirteen on the Fischer - Dieskau / Demus / DGG disc (LPM 18 793). The eighteen here contain eight that were previously included by Fischer-Dieskau, meaning that there are ten additions. Among them are such excellent songs as "Im Rhein, im schönen Strom," "Kennst du dass Land," "Uber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh," and Liszt's only venture into the setting of an English text: Tennyson's "Go not, happy day."

It is the paradox of Liszt's life as a composer that the flamboyant side of him has been much more exposed than the refined, reticent side. This is, possibly, because at his most flamboyant he trailed comets of sound across the sky unlike anybody else's. On the other hand, his fine songs compete with the fine songs of Schumann and Brahms, which are likely to get first call from the average vocalist since they are more generally accessible. But for those who are interested in a complete view of the multi-faceted Liszt, knowing the songs is a must—and that must is certainly facilitated by the range of this collection.

All is not the pure pleasure it might be. Of the eight vocalists represented, only two or three have more than passable voices, and the best of them is hardly in the category of distinguished. The best voices belong to Margit László and Zsolt Bende, who, to judge from their pictures, are among the youngest in the group. Easily the finest artist is József Réti, who sings the Petrarch sonnets with real mastery and a light but well-used voice. The pianists are all good, and the recording is thoroughly satisfactory.

A Lark Among the Bullfrogs

MUSSORGSKY: *"The Garden Blooms Along the Don"; "Death the Commander"; "The Goat."* RUBINSTEIN, A.: *Persian Songs Nos. 2 and 12; Melody (Opus 3). Boris Gmirya, bass, with Lev Ostrin, piano.* MUSSORGSKY: *"The Flea."* TCHAIKOVSKY: *"I Bless You, Forests." Alexei Krivchenya, bass, with N. Valter, piano.* TCHAIKOVSKY: *"Serenade of Don Juan"; "On the Golden Cornfields." Ivan Petrov, bass, with Semen Stuchevsky, piano.* BORODIN: *"For the Shores of a Distant Homeland." Ivan Skobtsov, bass, with Lidya Okayemova, piano.* ALIABEV: *"The Nightingale." Alla Solenkova, soprano, with orchestra conducted by B. Stolyarov.* Monitor stereo, MCS 2063, $2.50; mono, MC 2063, $2.50.

LIKE ANY cross section of national talent, this one shows all the variants to which talent is susceptible: good voices but limited interpretative art, good interpretative instincts but vocal limitations, and, in one or two instances, rather limited qualities of both. Most consistently good of the male singers is Gmirya. The voice is sound, it has been well-schooled, and he knows what he is about. It is a particular bonus to the song fancier that he is heard in two unfamiliar items of the abundantly gifted Anton Rubinstein, as well as in a vocal version of the far from unfamiliar Melody in F.

What is apt to make this disc something of a collectors' item, however, is the casual, and for that reason all the more effective, introduction of a lark among the bullfrogs. Alla Solenkova could be a member of the Bolshoi Ballet for all the meaning the name conveys, but the five minutes, forty seconds of this single performance are sufficient to give her a place in the lore of soprano singing. It is, to begin with, a remarkably pure, even sound she commands—and how she commands it! Not only the limpid legato for the opening statement of the song's theme, but precisely the staccato, trill, and management of intervals for the variations that follow. She sings it in E minor, which carries her to an A above high C. F sharp and G in that range are so easily available to her that she performs echo effects, deft skips, and the other cadential embellishments demanded by the composer as if they were mere mid-range requirements. There is, beside the dazzling technical proficiency, such a sense of ease and refinement that showiness or display are totally absent. I haven't heard, lately, the long famous versions of Galli-Curci, Pons, Korjus, and Erna Sack, but if they are any better than this, I shall print an apology to all four.

As it happens, Solenkova's performance is the least well-recorded of the lot, but it is quite good enough for the purposes it embodies. All the others are in the recent, quality manner of Soviet recording.

The Contemporary Dutch

ANDRIESSEN: *Movimenti. The Limburg Symphony Orchestra, André Rieu conducting.* VAN DELDEN: *Piccolo Concerto. Utrecht Symphony Orchestra, Paul Hupperts conducting.* KOX: *Cyclofonie No. 1. Radio Chamber Orchestra, Paul Hupperts conducting with Max Werner violoncello.* BADINGS: *Symphony No. 9 with the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra conducted by David Zinman.* Donemus Audio-Visual Series 1966 No. 2. Obtainable from C. F. Peters Corp., 373 Park Avenue South, New York 10016.

AS IN the previous issues of this series (one of the most thoroughgoing as well as persistent in purpose of any from a similar source world-wide), the composers are all men of sound craft, the performances are capable, the scores in which the records are enclosed (as part of the album liner) are explicit and well printed. What is lacking, only, for real

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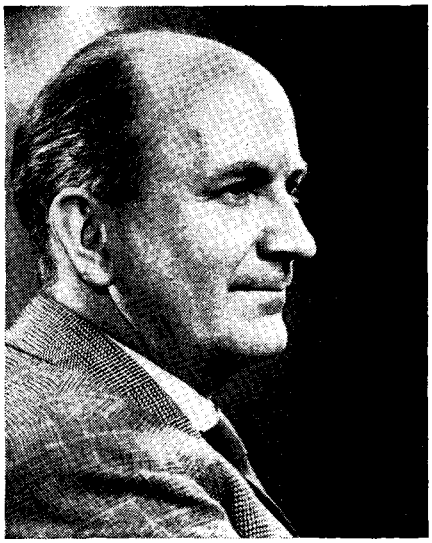

Henk Badings—"older, vastly experienced."

distinction is some identification with the source. There is nothing in the least *Nederlandish* about this music—which may, really, be asking too much in these days of intercommunication and interdependence.

But there is, at least, one composer who is original in thought and daring in his implementation of it. That is Hans Kox, who has developed a kind of sound patterning which he calls *Cyclofonie*. That is further identified as "cycles of sound," treating tonal material in a free, improvisatory way, not so much in the development of themes per se, but as the raw materials from which a tonal texture can be evolved. He has six of them in being, and if the balance of them are of the quality of the first, they should all be worth hearing. The annotation descriptive of this first in the series, with solo cello, goes on to say: "The twelve violins and the four double basses are divided into sixteen independent parts, this being a procedure which enables the composer to construct his comprehensive 'addition chords.'" Whatever the process, the thirty-seven-year-old Kox is clearly a man with a musical mind and a distinctive way of using it.

In the instance of the others—save the older, vastly experienced Badings, who is among other things, Kox's preceptor—the mind and the way of using it are much less striking. There is, indeed, in the works of Andriessen and van Delden, a decided attraction to the idiom of Bartók and Stravinsky, which may be in part explained by the age of each—not quite fifty—meaning that they came to maturity as the powers of the above-mentioned were at their most influential. Incidentally, those who look for a piccolo in the Piccolo Concerto are doomed to disappointment—the title means, simply, "Little Concerto."

Karajan's "Walküre"

LISTENING TO a new recording of *Die Walküre* in which only one performer is familiar is akin to experiencing the work all over again. That is, aside from Jon Vickers's Siegmund, which is today's world standard, the others are as unfamiliar to the listener as they are to one another, and, largely speaking, to their roles. Thomas Stewart, the Wotan, is barely getting his start in that part, Régine Crespin has but recently moved up from Sieglinde to undertake Brünnhilde, Gundula Janowitz is, so far, little known as Sieglinde, as are Josephine Veasey and Martti Talvela as Fricka and Hunding. (DGG stereo 139 229/233, $28.95; mono, 39 229/-233, $28.95.)

That being the case, one may ask, why rush into such a project when there are no less than two prior versions of *Walküre* ranging from acceptable to excellent? Such a question merely condemns the asker, out of his own mouth, as innocent of the Great *Ring* Drama. This is not Richard Wagner's, but Herbert von Karajan's *Ring* Drama, of which the first chapter opens at Salzburg at Easter time, then will be filmed probably for TV as well as other purposes, and finally will be reproduced on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House during the 1967-68 season. The procedure will be repeated each year until the cycle is complete in 1970-71.

Since this is so, it is clear that the mere question of whether the singers are up to their tasks or not is less than secondary. Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic certainly are. They are almost (if not quite) sufficient in themselves to sustain interest in a performance of *Die Walküre*. Indeed, Karajan is most consistently true to Wagner in those portions of the score—all too few in *Walküre*—where the vocalists are silent and he can commune with his orchestral musicians on a plane of equality. Most of these come after a slow-moving Act I, which is without the ebb and flow and give and take found in it by such conductors as Bruno Walter, Fritz Busch, and, more recently, Solti.

Of the unfamiliar performers, the best adapted to his new function is the American, Stewart. This is not the richest of Wotan voices and may well, in the theater, be less than wholly satisfactory. However, he does at least have the extension to reach the top notes, and can modulate his sound to convey the accents of rage or tenderness, exultation or despair, which enter into the fabric of this part. Best of all, he conveys a sense of godliness and authority, which

(*Continued on page* 71)

—DGG photo.

"Not Richard Wagner's, but Herbert von Karajan's *Ring* drama"—At right, Régine Crespin; center, Thomas Stewart.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Britten: *Simple Symphony*. Barber: Adagio: Stravinsky: Concerto in D. David Zinman conducting the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra. Iramac stereo, 6511.	None of these works is neglected in current recordings, which means that interest lies rather in what Zinman and his orchestra do with them. This is a matter of congratulation for both, as the New York-born, thirty-year-old protégé of the late Pierre Monteux continues to make strides both as a technician and an interpreter. Any group that can play the pizzicato movement of Britten's Symphony as well as this one does has moved well on the way to the solution of its ensemble problem. Zinman also shows a keen sense of the stylistic differences among the composers represented on his debut solo disc (he made his maiden effort in a collaboration with V. Ashkenazy on a London issue last year). Good sound, but the quasi stereo isn't a real solution to the compatability problem.
Dvořák: Serenade in D minor, Op. 44; Czech Suite, Op. 39. Frederic Waldman conducting the Musica Aeterna Orchestra. Decca stereo, DS 10137, $5.79; mono, DL 10137, $4.79.	Both the dreamy and the passionate sides of Dvořák are embodied in these works, which belong to the exploratory years of the composer's career. The Serenade is by far the stronger, more interesting work, for the Suite could almost be described as material left over from the first set of Slavonic Dances. Its best movement is the "Romanza," which offers a beautiful blend of clarinet-flute values (though that, too, becomes cloying before it is finished). Waldman also functions at his best in the Serenade, which provides more variety of timbres in its unique scoring for oboes, clarinets, bassoons, and low strings. Regrettably, the names of the players are not listed, for such artistry as they demonstrate merits individual credit. The sound has both warmth and definition.
Guarnieri: *Brazilian Dance*. Hovhaness: *Fantasy on Japanese Woodprints*. Mussorgsky: "Dance of the Persian Slaves" (*Khovantchina*). Gottschalk (arr. Shanet): *Night of the Tropics*. Miyagi: *Sea of the Spring*. Albéniz: *Cordoba*. Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra. Columbia stereo, CS 9381, $4.79; mono, CL 2581, $3.79.	Whether all, or any, of the pieces conform to the advertised title of *Exotic Nights*, the works and their performance are sufficient for anyone's attention. Of special interest are the Hovhaness and Miyagi pieces (Yoichi Hiraoka is the xylophone soloist in the first, Shinichi Yuize the koto soloist in the second), but all the choices fill successfully their places in the well-calculated sequence. One of the best performances of the six is the lively likeness of Gottschalk's *morceau* scaled down by Shanet (at the conductor's request) from the oversized scoring of the original. It clearly calls for an all-Gottschalk record by Kostelanetz, his predestined interpreter.
Jolivet: Concertos Nos. 2 and 3 for trumpet. Maurice André, trumpet, with the composer conducting the Lamoureux Orchestra. Concerto for Cello. André Navarra, cello, with the same conductor and orchestra. Westminster stereo, WST stereo, 17118, $4.79; mono, XWN 19118, $4.79.	Jolivet's muse is, clearly, a loud-voiced siren, accustomed to raising a clamorous voice against the noisy world around her. Having accepted Casals's suggestion that he should write a cello concerto, he proceeded to surround it with twenty-two percussion instruments in addition to the ordinary timpani, snare, and bass drums. Doubtless there are those who will find the results entertaining, but they are not likely to include the cello-minded. The trumpet has more means at its disposal to compete against the clatter and din that surround it, but the results are nevertheless best when Jolivet permits himself a reflective interlude in the slow movements. Both works for the brass instrument include a prominent piano part. Its performer, Annie d'Arco, has been well chosen for the problems it presents, as have been André and Navarra. Clean, brilliant, highly specific recording.
Mozart: Sinfonia Concertante (K. 364); Duo in G (K. 423). Norbert Brainin, violin; and Peter Schidlof, viola; with David Zinman conducting the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra. Iramac stereo, 6528.	Though the solo players remain the same, there are two different kinds of Mozart on this disc: one beautifully detailed and completely realized; the other rather murky and lacking balance. The conclusion then must be that the fault is with Zinman and the orchestra. Unlike the Britten-Barber-Stravinsky disc above, in which he is working with a basic string group, the addition to the Sinfonia Concertante of wind instruments raises problems of balance and interrelated factors somewhat beyond him. As a result, the finely calculated effects of Brainin and his Amadaeus Quartet colleague, Schidlof, are roughly handled, sometimes quite obscured. In the Duo, where they are on their own, they perform with the kind of immaculate fluency and sculptural sense of line characteristic of the quartet's performances.
Roussel: Suite in F. Dutilleux: Symphony No. 2. Charles Munch conducting the Orchestra de L'Association des Concerts Lamoureux. Westminster stereo, WST 17119, $4.79; mono, XWN 19119, $4.79.	Both of these works are very much in the mid-channel of Munch's musical stream, and he takes them to port with unflagging sureness of direction. To continue the image, both are rather lightweight musical craft, but he knows just how much ballast of expression to permit himself. Of the two, the Dutilleux has more present interest (the Roussel is part of what might be called the substandard repertory) for it is, so far as I can determine, the first recording of this work commissioned for the 75th anniversary (in 1956) of the Boston Symphony's founding. It is subtitled "Le Double," a reference to the double orchestra for which it is scored, and very well scored. Indeed, it is this perfection of French workmanship, in the recent tradition of Poulenc, Rosenthal, et al., which is the principle pleasure it affords. The accumulation of effect reaches its totality in the finale, a finely rounded *Allegro fuocoso*. The reproduced sound (originating with Erato in cooperation with the Koussevitzky Foundation) is uncommonly open and clean.
Strauss: *Blue Danube; Tales from the Vienna Woods; Voices of Spring; Artist's Life; Wine, Women, and Song*. Antal Dorati conducting the London Philharmonic. London SPC 21018, stereo only, $5.79.	The basic reality of this disc is neither the Strauss material nor the conducting of Dorati, but the "Phase 4" techniques by which they have been reproduced. They are, I presume, responsible for the intrusive swells, the sudden prominence of one choir or solo instrument over others. Perhaps this is designed to make the hi-fi-natic jump from his chair and waltz in time to the music, but it makes disturbing listening. Dorati contributes his share to the stop-and-go effect with some odd ritards and accelerations, but it is the patterns of dynamic rise and fall which leave me reeling rather than waltzing.
Szervánszky: Concerto. Gyula Borbély conducting the Hungarian State Symphony. Qualiton, stereo, FLPX 1213, $5.98; mono, LPX 1213, $5.98.	Though Endre Szervánszky has just passed his fifty-fifth birthday, the mere existence of a Hungarian composer of that name has escaped appearance on the programs of most orchestras in this country. The present work, composed in memory of the Hungarian poet Attila Jozsef, bears neither date nor opus number. It does not appear in the list of his compositions in the latest Grove's, suggesting that it was written later in the Fifties. It has, in any case, suggestions of both Bartók and Kodály, but in a simpler, more popular idiom. (He has, according to the annotation of Peter Várnai, since gone the dodecaphonic route, with the traditional "Six Orchestral Pieces") Szervánszky's feeling for the orchestra is strong, his control of it sure, both of which contribute to the good result conductor Gyula Borbély achieves with his fine ensemble. The recording, which dates from 1965, is up to the international average. —Irving Kolodin.

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Singers Pleasants and Unpleasant

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

IN *The Agony of Modern Music* (1955), Henry Pleasants made abundantly clear what he does not like. Now he has written a chatty, roving, delightful book about what would seem to be his real love—operatic singing. The title of the book—*The Great Singers: From the Dawn of Opera to Our Own Time* (Simon & Schuster, 381 pp. $7.50)—is misleading: Though the text more than just touches upon the careers and special characteristics of many of the foremost vocalists from the eighteenth century to Kirsten Flagstad, it deals only with those who sang in opera. True, Roland Hayes and Heinrich Schlusnus are mentioned in passing, but one searches the index in vain for the names of such great singers of songs as Elena Gerhardt, Gerhard Hüsch, and Povla Frijsh, not to mention one of the great lieder-singers who also shone in opera, Elisabeth Schumann.

Mr. Pleasants's book has large virtues: his wide-ranging knowledge and enthusiasm; his personal involvement and his entertaining way with firsthand acquaintance. What prevents his book from being even a useful history of operatic singing is its brevity, for its inexactnesses are, humanly speaking, inevitable in such a compendium.

The book wisely and engagingly begins with a chapter entitled "Singer and Setting" which arranges the appearance of the *castrati* and the earliest *prime donne*. In it, among other matters, Pleasants deals interestingly with the origins and flickering significance of the term *bel canto*, now (like the technical term "grand opera") so abused. He discusses vocal ornamentation and examines the defining characteristics of the earliest (seventeenth-century) operas. This is entertaining and enlightening, but it is also rather loosely written. Example: "a kind of opera dedicated to mythological and classical subjects, known as *opera seria*"; but even in the earliest times, biblical subjects also were employed, and nonclassical pseudo-historic librettos were common in the eighteenth century and usual in the nineteenth, when even "domestic" subjects, such as that of Bellini's *I Puritani* were used for *opere serie*. Or Pleasants will write "many of the greatest composers"—and include Louis Spohr. Or speak of "Pietro Antonio Metastasio," which is equivalent to speaking of Mary Ann Evans Eliot—Pietro Trapassi having been his name, Metastasio *tout court* his pseudonym.

After three rich chapters, not without amusingly scandalous implications, devoted to the phenomenon of artificial sopranos and contraltos, Pleasants turns to the reigning *prime donne* of Handel's era and the 1750-1850 period and then rather rushes through their male colleagues. He allots five chapters to the refulgent *prime donne*, tenors, and other comets of the Rossini-Donizetti-Bellini epoch, from Giuditta Pasta and Maria Malibran (he tends to scant Giulia Grisi) to Antonio Tamburini and Luigi Lablache, and he closes with that survivor into a later age, Adelina Patti. Then come the early Wagnerian singers and the galaxies of what Pleasants terms "the Last 'Golden Age,'" all of whom, Mattia Battistini excepted, helped to make New York's Manhattan and Metropolitan opera houses historic.

PLEASANTS picks a rather gingerly course through the more recent decades, fully aware that his inclusions and omissions will offend fans and irritate living singers. The most recent singers given sufficient space to be mentioned in the book's table of contents are Amelita Galli-Curci, Enrico Caruso, Rosa Ponselle, Emma Calvé, Mary Garden, Geraldine Farrar, Feodor Chaliapin, John McCormack, Richard Tauber, Lawrence Tibbett, Marian Anderson, and Flagstad. But where (this question is inevitably addressed to a book claiming to reach "our own time"), aside from a passing reference or two, are, more or less at random, Lucrezia Bori, Giuseppe de Luca, Frieda Hempel, Lotte Lehmann, Margarete Matzenauer, Lauritz Melchior, Zinka Milanov, Claudia Muzio, Rose Pauly, Ezio Pinza, Rosa Raisa, Elisabeth Rethberg, Tito Schipa (who is not even in the index), and Ljuba Welitch?

Pleasants's disclaimer—he says of "contemporary singers" that "with so many of them still in mid-career, the perspective essential to evaluation is lacking"—will not do: Not one of the singers in the above list is now active. No, the real answer is that it is impossible to cover satisfactorily three centuries of the history and leading exponents of operatic singing in more than a tantalizing manner in a book of only about 170,000 words.

While regretting that the book could not live up to its title (perhaps it should have been called *Some Great Operatic Singers from the Dawn of Opera to Yesterday*), we are very grateful for what it does contain. It is written with insight and spirit, well illustrated, handsomely produced. What it leaves a hungry space for is perhaps not realistically to be expected: a comprehensive history of all sorts of singing from Gregorian Chant to the most notable vocal debutants, male and female, of the last several years. The art of singing, and particularly that of expressive operatic singing, is in a bad way, and such a book would tell us what Henry Pleasants's book tells us only in part: What brought about the present desuetude and what, under modern circumstances, might be done to rescue, before it is too late, the real art of using the human voice?

"Well, so long as you ask me, I'll tell you—no, I don't love you in December as I did in May."

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Cantatas Nos. 159 (*Sehet, wir geh'n hinauf gen Jerusalem*) and 170 (*Vergnügte Ruh', beliebte Seelenlust*). Janet Baker, mezzo; Robert Tear, tenor; and John Shirley-Quirk, bass, with the Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields conducted by Neville Marriner. L'Oiseau-Lyre SOL 295, stereo only, $5.79.	The principal attraction in both of these is the voice of Janet Baker (in the Cantata No. 170 it is the only one). That instrument is more clearly revealed in this stretch of singing than in anything else so far issued, and shows her to be a singer of pure intent and high objectives rather than an artist capable, as yet, of achieving them consistently. There is always air and light around the tone, which is all to the good; but a little impersonality of manner which hardly is suited to words about "blessed rest and welcome heart's delight." The alternating solos of No. 159 offer less of Miss Baker, but do provide Shirley-Quirk with the opportunity to sing an expressive "Es ist vollbracht" against the good playing of the oboe obbligato by Roger Lord. In other respects the performances under Marriner plod more than they stride, and offer gravity of manner rather than eloquence of statement.
Boccherini: Sonata in C. Tchaikovsky: Nocturne (Op. 19, No. 4). Banshikov: *Four Fugitives*. Fauré (arr. Casals): *Après un rêve*. Tchaikovsky: *Pezzo capriccioso* (Op. 62). Bach (arr. Casals): Adagio (Toccata in C). Granados (arr. Piatigorsky): *Orientale*. Foss (ed. Piatigorsky): *Capriccio*. Stephen Kates, cello, with Samuel Sanders, pianist. RCA Victor stereo, LSC 2940, $5.79; mono, LM 2940, $4.79.	As a demonstration of the skills that brought cellist Kates a silver medal (and 2,000 rubles) at the 1966 Tchaikovsky International Competition this could hardly be surpassed. It contains five of the pieces he played there (all but the Fauré, Bach, and Granados transcriptions). Included is the "required" Banshikov, an example of conservative Soviet twelve-tone writing. Kates has a fluent command of cellistic problems, a fine flowing sound, and a rather ingratiating approach to the music he plays. However, he appears to be stimulated more by pieces that challenge his technical resources than those in which the problems are primarily musical and interpretative. This limits the interests of the disc primarily to cello fanciers, or watchers of the values that score high on the international competition circuit.
Chopin: Mazurkas. Artur Rubinstein, piano. RCA Victor stereo, LSC 6177, $17.39; mono, LM 6177, $14.39 (three discs).	Just as no "live" Rubinstein performance is ever quite like any other, so this second tour of the Mazurkas (the predecessor was designated LM 6109) shows some vistas, secondary byways not visited previously. As to which is "better," the answer is simple: One is different from the other, not better. Certainly no one could play the first in F-sharp—minor or the C-major of Opus 67 (the *Les Sylphides* Mazurka) more simply or supplely, or linger so consistently at so high a level in between as he does. Dynamic gradations seem to come as readily to Rubinstein as the thought of them, which is but a single instance, in this lengthy collection, of the artistry that conceals effort. As a variation on previous practice, Rubinstein utilizes a revised version of the very last Mazurka, with a "middle" trio recently discovered. What determines the appeal of this enterprise, however, is not the new Chopin but the old Rubinstein. In terms of reproduction, the piano is much more itself than in the previous set.
Handel: "How willing my paternal love" (*Samson*); "Dalla guerra amorosa"; "Non v'alletti un occhio nero"; and "Fuggite, si fuggite." Mozart: "Mentre ti Lascio" (K. 513); "Per questa bella mano" (K. 612); and "Non so donde viene" (K. 512). Yi-Kwei Sze, bass, with David Zinman conducting the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra. Iramac stereo, 6529.	Rarely have a good soloist and a worthy choice of material been so undone by inept associates and inferior engineering. It was, doubtless, the opportunity to commit these well-studied performances to a record that prompted Yi-Kwei Sze to go along with a conductor of limited experience. However, when the results showed themselves to be as unsatisfactory a totality as they are, the whole project should have been quietly shelved. Among the incidents of distress are out-of-tune orchestral playing and a poor performance of the obbligato double bass in "Per questo bello mano." Artistic insult is added to aural injury here when a microphone is opened to pick up the double bass sound and the voice drops to the remote background. Again it should be emphasized that Yi-Kwei Sze proves, on the whole, equal to the difficult challenge he has set himself, but the efforts of his "collaborators" are a little more than he can surmount.
Liszt: *Nuages gris;* "La lugubre gondola, No. 1"; "R. W.—Venezia"; *Vier kleine Klavierstücke;* Elegy No. 2; *Schlaflos, Frage und Antwort;* "Dem Andenken Petöfis"; and *Unstern*. Sergio Fiorentino, piano. Dover stereo, HCR ST 7010, $2.00; mono HCR 5258, $2.00.	The common first consideration in a pianist who undertakes a Liszt recital is: How does he fare technically? That is not a real consideration here, for the music is all post-1876, from the last decade of Liszt's life. That is to say, the technical demands are mostly simple ones, but the expressive requirements are great. Fiorentino shows himself thoroughly versed in these special expressive requirements, holding without exaggeration to the leisurely pace Liszt prescribes, and seeing ahead from the harmonic innovations of these mostly stripped-down expressions to the next phase of keyboard innovations to come. He is, in short, a fine artist engaged in a wholly congenial task.
Schubert: Sonata in A (Op. 120); Sonata in A minor (Op. 143); Hungarian Melody; Twelve Waltzes (Op. 18). Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. London stereo, CS 6500, $5.79; mono, CM 9500, $4.79.	In extending his areas of operation outward from the central plateau of Chopin, which he knows so well, Ashkenazy is having expectable difficulties in gauging the lay of the land, musically speaking. He plays both sonatas with full fidelity to the text, and no less of the beautiful sound for which he has long been admired; but the manner is a little studied, the scale of dynamics too massive for the content. On the whole, he has greater success with the A-minor, because it has dramatic substance to counter the weight of his treatment. Always, under the most somber moments of Schubert, there must be the sense of gaiety which was his opposite, latent inclination. In Ashkenazy the somberness is total and unremitting, nearer to the Russian border than it is to the Austrian. The waltzes are relatively light, but not light enough.
Schumann: *Liederkreis*. Fauré: "Soir"; "Le Secret"; "Au bord de l'eau"; "Après un rêve"; "Clair de lune." Canteloube: "Lo fiolairé"; "Lou coucut." Roussel: "Coeur en péril." Sauguet: "Berceuse créole." Régine Crespin, soprano, with John Wustman, piano. Angel stereo, S-36405, $5.79; mono, 36405, $4.79.	Persons who buy this record with the presumption that they are going to hear the ample voice that Crespin has made familiar in her operatic roles are due to be disappointed; so, too, are those who buy it under the illusion that she has found another vocal manner suitable to the problems at hand. She has moved in the direction of another vocal manner, but it is not suitable for more than two or three of the more than twenty items herein presented (and those the least taxing). It is very close to what used to be called crooning, or singing over the voice, and comes out a rather toneless kind of vocal outline. Here and there, as in "Waldesgespräch," Crespin lets the sound out, with harsh, none-too-well-controlled results. Prevailingly, the impression is of a performer who has been carefully coached in the "correct" interpretation, but does not participate actively in the results. The songs in French are somewhat more fluent, but very little suggestive of a bent for this form of vocal endeavor. As for the excerpts from the *Chants d'Auvergne* . . . The Roussel and Sauguet bring a little happier conclusion to the session, for which Wustman caters carefully to the needs of his partner, but it is hardly a disc on which a first-rank performer should want to have her name. —I.K.

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Toscanini Recordings

Continued from page 60

have to a full likeness of an ensemble under the Toscanini baton. There seems no question that the quality of this work would have been sustained in future recording sessions had they been permitted to take place. In fact, Toscanini's penchant for the veto continued to operate after his retirement was announced in 1954. Despite his awareness that he could never remake a tape, he would nonetheless boggle over its release because of a passing error of intonation or second thoughts about tempo.

Looking back, it is easy to see that what we should have had was a flood of Toscanini material while the Maestro was still a vivid memory and stereo hadn't yet undermined the sales appeal of new albums. In fact, much of the repertory that was finally released appears to have come too late for its potential for commercial success to be realized.

It is not difficult to hear in the Toscanini records what manner of man this was, but it is possible that in the contemporary discs of Stokowski, Furtwängler, and Koussevitzky, there is a more accurate or comprehensive vision of the musical protagonist. Toscanini's battle with the recording machine was one of the few conflicts of his life in which he did not emerge with clear triumphs early in his career, for this was a struggle in the dark with an antagonist he feared but rarely understood.

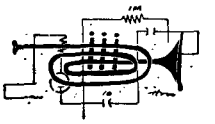
Recordings in Review

Continued from page 67

are of the essence in a Wotan. Karajan contrives to work (orchestrally) around the passages which might tax Stewart, and the result is, on the whole, to his credit.

Of Crespin's Brünnhilde the story is rather otherwise. The Battle Cry is as much a trial to her as it has been to some otherwise excellent Brünnhildes, but it strikes me that the timbre of the voice is rather too spread, lacking in cutting power for a really satisfactory *Walküre* Brünnhilde (who can be younger-sounding than the Brünnhildes of the *Ring* segments to come). In some mid-range passages, it has a welcome warmth and vibrance, suggesting that it would be well to suspend judgment on Crespin's eventual rank as Brünnhilde. So far as this recording is concerned, where its qualities are fixed for all time, it is still raw and unready, with a particular liability that scarcely a word of the German text can be understood from start to finish.

In the case of Janowitz, there can scarcely be a doubt that she has a chance of becoming a fine Sieglinde, if she does not perform the part too soon and too often. The voice still has its freshness and bloom, which makes for warm results in the lyric phases of the role. She does not yet characterize it successfully, nor is she possessed with the color resources to develop the true effect in "Der Männer Sippe." Of the others, Vickers is in splendid form throughout, Talvela is in the



mode of the classic Hundings, and Veasey is about average as Fricka (more shrew than goddess).

That this *Walküre*, in spite of the oddly assorted elements, manages to capture and hold interest (especially in the third act, when the problem reduces itself to Stewart and Crespin) is due largely to the surge and forward movement that Karajan maintains (once the first act is out of the way). As conducting, it is probably the best *Walküre* to be heard since Knappertsbusch's. It is, moreover, long on solid musical values and short on mike trickery or other extraneous appeals to effect.

—Irving Kolodin.

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Ring of the Piper's Tune

Endearing Young Charms. Ireland's Ruby Murray with Norrie Paramor and his orchestra. Capitol stereo, DT 10459, $4.79; mono, T 10459, $3.79.

The Voice of Ireland. Ruby Murray with Ray Martin's music. Capitol stereo, DT 10010, $4.79; mono T 10010, $3.79.

My Ireland. David Curry and his orchestra. Capitol stereo, DT 10028, $4.79; mono, T 10028, $3.79.

The Best of Ireland's Music. The Irish National Orchestra and Choir with the voice of Veronica Dunne, conducted by Eimear O Broin. Capitol stereo, ST 10444, $4.79; mono, T 10444, $3.79.

FOUR NEW RECORDS made in Ireland celebrate the season properly and, at the same time, point up the dangerous influence of popular U.S. music abroad, especially upon mass entertainment. It is truly said that America exports the worst of its culture. Further proof seems to lie in our pervasive influence on at least two of these four releases, for the original folk music is better here than the crooner-cola adaptation.

The first two Irish pressings feature the voice of Ruby Murray, who though native-born Irish, has a pronounced American accent. That Miss Murray, who is said on the jackets to be Ireland's most popular woman singer, has heard Bing Crosby croon and is well aware of popular U.S. song styling is perfectly clear from the first bar. Miss Murray's pitch wavers frequently on the sharp side and gets a bit annoying with the more popular and slower Irish-American music. This release, called *The Voice of Ireland,* includes such old favorites on both sides of the ocean as "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," "Danny Boy," "It's a Great Day for the Irish," "Galway Bay," "Too-Ra-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ral," "Dear Old Donegal," and "Phil the Fluter's Ball," the last two being easily the best, with great lyrics and éclat, welcome as the flowers in May after the endless dragging and dolorous sentimentality of the slow-going ballads. Of the ballads, "Teddy O'Neil" and "Galway Bay" are the sloppiest and "The Mountains of Mourne" the prettiest. This latter turned out to be our old friend, "Bendemeer's Stream" with other but not better lyrics.

The second Ruby Murray record, *Endearing Young Charms,* is much less Irish-American and the songs are that much better. One particularly good one, new to me, is "At Finnegan's Ball," where the cork came out and never went back, a rollicking air somehow reminiscent of "Casey Jones." I had forgotten, too, how lovely "A Little Bit of Heaven" can be. "Let Him Go, Let Him Tarry" is equally winning, as is "With Me Shillelagh Under Me Arm." An item sounding like "The Rose of Tralee" is called "The Humour Is On Me Now" ("I will and I must get married for the humour is on me now"). And the loveliest ballad in both records is "The Meeting of the Waters," also new to me. I don't see how my paternal grandfather could have failed me here. Though *Endearing Young Charms* is much more nearly Irish than *The Voice of Ireland* neither recording succeeded in explaining to this listener why Ruby Murray is "The Heartbeat Girl" or why she has sold more records in Ireland, Scotland, and England than has any other artist in the United Kingdom.

The two other recordings from Ireland are something else again, the first, David Curry's *My Ireland* being traditional folk music of the Emerald Isle; the other is *The Best of Ireland's Music* played by the Irish National Orchestra and backed by a splendid choir and the astonishing soprano voice of Veronica Dunne. My preference is for the simpler reels, hornpipes, set dances, and jigs of David Curry's indigenous drummers and fiddlers. Naturally, the Irish National Orchestra is more symphonic and almost always on pitch, which is seldom the case with Mr. Curry's swinging fiddles. But the folk music is nicely sloppy in its rendering and highly repetitive (with variations, naturally enough). Most of

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the reels are in the insistent beat of 4/4 time, most of the jigs in traditional 6/8 (a rhythm perfect for skipping), while the hornpipes are deliberately slow 2/4. The names, of course, give it all away, though not all of them are familiar. My favorites are "The Moon Coin Reel," "Snow on the Mountains," "The Teetotaller," and that greatest of all jigs, "Irish Washerwoman." Though the sad Gaelic minors and sudden key changes common to ballads and hymns in Ireland are not as common to the dance music, there is a great deal of melancholy music even in the liveliest of the reels and jigs when they turn to minor keys. On the whole, Curry's is the best record of the four.

The Irish National Orchestra does Irish music of a very different sort—stirring songs of liberty and hope, marching songs, nationalistic music highly reminiscent in tune and lyrics of our own Civil War days, with a sort of undergraduate overtone. The glorious voice of Veronica Dunne over the kettledrums and symphonic orchestrations gives music like "Song of Liberty," "The Mother," and "The Tri-Coloured Ribbon" a stirring authenticity if, at the same time, a touch of stuffiness. One of the most beautiful bits of Irish music these old ears have heard is called "Battle Hymn," but I think my favorite on either side of this splendid recording is "The Tri-Coloured Ribbon," about as evocative a song as any Irishman could hear, more tuneful and patriotic than the "National Anthem" of Eire. But is this not true in most countries, including our own?

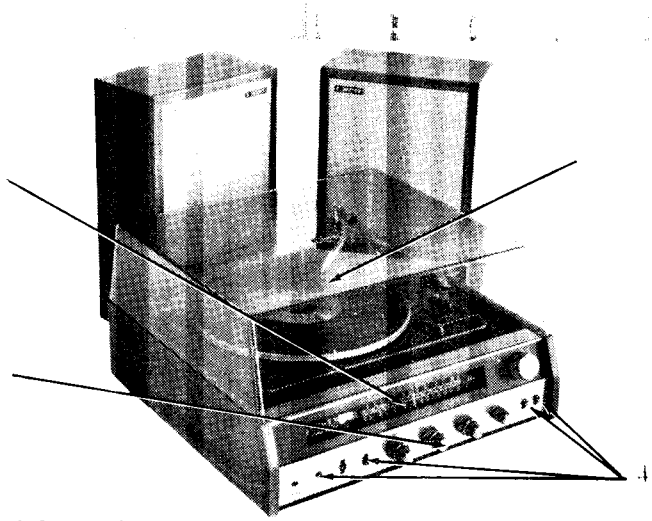
—Richard L. Tobin.

The Goldfish

By Francis Richardson

BUT sometimes it rained
or there were People that came
after breakfast
and stayed all day, while
the sunfish flickered their flashlight tails
down in the pond's mysterious dense
weather
but I had to watch the mere goldfish
trailing their gauzes like
disappointed housecoats round and
slowly round their square glass world
where it never rained.

Later they got sick and died
but whatever killed them, it wasn't
curiosity.
often they didn't even move, only fanned,
looking like my aunt that felt the heat.
It did rain food, of course,
Manna happened every day (so it did
to me too, in a way, but I didn't think
that then), but I thought
it would be strange to live in a world
where the air had corners.



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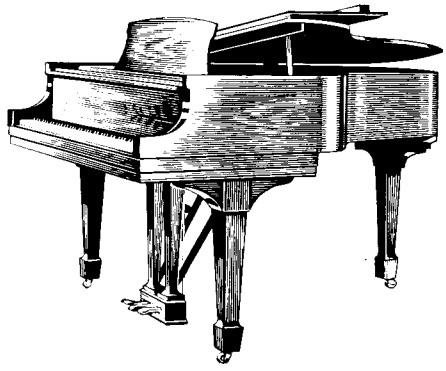

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Dr. Dolby's Dilly

NOISE — hums, hisses, rumbles, pops, clicks, and the like—has always been a prime obstacle in the path of the perfect recording. These noises, indigenous to the recording process, mask some of the subtler nuances of the music, undercut the recording's illusion of reality, and contribute to listening fatigue. From the days of the wax master, cactus needle, and shellac disc to today's low-noise tape master, diamond styli, and smooth vinyl pressings, noise has been increasingly suppressed — but never quite abolished. Tapes, amplifiers, microphones — even the studios themselves—have been made quieter. But as fast as recording technique progresses, home high-fidelity playback equipment becomes more sensitive. The noise on today's better records would be almost inaudible on the hi-fi systems of ten years ago, whose own noise would mask it; on today's finely tuned playback systems, it's still a nuisance.

Noise is audible only on quiet passages, since loud sounds distract our ears from softer ones, masking the noises partially, even completely. Several attempts have been made to use this hearing phenomenon to reduce subjective noise levels. The H. H. Scott Dynaural noise suppressor was one. During the music's softer passages, this device attenuated the very high and very low frequencies (at which noises are most noticeable), but left the louder passages unaffected, since there the music itself could mask the noise. Unfortunately, like all filters, it limited not only noise but the very bass and treble hi-fi buffs were paying for. As records became quieter and embodied wider frequency ranges, the Dynaural cure became worse than the disease, and dropped from sight.

Compression is another approach: Since most of the noise in an audio system remains at a constant level regardless of the signal level, one can boost the lower-level signals well above the level of the noise. Carried too far, this makes everything sound equally loud; it has been used this way on some radio stations, or in some commercials. This is intended to give a sound more "punch" by raising the *average* rather than the *maximum* sound level. Of course, compression destroys normal musical dynamics—when an orchestra's range from pianissimo to fortissimo is compressed to within its normal mezzo-forte to forte range, the results will lack in musical expression. The music can be compressed in recording and expanded in playback, but it is difficult to match the compression and expansion well enough to perfectly restore the original dynamic range. And compressors introduce noises of their own—swishes, ringing, "breathing," and the like.

Dr. Ray M. Dolby, the American head of his own British company, has combined both these approaches in his Dolby A301 S/N Stretcher. Surprisingly, it has none of the disadvantages marking other masking or compression devices. If ever an audio device gave something for nothing, the Dolby is it. It reduces noise from hum to hiss to print-through without introducing anything objectionable of its own. Alas, at roughly $2,000, it is strictly for the studio. But its cleaner, clearer recordings will be heard in the home.

The Dolby system must be used both in recording and playback of the master tape. In recording, it boosts the level of the very lowest signals by about 10 dB, restoring them in playback to their original level. Dolby claims—apparently with justice—that his compression and expansion circuits are perfectly matched, leaving the music's dynamic range unchanged.

But the tape's dynamic range—the distance in decibels between the loudest signal it can take without distorting and the lowest signal that will stand out from the noise—is increased 10 dB. Most of the noise on master tapes—hence much of the noise on commercial recordings—is in the tape itself, rather than the signal recorded on it. The Dolby's compressing action records the signal's softest parts an extra 10 dB above the tape's noise level. In playback, the Dolby's expansion reduces the level of previously boosted signals by 10 dB—but reduces by the same amount all low-level noises on the tape that were not originally recorded through the Dolby, and hence had not been compressed. The action is noiseless, and the distortion negligible.

Only low-level signals undergo this treatment. Higher-level signals will mask out noise without the Stretcher's help. Masking, however, is only effective when the signal and the noise lie within the same band of frequencies—a very low note will not effectively mask a very high one, and vice versa. The Dolby Stretcher, therefore, divides the audio spectrum into four bands: "hum and rumble," "mid-audio," "medium high,"

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and "high." Each band is compressed and expanded independently of the others.

As of this writing, only one record made with the Dolby system has been released in this country, by Nonesuch, though a Vanguard release is in the immediate offing. Listening to both commercial pressings and the original master tapes of the Nonesuch release, as well as preliminary test pressings of the Vanguard, confirm that the Dolby S/N Stretcher system lives up to its advance notices.

The piano, with its percussive attacks and wide-ranging dynamics is a difficult instrument to record well, particularly when any sort of compression or expansion is involved. Two sonatas for piano and cello—Rachmaninoff's Sonata in C Minor (Op. 19) and Kodály's Sonata (Op. 4)—make up the first Dolby-system release from Nonesuch (H-7155 stereo; H-1155 mono). Earl Wild's piano comes through with flying colors, though its tone sometimes sounds a trifle mellow in comparison with the rich clarity of Harvey Shapiro's cello. Since this was one of his first attempts with the Dolby system, skeptical engineer Marc Aubort of Elite Recordings made both straight and "Stretched" master tapes simultaneously. Having heard both masters, we can understand why, after only a few such trials, Aubort went over to the Dolby system completely.

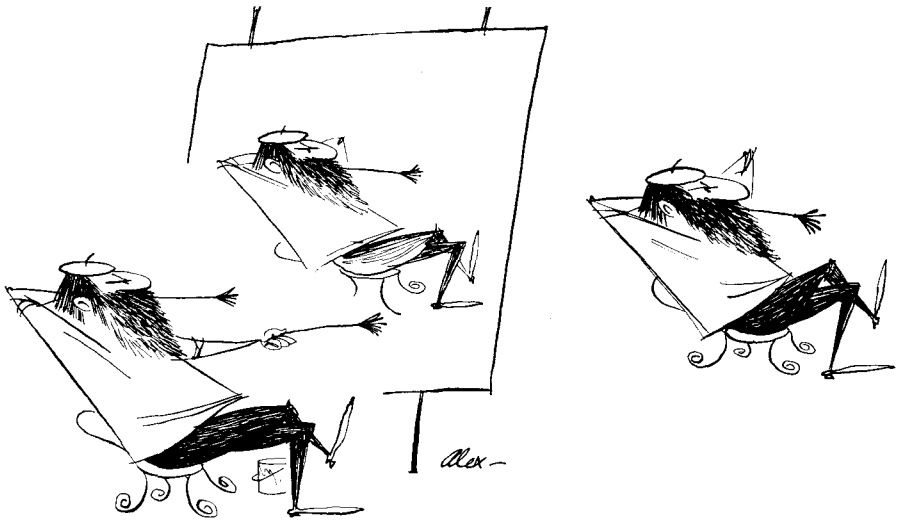
One is not especially conscious of tape hiss on his normal master, which is cleaner and clearer than a disc pressing. But listening to the Dolby tape, one feels as though the music has come out from behind a veil, and the drop in hiss is clearly and dramatically audible. Even after the normal master's excellent sound, the Dolby came as a pleasant surprise. The difference in clarity, cleanliness, and dynamic range between the two masters was as great as or greater than the usual difference between a master tape and the discs produced from it. And while not all this extra clarity is heard on the final disc, the Nonesuch release (made from the Dolby master) rivals the conventional master tape in the excellence of its sound.

The same is true of Vanguard's forthcoming release of Stravinsky's *L'Histoire du Soldat*, a two-record set containing complete French and English versions of the work (VSD-71165-6 stereo; VRS-1165-6 mono) for the price of a single disc. This deluxe album continues Leopold Stokowski's long association with advanced recording techniques, and features excellent performances of the speaking roles by Madeleine Milhaud (Narrator), Jean Pierre Aumont (the Soldier), and Martial Singher (the Devil). The variety of instruments—wider than in the Nonesuch recording—shows off the system's advantages even more thoroughly. The acoustics of Vanguard's new 23rd Street studio are displayed to even better advantage by the Dolby Stretcher.

THE Dolby system reduces only those sounds not originally part of the microphoned signal, and it will not clear up the noise in existing tapes. But what it *will* do seems cause enough for rejoicing: It makes new recordings cleaner, clearer, and quieter; it effectively prevents further noise buildup when duplicating or dubbing recordings or sending signals through land lines; and it prevents further noise buildup during long-term storage of recorded masters.

Unless the Stretcher proves to have some unexpected "bugs," the major record companies and studios will probably buy up every Dolby they can get their hands on. For it will offer them not only better recordings today, but the assurance that their master tapes will not suffer from increased noise and print-through when they reissue them in years to come. Marc Aubort, the Dolby's first U.S. purchaser, considers it "the biggest revolution in recording since tape itself." He may well be right.

—IVAN BERGER.



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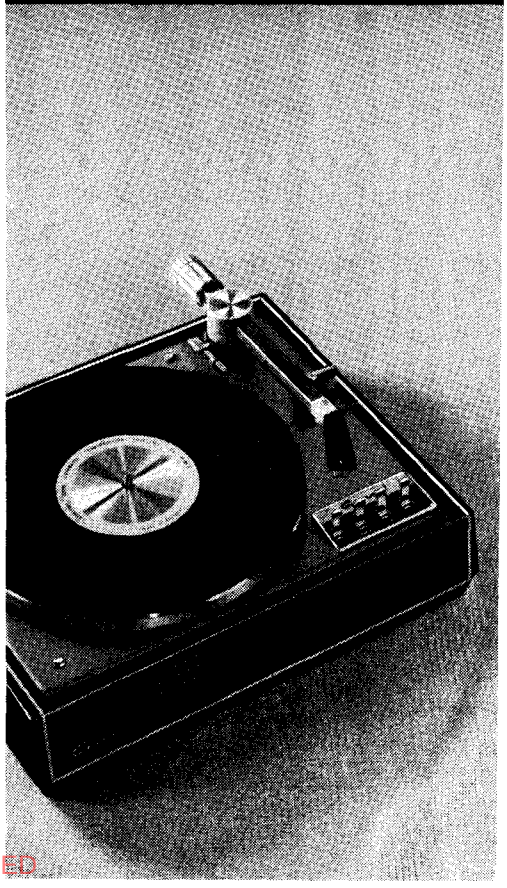

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THE OTHER SIDE

A New Concert Hall, Moore's Farewell

LONDON.

WITH THE OPENING of two new, smaller concert halls during the first days of March, the long-nurtured dream of a comprehensive center for the arts on the South Bank of the Thames is at last beginning to take shape. It grew out of the 1951 Festival of Britain, which bequeathed us the Royal Festival Hall. Not long after, the foundation stone was laid for a National Theatre, but then followed a decade of stagnation and prevarication when the site became surrounded by unlovely office blocks. Two years ago, the main hall was altered and extended from what was originally envisaged; the corner between it and Waterloo Bridge is now filled by a complex structure housing the two additional halls and, behind this, the fine new Hayward Art Gallery (named after Sir Isaac Hayward who, as leader of the London County Council, played such a key role in planning the South Bank center) is nearing completion. The gallery will be opened next year, and plans for the National Theatre are now well advanced, but it does, alas, look as if the new Opera House intended for the Sadler's Wells company has been shelved.

Outwardly, the structure containing the 1,100-seat Queen Elizabeth Hall and the 370-seat Purcell Room—they share the same entrance and foyer—is at first glance confusing and slightly forbidding: not so much a single, recognizable building (as the neighboring Festival Hall certainly is) as a proliferation of shapes and facets in concrete and glass. But once you have strolled in the light and airy foyer on a sunny afternoon and listened to music in the comfortable and well-proportioned Elizabeth Hall, things begin to make sense. For this truly functional building has clearly grown from the inside outward and, in the process, created its own esthetics. The main auditorium (I have not yet been in the Purcell Room) is very spacious in relation to its seating capacity and extraordinarily simple in appearance—walls of gray concrete and light brown wood, seats in aluminum and black leather. Yet, in spite of the absence of any feature that could be termed decorative, the hall is far from seeming cold or inhospitable, and the acoustics promise well.

During the next few months, extensive measurements and calibration will provide valuable data for the future, since the profusion of Helmholtz resonators with attendant amplifiers fitted in the walls of the auditorium allows much room for acoustic experimentation. In

—Greater London Council.

Interior of Queen Elizabeth Hall—"The acoustics promise well."

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the concert by the Amadeus Quartet which I heard, the sound seemed, if anything, too silkily beautiful and well-blended; I almost longed for a little more bite—an astringent rasp or two—but all that came were a few ominous electronic crackles from a recalcitrant amplifier in one of the side walls during the Menuetto of Haydn's *Emperor* Quartet. The players themselves found the hall, when full, very agreeable to play in, though their rehearsal before empty seats had left them rather worried.

What long-range effect the new auditoriums will have on London's musical life is open to conjecture, though they should be a real boon to smaller ensembles specializing in Baroque and contemporary music. If the past few weeks are anything to go by, however, the prospect of a greatly increased calendar of events is nothing if not daunting, and readers must forgive me if this survey of recent opera and concert highlights only skims the cream.

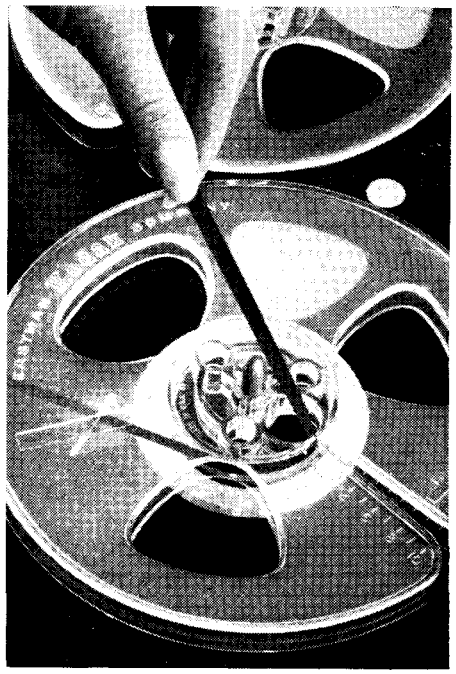
The latter certainly includes Gerald Moore's farewell recital at the Festival Hall in February, when the admired veteran pianist (still looking not a day over fifty, though the reference books give 1899 as the year of his birth) performed to the accompaniment of Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Victoria de los Angeles, and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. For this glamorous and sentimental occasion Walter Legge had arranged an enchanting program of lieder by Schubert, Brahms, and Wolf; duets by Rossini, Schumann, and Mendelssohn; and trios by Haydn and Mozart, leaving Moore as the common factor and involving the voices in all possible permutations. No doubt we shall have a recording of the occasion in due course, complete with Rossini's hilarious miaowing duet for the two sopranos, a Haydn trio with words rewritten by Legge and Fischer-Dieskau for the occasion, and, at the end, Mr. Moore's curtain speech and solo: Schubert's "An die Musik," in the piano-only version which has for many years served as signature tune for the BBC's *Music Magazine* every Sunday morning. However, it is good to know that our "Unashamed Accompanist" is not yet ready to live a life of complete leisure; he is still due to accompany Fischer-Dieskau in New York and will continue to make records, and to broadcast, lecture, and teach.

A few days later, a standing ovation at Festival Hall greeted Otto Klemperer on his return to the New Philharmonia after yet another period of enforced inactivity. Now fully recovered from the fracture he sustained on a holiday last year, and able to use a baton for the first time in decades, he conducted two performances of Mahler's Ninth Symphony with all his old authority, and the orchestra was clearly delighted to have the "old man" back on the rostrum. At Covent Garden we have had revivals of *Fidelio* (under Solti, with Gwyneth Jones in the title role, in powerful and radiant voice though lacking in dramatic commitment), *Falstaff* with Fischer-Dieskau as the fat knight combining over-refined singing with rather coarse acting, and the ever-delightful *Bartered Bride* (conducted by Jaroslav Krombholc and featuring an attractive new Marenka in Lorna Haywood). Sadler's Wells has given us a new and wrong-headed, play-within-a-play production of *Ernani*, and the annual Arts Festival of the Borough of

(*Continued on page* 81)

—*Angel Records.*

Gerald Moore at the piano, with Victoria de los Angeles and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau.



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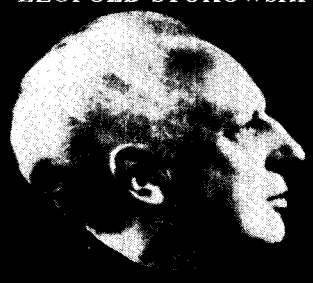
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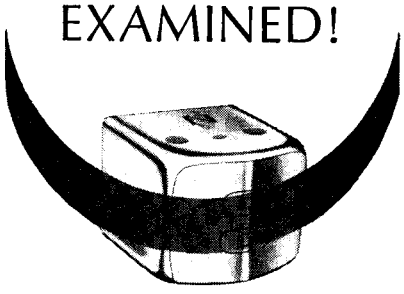
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Leslie Haydn-Jones

HAYDN: *Symphonies Nos. 82-87. Leslie Jones conducting the Little Orchestra of London.* Nonesuch stereo, HC-73011; mono, HC-3011 (three discs) $7.50.

DESPITE THE ESTEEM in which we hold such musicians as the Philadelphia Orchestra's superb first horn, Mason Jones, and the distinguished accompanist Brooks Smith, there seems to be a general tendency to react to a musician named Smith or Jones either with the suspicion that the name may be an alias or with the suggestion that it might profitably be changed to a more "international-sounding" cognomen. Leslie Jones, who sees no need for changing his name after more than sixty years' use, is one of the many musicians who has studied law and one of the few to practice it, having withdrawn from his successful practice only recently to devote himself full time to his first love.

Jones is also Welsh, as many Joneses are, and, discussing the Jones problem good-naturedly last November, he remarked that he might legitimately call himself Bach-Jones, since there is a Welsh term "bach" used as an affectionate title, something like "pal" or the Australian "cobber." He mentioned, too, that the name Haydn-Jones happens to be quite common in Wales: "You find Haydn-Joneses all over the place." Whether or not this phenomenon of Welsh nomenclature had anything to do with his own astonishing affinity for the music of Joseph Haydn, it would seem that he is himself amply entitled, through enthusiastic service, if not by birth, to the name Leslie Haydn-Jones.

Prior to the release of this album of the six so-called Paris Symphonies, Nonesuch had issued no fewer than twenty Haydn symphonies plus the Overture to *Armida* in recordings by Leslie Jones, spread over seven discs. All of them are more than serviceable, but the six sides offered here are, both individually and collectively, more striking than any of their predecessors, among which was an earlier recording of No. 83 (*La Poule*) which had the spirit but not the polish of the new one.

The set comes into direct competition, of course, with the handsome London album by Ernest Ansermet and his Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. Aside from the obvious advantage of being offered at less than half the list price of the Ansermet stereo discs, the Jones readings benefit from an approach which is more robust but no less refined, from more distinguished wind soloists, and from the engaging jangle of the harpsichord, which clearly embellishes all six of the Jones performances.

There is a dark grandeur in the opening of the Adagio of No. 87 in A, quite unmatched in either of the work's previous recordings, with the horns making their points particularly admirably. The winds are beautifully balanced with the strings wherever they appear, rhythms are firm and steady, phrasing is natural and unfussy, and the tempi throughout the twenty-four movements are so well chosen as to contradict the notion of "choice" at all.

The finest of these six symphonies, the splendid No. 86 in D, receives its most persuasive presentation yet on microgroove. It was recorded straight through in a single take, according to Jones, and it certainly goes with a sweep even the most skillful splicing could hardly manufacture. The better-known No. 82 in C (*The Bear*) and No. 83 in G minor (*The Hen*) have been magnificently recorded by Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic on a Columbia disc not about to be surpassed very soon. Jones comes about as close as anyone is likely to, though, and the greater emphasis and clarity given the kettledrums in the finale of his No. 82 is excitingly effective. If the emphasis is on warmth rather than brilliance in the recorded sound, it is a choice well made. In all, this stacks up as a virtually irresistible Haydn package at the modest price.

It also happens to represent the first fruits of Jones's new direct arrangement with Nonesuch (his seven earlier Nonesuch discs were derived from the English Pye catalogue) under which he will be recording more Haydn, and also other repertory. And he will no longer be working in the frustrating format of three-symphonies-to-a-disc, which has generally worked against the principle of LP in two respects: by running parts of different works together on the same side, and by interrupting a short symphony for turnover of the disc. In future releases, short sides will be filled out with Haydn overtures instead of cramming a symphony-and-a-half on a side. The first example, recorded in mid-December, will be a disc of the very much needed Symphonies Nos. 61 in D and 77 in B flat, with the Overture to *L'isola disabitata*.

—RICHARD FREED.

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

Foss on Weingartner

PERMIT ME to take exception to a statement n "The Many Lives of Lukas Foss" [*SR*, Feb. 25]: Mr. Foss's classifying of Felix on Weingartner as a "non-composing conductor" and to his building an argument upon such a misstatement.

This kind of arrogant ignorance is as characteristic of the perennial teen-ager Lukas as it is ridiculous and unnecessary.

A quick glance at Grove's *Dictionary* would have yielded the information that Veingartner wrote ten operas, six symphonies, three concertos, five string quartets, plus a considerable number of miscellaneous works for voice, for chorus, for orchestra, etc., etc.—altogether far more than Mr. Foss has written to date.

GEORGE SZELL.

Cleveland, O.

WHEN LUKAS FOSS argues for the virtue of combining composing with conducting, he should perhaps add another virtue: that of not saying things to the public without at least some rudimentary checking as to whether they are true. A quick consultation of any readily available reference book on musical personages would have told Mr. Foss that Weingartner composed seriously and extensively.

It may be, as Mr. Foss says, that Weingartner did perform Beethoven's *Grosse Fuge* with string orchestra. But I have an uneasy suspicion that Foss is here suffering from a double confusion. Perhaps he confuses the *Grosse Fuge* with Beethoven's *Hammerklavier* Sonata, (Op. 106) which Veingartner did perform in his own orchestration. And as regards the *Grosse Fuge,* Foss may be confusing Weingartner with Adolf Busch, who did perform this work with string orchestra, as well as record it in this form—and who also composed quite extensively.

I mention these matters because they throw a question mark against Mr. Foss's main thesis, about the special virtues that accrue to a conductor who is also a composer. If all he means by this is that a conductor, during his education, should try his hand at composition, orchestration, etc., simply to acquaint himself with the inner process of musical creation, there would be little argument. But he is obviously demanding much more than this, while weepingly disparaging a great number of one and even great conductors, and modestly placing a laurel wreath on his own brow.

SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

IN LISTING the many activities of Lukas Foss, Eric Salzman omits the most proficient (by virtue of constant practice). I refer to Mr. Foss's mania for talking throughout the concerts of others.

Composer Foss may write a concerto for Rostropovich, but evidently does not admire the distinguished Russian to the point of being part of a silent and attentive audience. While the cellist and his wife (famed soprano Vishnevskaya) were enthralling a Philharmonic Hall audience, it was obvious to those cash customers near Mr. Foss that he preferred the sound of his own voice to the sweeter sound coming from the stage.

RICHARD HECHT.

New York, N.Y.

Strauss and Freed

RICHARD FREED'S REVIEW of some recent Strauss recordings, "Vintage Strauss" [*SR*, Feb. 25], was most welcome. Unfortunately, the sometimes oh-so-serious *SR* is almost reluctant to devote space to serious discussion of Strauss. (How could the centennial of the *Blue Danube* go unnoticed?)

I would be interested in Mr. Freed's comments on two matters:

1) He says that "Such esteemed conductors as . . . Ferdinand Leitner . . . have continued to favor the truncated waltz-only format." Is Mr. Freed familiar with an old Decca (Gold Label series, DL 9507) recording of *Wein, Weib und Gesang* by Leitner and the Württemberg State Orchestra? The jacket notes by David Ewen state ". . . music here recorded . . . *Wein, Weib und Gesang* with its ninety-one-bar introduction. . . ." Wouldn't this be a complete recording? It runs close to nine minutes, compared to Paulik's six minutes. True, this is an old recording, long deleted.

2) What does Mr. Freed think of Anton Paulik's Vanguard series of Strauss waltzes? Why have they left the catalog so soon?

FRED WHITE.

Chicago, Ill.

WHY DOES Richard Freed consider "fireproof" to be "a pretty goofy rendering" of Josef Strauss's *Feuerfest?* Since that is just what it means, I'd be interested to know just how Mr. Freed would translate the title of that composition.

HARRY ZOHN,
Associate Professor of German,
Brandeis University.

Waltham, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"Fire Fast"*

Cantorial Coverage

YOUR REVIEW by Paul Kwartin of the *Art of the Cantor* [*SR*, Feb. 25] was most interesting and a welcome breakthrough into an area which, heretofore, has lacked valid musical criticism.

As a long-time reader of your magazine I have found that your recording reviews have been most useful in helping me acquire highly satisfactory releases for my library. I look forward to any additional coverage you may give to the cantorial field. I would be especially interested in knowing about worthwhile releases since World War II.

EMANUEL SARNOFF.

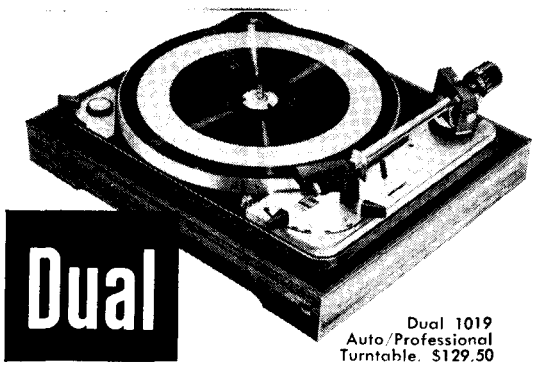
Lowell, Mass.

IT WAS a most pleasant surprise to read Paul Kwartin's article, and all are to be congratulated for the intelligent, well-wrought review and above all for your ever widening interests. Irving Kolodin's reviews and criticisms have always been the highlight of practically every issue of *SR* for me.

LAWRENCE AVERY,
Cantor,
Beth El Synagogue-Center.

New Rochelle, N.Y.

(*Continued on page* 80)



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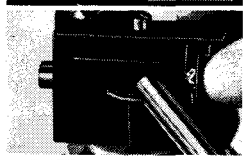

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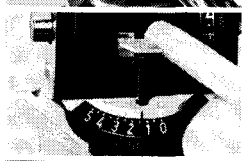

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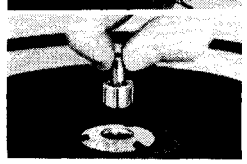

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***SR*'s Annual Report on Writers' Summer Conferences**

Continued from page 79

Content and Cost

I DIDN'T KNOW until I read "Recordings Reports" [*SR*, Feb. 25] that *SR* uses a stop watch to evaluate recordings. In this age where "Zero Vu" and stereo isolations and big-hall sound are the criteria, content and documentation apparently are *caveat emptor*. I have been in records for twenty-seven years now. I surely don't have to issue, especially through a "commercial big label" like Verve-Folkways, a record which is not palatable.

I am most proud and most gratified that Jerry Schoenbaum, in spite of all one hears about commercialization, understands and had the confidence to put out Woody Guthrie's own rendition of his songs. That Woody recorded only those few numbers is beside the point. I was not going to "pad up" minutes to satisfy the reviewer, nor was I going to dub in false music to "enhance" the record.

MOSES ASCH,
Director,
Folkways Records.

New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The point at issue was cost, not content.*

Sidney Bechet

THANK YOU for the perceptive article, "Bechet the Prophet" [*SR*, Feb. 11]. Martin Williams might be interested in knowing that the recording of "What Is This Thing Called Love?" that he discusses, though unissued by RCA on 78 rpm in this country, was available on its recently deleted Camden LP CAL 446 titled *Dixieland and New Orleans Jazz*. This LP also contained a recording of "High Society" made by Sidney in September 1939, with a pick-up group led by the late Jelly Roll Morton.

CURTIS WHITTINGTON, JR.,
Assistant Professor of English,
Middle Tennessee State University.

Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Steinway, European Branch

CONCERNING the notation under the picture of Josef Hofmann, "Recordings in Review" [*SR*, Feb. 25], please check with Steinway and Sons regarding the date, 1836. Knowing that Steinway began operations in America in 1853, I checked good old George Grove and found that Steinway exhibited its first square piano in 1855.

This is a detail, of course, but somebody has "stubbed his toe" somewhere.

EVERETT K. FOSTER,
Professor of Music, Emeritus,
Miami University.

Oxford, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The piano, obviously, was made in Europe prior to the founding of the firm in the United States. The picture as well as the date were taken from a book published by the house of Steinway.*

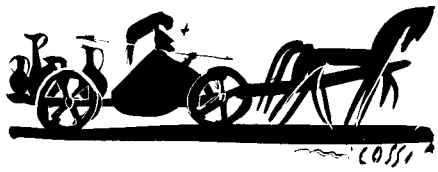
Bud Powell

YOUR FINE MAGAZINE is to be congratulated for the outstanding article by Martin Williams on the late Bud Powell [*SR*, Aug. 27]. Certainly Bud Powell ranks with the all-time greats on the piano, and possibly only the magnificent Art Tatum was his peer.

Does Martin Williams know of any record house or otherwise that still has the two-record set that Tatum made on Twentieth Century-Fox, called *This Is Art?* I have tried to get them all over the country. Also, are the records Tatum made with Buddy DeFranco and Ben Webster on Verve still available?

GEORGE R. PENDLEY.

Atlanta, Ga.



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A Singer's View

Continued from page 58

relationship with all his soloists. Rehearsal time was for *working*. And we did work.

Of all the scores we performed together and all the rehearsals that went before—both at the piano and with orchestra—the ones that meant most to me were those we gave of *Orfeo* (Act II) and Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*. The *Orfeo* performances were especially stimulating. We gave this work twice—first on Easter Sunday 1945, and again in 1952 (later it was issued as a recording). My fondness for the Gluck work is perhaps best understood when I recall that we had our first piano rehearsals for the 1952 performance in November in March and April—a full nine months before our performance! To have nine months in which to work and dream of a Toscanini-conducted *Orfeo* performance—with all the opportunities for musical collaboration, all the opportunities for questions and answers, the subsequent enlightenment and enrichment—that was the great musical luxury of my life.

We began re-working the *Orfeo* by studying the score—the orchestral score. This second time, I was aware of every orchestral color behind the vocal part. The perseverence of Toscanini is a quality very seldom written about. One reads far more frequently those "dining-out stories" relating to his impatience. But I can testify to his persevering patience. He loved music just that much—he forced himself into patience as he worked with me then, instructing me over and over again on the color of sound he wanted, until the degree of mental co-operation was amazing. He described for me the quality of sound he wanted—and told me why he wanted it so. He was anything but capricious—he had excellent reasons for every effort he asked his soloists and orchestra to make.

There are two passages Orfeo sings to placate the Furies, quite short; in the piano score they take one page apiece, and outside of the indication "rather slow" and the information that they are played (and presumably sung) *piano* with harp accompaniment, that's it. We worked on these two short parts for days. He had written out for me in his own hand the music; with musical annotations of the minutest sort, including his exact tempo (metronomically): *"Piano—quasi parlando . . . con emozione . . . ancora piano . . . Sempre più calmo . . . rallentando molto—diminuendo sempre . . . pianissimo. . . ."* A blueprint. A treasure.

During the last two seasons with his NBC Symphony, Maestro scheduled performances and recording sessions of Beethoven's Ninth and *Missa Solemnis*. The atmosphere surrounding the preparations for these two toweringly difficult works was extraordinary—supercharged excitement, tension, and effort. We were all too well aware that these performances would represent his final statement on each work. The ability to inspire singers to the degree of excitement for the relatively brief vocal effort required for the Ninth was but one of Toscanini's unique endowments. The quartet writing is notoriously unwieldly—it is next to impossible to achieve a true balance of the four voices and orchestra. Maestro told me he sometimes privately thought Beethoven wrote it for four trumpets! However, ungrateful as the vocal writing might be, we were all in a state of enormous excitement. Rehearsals for these—especially the *Missa*—were strenuous, with Maestro more eager than ever to begin working every morning. He was in the hall at least an hour before rehearsals were called; sometimes longer. He was in many ways an intensely practical man and he certainly understood the facts of life concerning union hours for musicians. Still, I'm sure, deep in his heart he really hoped he'd find everyone else there early, too—all the orchestra men at their desks, music on their stands, soloists in clear voice, chorus standing ready with happy, shining faces. An hour early. In New York City. At 9 in the morning. A cold, rainy March morning.

Toscanini has inspired many exceptionally gifted writers to attempt a description of his "magic." Since most of them failed, it is small wonder I find myself struggling to convey even a small part of the love and gratitude I have always felt for him, the deep respect and utter belief in him I had.

I suppose one reason we all cherish every memento we have of him is because he made us love him so intensely, believe in him so completely, work for him with all our hearts. I was one of those incredibly fortunate ones. He brought me from obscurity to musical prominence. His love for music, his example of selfless musicianship, the unceasing efforts to achieve musical perfection, inspired me all my working life.

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The Other Side

Continued from page 77

Camden is currently providing its usual ration of rarities, including Donizetti's *Marin Faliero* and Mozart's *Lucio Silla*.

Yet, for me, the most memorable music-making of recent weeks came in the second half of Vlado Perlemuter's Festival Hall recital on February 26. The recital began like a nightmare when the pianist made three vain attempts to start his program with a Chopin mazurka, each time leaving the platform for a few minutes (we learned afterwards that a recent, turbulent flight in Japan had left him suffering from dizzy spells). But the nightmare turned to glory after the interval with performances of Ravel's *Valses nobles et sentimentales* and Chopin's B-flat-minor Sonata that convinced me anew that Perlemuter is one of the truly great keyboard artists of our time.

It scarcely may be necessary for me to underline the fact that, in Britain as

elsewhere, the centenary of Arturo Toscanini's birth is being celebrated this month. At Festival Hall the London Symphony under Kertesz will dedicate a concert to the Maestro's memory (though the gesture seems a shade hollow, since the orchestra never played under his baton and the program contains no music specifically associated with Toscanini), and there will be a Toscanini Exhibition in the foyer, while RCA is launching a massive reissue of his recordings. For a first installment of what is termed "The Toscanini Treasury of Great Music" we have four albums of four discs apiece: two containing all the Beethoven symphonies, plus several other works, one devoted to Brahms and one to Wagner. The last of these is particularly welcome since it contains that marvelous "Immolation Scene" with Traubel, never before available in this country. Having cherished this recording for some twenty years, I was, to say the least, dismayed to find a fellow reviewer dismissing the performance for having "none of the significance and grandeur it should have" and going on to express the view that "amongst living conductors, his nearest counterpart is Karajan, with whom he shares, at heart, a basic and intrinsic coldness." All I can say in face of such opinions is that if Toscanini were "cold" the rest of us would long ago have frozen to death.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

Answer to Wit Twister page 45, Apes, peas, apse.

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Editorial

Continued from page 23

approach to art preservation in Alaska. And this is more serious than it seems. For no other area in our country has produced a native art of comparable grandeur, a fact recognized throughout the world by important museums. Canada on our north and Mexico on our south, though not the richest countries in the hemisphere, have protected their Indian inheritance with far greater diligence. The dilemma in Alaska stems less from lack of good will than from naïve ignorance. To be sure, one can scarcely expect Cabinet members to know intimately all the details of their domains, but certainly these vast hierarchies should include a wide range of specialists, and if not specialists, at least informed sensitive public servants who know how and where to turn for the best possible help.

To preserve the Indian art of Alaska is properly the responsibility of the government which has intermittently had jurisdiction over numerous original sites. Today, there are signs that the Department of the Interior intends to evade this responsibility, to provide no funds for restoration or conservation and no leadership in either organizing or accepting expert help. The overall funds needed are ludicrously insignificant compared to those we pour out on routine samples of military hardware. Recently Robert Bennett, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, said, "The Indian cherishes the remnants of a culture that once provided bounty; and it is this pride in heritage that must be fostered today. To ignore the cultural ties of the Indian is to destroy his last vestige of pride in self." Yet Mr. Bennett has not lifted a hand to preserve the Indians' heroic past in Alaska where, I understand, he represented the Department of Indian Affairs for several years. And, of course, it is not alone for the Indians that these distinguished works of art should be preserved; it is for all of us.

At this point, inventories, surveys, and reports act merely as delaying gestures. Prompt practical action is crucial. Top archeologists, anthropologists, and conservation specialists are urgently needed for immediate field work. Representatives of the Forest and Park Services have in the past shown little or no professional understanding of the problem. Lacking proper knowledge, they too often have been responsible for abuses and unnecessary destruction. The only hope is to hand over art restoration in Alaska to reliably trained groups of scholars who, working under the aegis of the government, will be free to organize an intelligently planned program without further delay. —K. K.

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WANTED: Business Manager for local community theater. Write stating background and qualifications to P.O. Box 6111, Acklen Station, Nashville, Tennessee 37212.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES are available next year, in central California, in all elementary grades and secondary subjects. Contact: Gerald Jacobus, Kings County Superintendent of Schools, Box C, Hanford, California 93230.

CAMP COUNSELORS: Long established boys' camp in southern Maine invites inquiries from upper college level, graduate students and teachers interested in counseloring this summer. Campers are 8-16. Positions specifically open are for general counseloring with 8-10 year olds, waterfront instructors, sailing, canoeing, tennis, riflery, archery, dramatics, music, art, photography, radio and electronics. Tripping opening for one highly experienced who is available for a number of years. Write Camp Takajo, 63 Arleigh Road, Great Neck, L.I., New York 11021.

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For Sale

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MODERN 6 ROOM COTTAGE on working ranch. Millbrook Farms, Jackson Center, Pennsylvania 16133.

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(Continued on page 86)

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(Continued from page 85)

CAMPS

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1720

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

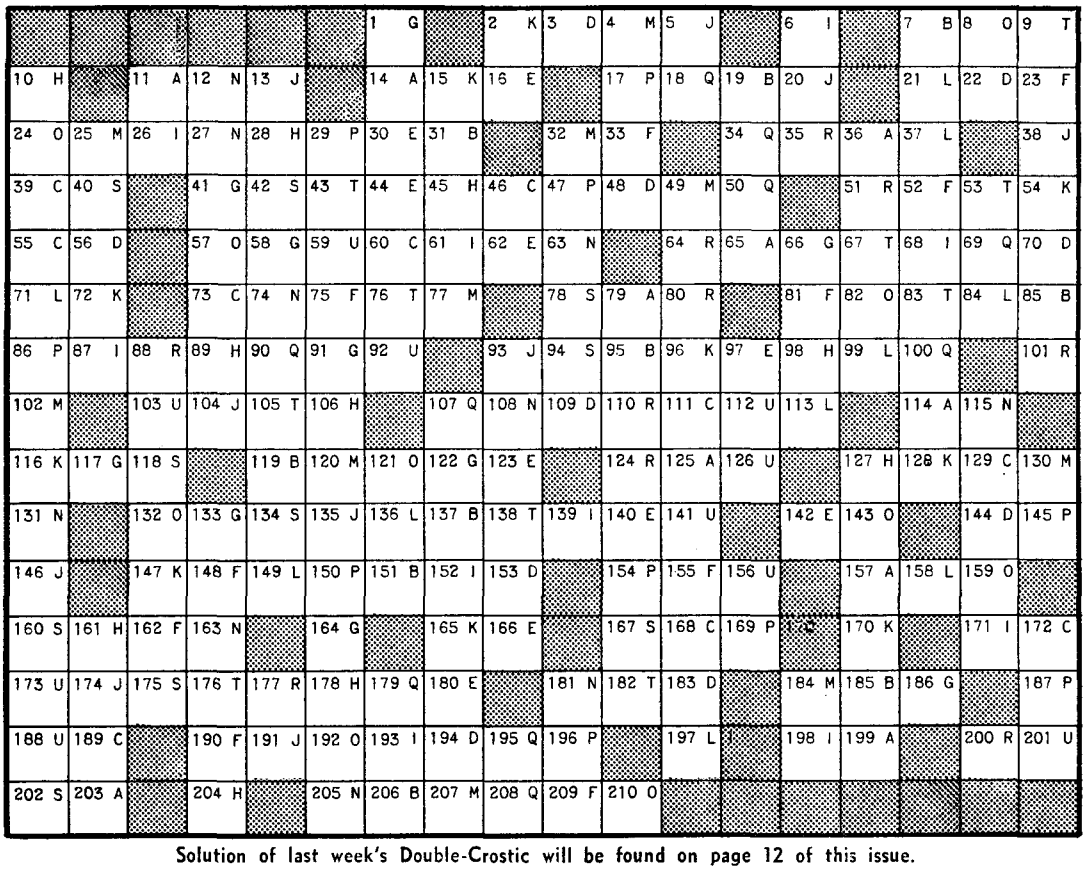
By Joan Hawkins

Mrs. Wortman is on a brief vacation. At her request, Joan Hawkins of Louisiana is taking her place. Mrs. Hawkins is no stranger to solvers of Fans' Sections in books of the Double-Crostic SERIES and in the four Special FANS' BOOKS, published by Simon and Schuster and regularly announced in *Saturday Review*.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Of tremendous size or volume.	203 14 79 11 199 157 114 65 36 125
B. The spat of marine bivalve mollusks.	85 119 31 185 151 19 95 206 137 7
C. In or to a different place.	168 46 129 189 60 73 172 111 39 55
D. A rowdy contention between rival forces carried on in public.	56 144 183 22 153 48 109 3 70 194
E. A color, yellowish yellow-green, of low saturation and high brilliance.	166 16 62 123 142 97 44 140 180 30
F. Plea; intercession.	162 81 23 148 190 52 155 75 33 209
G. Pertaining to the doctrine that no reality exists.	66 133 58 164 91 1 186 122 117 41
H. Use; application; administering.	89 106 161 28 178 45 10 204 127 98
I. Millenarian.	171 68 6 198 87 26 139 152 61 193
J. A dragon.	20 104 174 13 191 93 146 38 135 5
K. Any sea turtle.	128 2 170 54 116 147 72 96 165 15
L. Uncommon stubbornness.	158 84 113 37 21 136 197 71 149 99
M. Believer in a plurality of gods.	4 120 49 102 32 77 130 184 207 25
N. The art of correct versification.	108 205 27 74 115 181 12 163 131 63
O. Feigned; imaginary.	143 24 57 210 82 159 192 8 121 132
P. Deprivation of a limb or essential part, esp. by excision.	17 145 187 150 86 47 169 154 29 196
Q. Any of several species of goldenrod (local U.S.).	50 208 90 179 18 107 34 69 195 100
R. The shovel-nosed sturgeon.	35 177 88 200 64 80 101 124 51 110
S. Made that object more valuable or desirable (2 wds.).	40 167 42 78 202 134 94 118 175 160
T. Capable of springing back.	182 9 83 76 53 43 138 176 105 67
U. Defective speech due to impairment of intellect.	126 92 156 103 188 112 173 141 201 59

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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